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AN EVENING OVER THE HOOKAH.

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TALES OF A TALKATIVE DOCTOR

TOLD OVER THE HOOKAH

BY

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MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED
BY C. EVERETT JOHNSON.

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TO

THE FELLOWS

OF

THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF MEDICINE,

AS

A TOKEN OF WARM REGARD,

AND

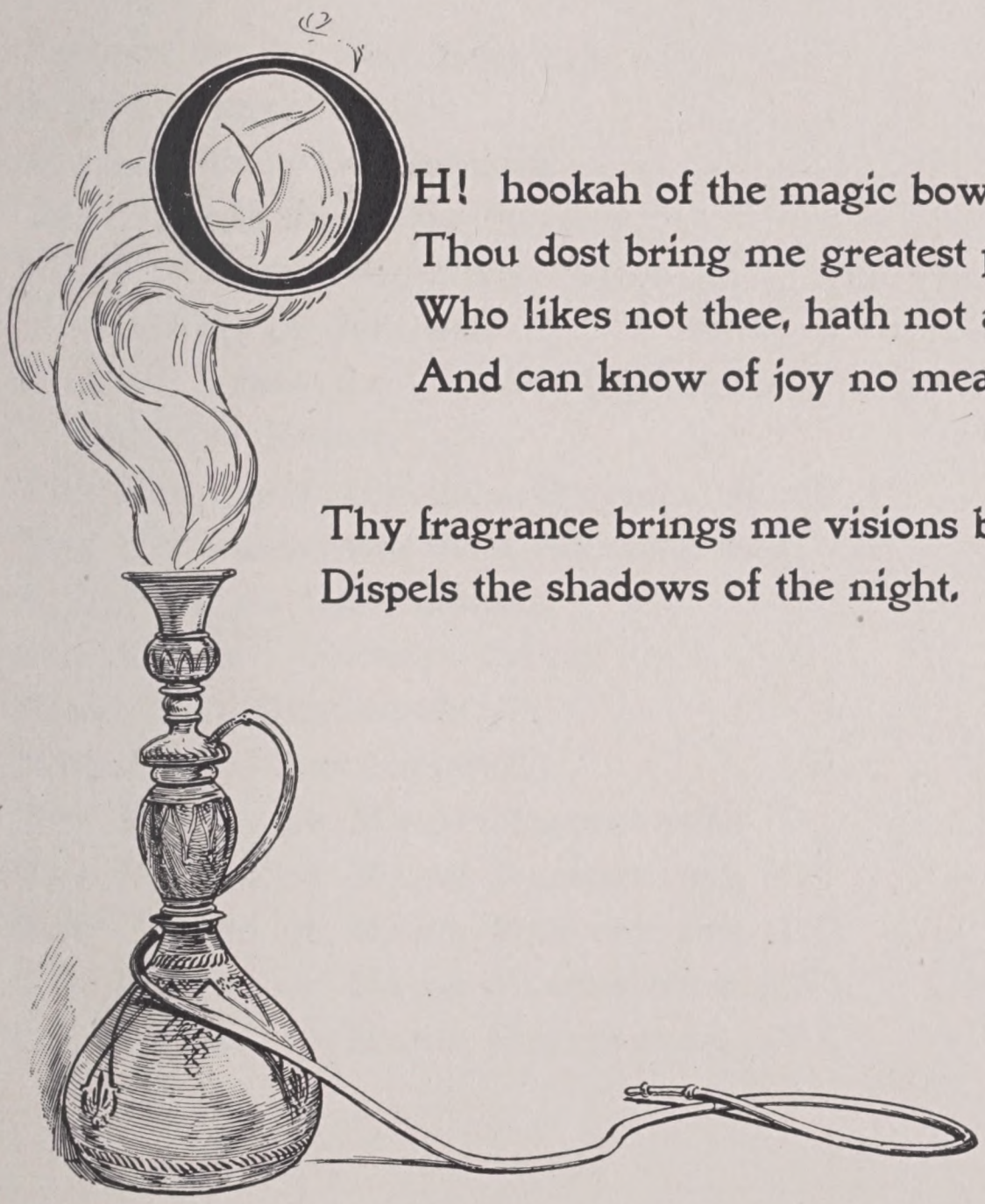
IN EVIDENCE OF HIS APPRECIATION OF THE COMMINGLED SPIRIT OF
SCIENTIFIC ENTHUSIASM AND HEARTY GOOD-FELLOWSHIP
WHICH HAS EVER BEEN THE DOMINATING
CHARACTERISTIC OF THE
ACADEMY.

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

OVER THE HOOKAH.



OH! hookah of the magic bowl,
Thou dost bring me greatest pleasure,
Who likes not thee, hath not a soul
And can know of joy no measure.

Thy fragrance brings me visions bright—
Dispels the shadows of the night.

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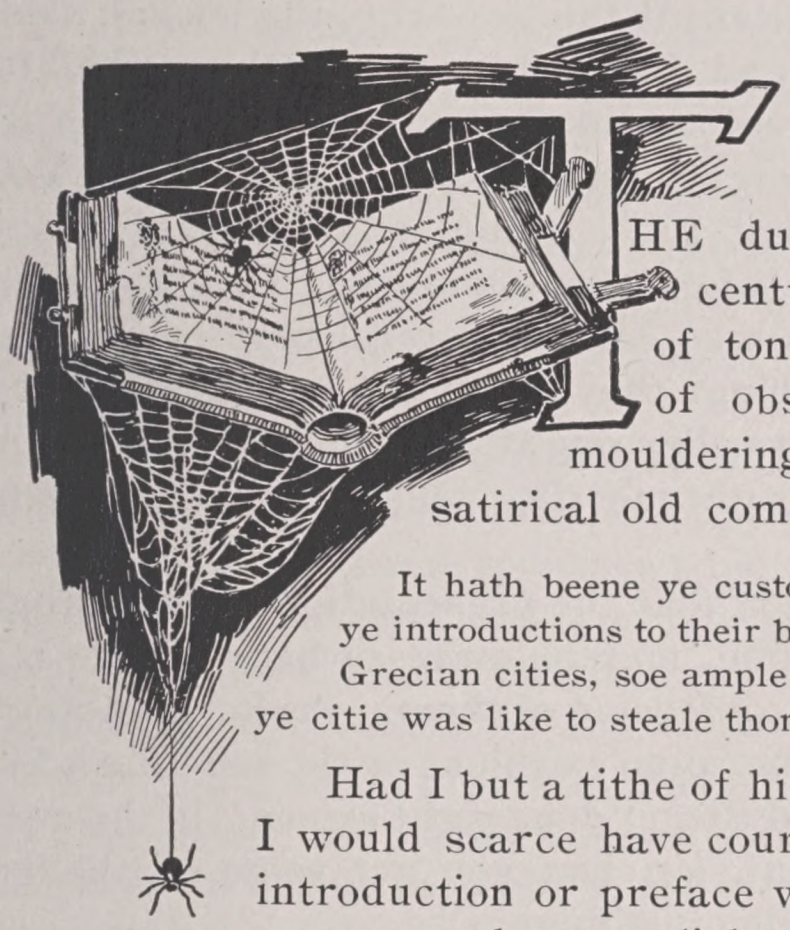
PREFACE.



THE dust and rust of three centuries, and the weight of tons on tons of cobwebs of obscurity, lie upon the mouldering bones of a quaint, satirical old commentator who wrote—

> It hath beene ye custome of many men, to make ye introductions to their bookes like ye gates of some Grecian cities, soe ample that (as ye proverbe ran) ye citie was like to steale thorow ye same.

Had I but a tithe of his moss-grown wisdom, I would scarce have courage enow to write any introduction or preface whatever—perhaps not even enough to publish the book. But authors are not expected to profit by the experiences and errors of past generations of victims of scribbler's itch. If they did, what would become of our literary reviewers and critics? —they must live, and I, for one, am ready, aye, eager, to sacrifice myself at the altar of their prosperity. And the dear public!—it *must* be entertained.

And now, gentle reader, have I not fairly proven my philanthropy? And you will not mind what my critics say, will you?—that is, unless they say sweet things of me and—you know, this book?

Every man who writes a book should expect criticism; I expect to receive more than my share. Thus will I be revenged! My captious critics will feel bad when they see

I am getting more than my share of anything in literature; and if there is anything more essential to literature than criticism, and plenty of it, I don't know what it is—unless it be ink. So wade in, *mes amis*, and spare not the lash! I can't laugh at my own work, even the funny parts; a parent never sees anything ridiculous in his own offspring—which is why humorists are so grave—but I promise you that the whip and spur of the critic will "tickle me 'most to death." And if he should say pleasant things—why, the hookah shall be loaded with myrrh and frankincense, and there shall be joy in the fullness thereof in mine household!

A doctor ought never to write such a book, eh? You are wasting breath, my kind friend. That's just why I wrote it! I have plenty of excellent company; I know a number of good christians who confess several times daily that they have done those things they ought not to have done and left undone those things they ought to have done—and then their digestions work right merrily, while Morpheus treats them passing well.

Now, I am of opinion that the presentation of the things *I* ought not to have done, may be quite as beneficial to my digestion as would the confession of them. As for the things I have left undone—come, mine excellent critic, send me a list of them, and you'll find them "done right brown" in the next edition! Pray, look out, sir, lest you get some of the hot gravy on your own intellectual fingers!

Observe, I say "intellectual fingers," advisedly, for I shall consider your unfavorable criticism a purely mechanical matter—not written with malice prepense. You will look at the title page and grunt once; glance at the author's name and grunt twice; you will look at the pictures, read the chapter-headings, crystallize a sneer, and will then be ready for business. If you understand your business, you will possibly note the style and color of binding and quality of paper. You will now spread out a sheet of clean, white foolscap, dip your pen in ferrated tincture of gall—unless you spatter with a fountain already loaded—put your pen to the paper and—go away and leave it! Did you ever try digitalis for heart failure? Try it, sir, it's great!

Complimentary criticism will, on the other hand, be regarded as the product of deep thought, and brainy, philosophical reflection inspired by a logical and judicial mind.

As for the doctors, who are not professional critics—and it is largely for them that the book has been written—I trust they may get enough entertainment from these pages to repay them for the time and trouble of reading them. The average doctor is a thoroughly good fellow, whether he knows it or not, and such social enjoyment as I have had in life I have had in his company. The black-cravatted, solemn-visaged idea of the doctor is a thing of the past, and merriment is fast displacing calomel as a remedy for the liver. Should my work fail to please, the good fellows of the profession must take the blame—the book has been published at the solicitation of a number of them whom I am proud to claim as friends.

Most of the short stories embraced in the old doctor's talks with his student friend, are entirely original and founded on real incidents. Some few have been borrowed, in skeleton outline—I don't know where—but I herewith heartily thank all the good fellows, all the world over, who, even by indirect suggestion, have furnished any of the old wine I may have put in new and more pretentious bottles. Should Noah rise from the grave and shake his bony fingers at me, I might feel somewhat sensitive, but I most emphatically announce that accusations of plagiarism from any less distinguished and musty source, will not receive the slightest attention. I hereby repudiate dear old Boccaccio and good Queen Margot, *in toto*, while as for Master Rabelais—why, I almost forgot him.

Doctor Weymouth's character sketches are taken from life, and should any of them appear overdrawn, the characters themselves should be held responsible—they were born that way.

The title of the book is suggestive of nothing, if not of repose and good-fellowship. The oriental "hookah" has a pleasant, restful, social air about it that no other smoke-producing, nicotine-distilling apparatus appears to possess. Through it, the tobacco habit seems a blessing, and one of

our luxurious weaknesses assumes an air of fragrant virtue. Barrie's "Lady Nicotine" could not ask a fairer shrine—with such a shrine her fair ladyship might well win a monopoly as the tutelary goddess of happiness. There is such a flavor of double-distilled comfort and perfumed luxury about the hookah, that I wonder those cross-legged Turks ever get their legs untangled. I wouldn't care to straighten them out at all, were I a Turk! Of course, as a physician, I do not indorse the tobacco habit, but, *entre nous*, as good fellows mind you—

> When friends are false, who once were true,
> When devils black and devils blue—
> Or demons fierce whate'er their hue—
> Disturb my comfort or annoy my mind,
> In nicotine relief I find.

And there is yet other testimony.

But I believe my old doctor's hookah must be possessed of an evil spirit—a spirit of loquaciousness. Your Turk is all gravity; his hookah behaves itself—not so our doctor's hookah. It must be the hookah, or might it be, after all, the punch? His wife made it, and that lends color to the suspicion that his talkativeness is due to an infusion of womanly spirit which, in some occult manner, has pervaded the divine concoction. Stranger things have happened—especially to doctors.

Well! well! here I am, gossipping about things that do not concern me. My business is merely to relate the conversations that took place between the old doctor and his student friend, just as they occurred. Let them be judged fairly and without prejudice—based on either hookah or punch.

For our purpose the *dramatis personae* were the doctor, the student, and the hookah. The punch was an under-study, and dusky Pete the property man—they could hardly pose as stars. As for myself, I am but a chronicler of the doctor's gossipy talks. Be they wise or otherwise, merry or sad, jest or earnest, satirical or philosophical, the old doctor must himself shoulder all responsibility. To be sure, the responsibility is very light in the more humorous portions of his conversation, but he has been quite serious, here and there.

From what I know of him, however, I am quite sure that he is ready to stand by his opinions.

It is barely possible that my old doctor was more than half in earnest in some of his fun. There seems to me to be, now and again, a sort of head-hitting tone to his remarks, even when he jests. He affects not to be satirical, but—well, if he be, and heads *are* hit, the owners of the heads mustn't mind. It's the doctor's way. He's a funny old man and doesn't like shams; besides, he always did "speak right out in meeting."

While Doctor Weymouth has aimed directly at the medical profession, there is a possibility that that gallant old war horse, "General Public," who has won and lost so many battles for ambitious authors, may come in contact with this volume. Being highly ethical, I dare not do more than entertain a sly, lurking hope that the general and the book *may* meet and form a speaking acquaintance. I want his sympathy, and—well, his dollars will go a long way toward improving my credit with the publisher. Oh, what a greedy maw that fellow has got, to be sure!—and how I do want to get a whack at the crumbs!

Of course, I'm like all authors, I write for the love of humanity; but in talking it over with you, my dear reader, I am—well, I'm pretty honest. Don't you think so, really?

To be quite serious, I have attempted to discuss only such medical subjects, and in such a manner as may be useful to the lay reader, and which, by making him a more intelligent patient, will be helpful to his physician—should he ever need one.

I may not have accomplished all I have tried to do, but trust that I have not made the slight knowledge of medicine possessed by the average lay mind, "confusion worse confounded."

THE AUTHOR.

APROPOS OF SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

NICOTIANA, goddess of my dreams,
Do thou assume thy heavenly throne—
Oh, guide me gently by the peaceful streams
And through fair fields which thou alone
Dost know, O sovereign queen of mine,
And make my musings fair—divine.

THE BONE AND SINEW OF THE PROFESSION.

APROPOS OF SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

I SHALL always congratulate myself on having selected The ——— Medical College, as the fountain at which to quaff the waters of medical lore. Not only was my choice a wise one as regards the method and character of instruction afforded me by my *alma mater*, but I am indebted to the college for the acquaintance of one of the kindest friends I have ever known.

Doctor William Weymouth was one of the faculty of the school, and an enthusiastic teacher. He was apparently quite fond of his work, and enjoyed the society of students. To this latter peculiarity I was afterward indebted for his friendship. I do not know how the doctor happened to take a fancy to me, but I feel warranted in believing that he did so; basing my belief upon the many acts of kindness with which he favored me during my student days. It was not until the end of my second college year, however, that I became well acquainted with Doctor Weymouth. I was brought prominently to his attention in a very peculiar manner:

I had appeared for examination in his branch of instruction, in the hope of getting it out of the way and thus securing more time for other studies. I am free to say that I had been somewhat neglectful of the particular chair under consideration, and had relied on my ability to cram up for examination at the last moment, with the usual result—I appeared before the professor, with as large and varied an assortment of unclassified mis-information as ever filled a poor student's head.

Doctor Weymouth was always most considerate in his methods of dealing with students, and rarely failed to give those who fell down in the examinations, another opportunity to demonstrate their qualification—or lack of it. He therefore sent for me, and after informing me in a most courteous and sympathetic manner that I had failed in my examination, made an appointment with me at his residence, for the purpose of giving me another trial. I gladly, yet with some misgivings, embraced the opportunity and at the appointed time was on hand for the ordeal. My re-examination, though searching, was perfectly fair and practical, yet only served to still further demonstrate my incapacity, hence I was not surprised, when, after an hour's careful questioning, the doctor shook his head regretfully and said:

"My boy, supposing you were in my position, and I in yours, just now, what would be likely to happen?"

"Well," I replied, manfully, "a certain student of my acquaintance would get most beautifully plucked."

The doctor smiled, and said:

"And I fear I shall have to adopt your suggestion, for your own sake. It would be hardly fair to you, to allow you to go through half-informed upon any branch of your studies. I regret that I could not have taught you more—I fear I have been remiss in some direction or other. Your failure has by no means ruffled my dignity, but leads me to think that I myself may possibly be to blame—I should, at least, have imparted sufficient information to enable you to pass such an examination as I have given you."

The doctor really seemed conscience-stricken, hence I hastened to console him by informing him of my neglect, and the fact that I had put off studying his branch until just before examination.

"Well," said he, "you will at least have a chance to make amends next year, and if you value my peace of mind, as well as your own self-interest, I am sure you will redeem yourself most nobly."

After some desultory conversation, I bade the doctor good-day and departed for home, with a much clearer conscience than if I had succeeded in barely getting through

the examination. I mentally resolved to secure a mark in Doctor Weymouth's branch the following year, which should make that worthy gentleman proud of his teaching. As I was leaving, the doctor gave me a cordial invitation to call again, and in so earnest a manner that I felt assured he meant it—there is a certain subtle quality of speech which always distinguishes the genuine from the conventional. I returned home with the impression that I was henceforth to be favored with the doctor's friendship.

I not only called, in response to Doctor Weymouth's invitation, but it was not long before there was a tacit understanding between the doctor and myself, that I was to visit him at regular intervals and spend the evening. As social indulgences and recreation are rare in the life of the medical student, I gladly embraced the opportunity—and most royally was I entertained.

I found Doctor Weymouth a most entertaining and versatile companion, one in whose society time never dragged. His experience had been large, his fund of stories seemed inexhaustible, and, as he never tired of telling them, I enjoyed the intellectual feast that he laid before me, to the utmost.

I do not know how my dear old friend will like the idea of having some of his many stories published—he himself always had a rather poor opinion of their artistic merits—but I know he will forgive the liberty I have taken, provided I have not mutilated them beyond recognition. I dared not ask him to edit the stories himself, lest he suppress my budding literary aspirations altogether.

I am sure that I have not done the dear old doctor full justice, but if the reader will please remember that the deficiencies—which I fear are only too apparent, here and there—are mine, and not Doctor Weymouth's, no harm will come of them.

My kind friend was most decidedly a man of moods, hence there is no great degree of uniformity in these tales. He passed from grave to gay, from jolly fun to mocking satire, from light pleasantry to serious philosophy, from humor to pathos, so rapidly that I had the greatest difficulty in following him, in the more or less imperfect chronicle which

I have undertaken. I never was able to surmise what was to be expected at any of our pleasant conversations, and so, if the reader experiences a succession of surprises, he or she will please remember that I had many similar experiences during the enjoyable evenings spent with my doctor friend.

"Hallo, my boy!" said the doctor, "I'm very glad to see you. It would appear that you did not forget my invitation to call. I assure you, sir, that I am likely to enjoy your visit more than you yourself could possibly do. Were you a full-fledged M. D. instead of a student, I do not know that I could honestly express so much pleasure in meeting you again.

"Do you know, sir, that the medical student is very attractive to me—especially a senior, with his hopes, fears, speculations, and twinges of conscience? It does me good to talk with one into whose young soul the double-distilled venom of worldliness, and the iron of scientific and professional competition have not yet entered.

"The young man in the profession of medicine—indeed, in all professions—is the vital principle of the entire body professional, and I, for one, appreciate him. What would we do without him?

"It is the young man who furnishes the unselfish, frank, and candid ambition of the profession—he it is who gives it its rosy hopes and lofty ideals, who imparts to it some of his own warm-hearted, honest enthusiasm.

"We old fellows, whose hearts have become somewhat worldly; whose feelings have become case-hardened; whose sympathies and emotions have been worn threadbare by rough treatment and frequent abuse; whose faith in human nature has been ground to an exceeding fineness in the tread-mill of work-a-day life—need just such healthful rejuvenation as contact with virile, youthful minds imparts.

"Possibly it is better that the outer gloss of the student's armor of hope and sanguine expectation eventually becomes worn off; better that his ideals sooner or later become less rosy by being tossed to and fro, hither and thither, on the storm-swept sea of active professional life, yet I cannot help

thinking that the profession owes much to the infusion of young hopes and new, vigorous blood so richly laden with red corpuscles, that each year adds to the body medical. Why, my lad, were it not for the revivifying influence of the young men who enter the profession from year to year, we old chaps would become a lot of dry, shriveled-up mummies, with nothing in the present worth living for, and no hope for the future worth striving for.

> ''Tis well to give honour and glory to age,
> With its lessons of wisdom and truth,
> Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page,
> And the fairy tale read but in youth?
> Let time rolling on, crown with fame or with gold—
> Let us bask in the kindliest beams;
> Yet what hope can we cherish, what gift can we hold,
> That will bless like our earlier dreams?'

"My boy, there are those who say that five-and-forty is 'the prime of life.' By what standard do they gauge it? Such people weary me! What man does not pause in mid-life, at forty-five, and sigh, 'It might have been'?—Who then, can say that the measure of his years has been filled with satisfaction?—No one, I fancy.

"At twenty, nothing is impossible to our youthful hopes and madly-pulsing ambition—at forty-five, we have most effectually proven that most of our desires were for the impossible. Is not the rosy-hued dream of future triumph fairer far than the retrospective survey of ambitions ungratified?

"Forty-five, the prime of life! Go to, all ye false prophets and sophistical middle-aged philosophers—the sublime egotism of a stagnate animality blinds you!

"Give me the age of twenty, when the world is new and bright, when the sap of youth, the fire of youthful ambition, is not polluted with the gall and wormwood of disappointment, nor deadened by the choke-damp of ungratified ambition. The roses of hope, the jewels of lofty aspiration, the honey of love and happiness, the laurel wreath of fame—all are within your very grasp, and you have seemingly but to close the hand, to realize your fondest hopes.—'Tis then, indeed, you are in the prime of life!

"And then comes five-and-forty—you have long since closed your hand and ardently clasped your own; perchance you have hugged your fond delusion to your breast full many a year. You open your hand—and find it empty! The sweet-voiced bird of many and beauteous hues has flown! You are now a decadent! It is true you are wiser than of yore, but full dearly have you paid for your wisdom.

'—— When, through the veiled ideal
The vigorous reason thrusts a knife,
And rends the illusion and shows us the real,
Oh! this is the time called "prime of life.' "

"How rude the awakening from your fair dream! Happiness was yours, for you thought, aye, you *felt* it to be

THE PRIME OF LIFE.

yours; misery is now your lot, because—well, because you have been awakened by the bell that dolefully tolls the noontide of life. Ah! that bell!—

"Tell me, my good friend, you who have been so rudely

aroused from your life's day-dream by that doleful mid-day chime—is forty-five the prime of life?

"How honest you are, to be sure! But only because I know you so well, old fellow, and can estimate at its true value, the self-satisfied smirk that is playing hide-and-seek in that beard—which is already showing a tinge of frost. You cannot deceive me, my gallant sir, for I myself would fain be twenty once again!

"Heigho! I fancy you understand why I am fond of students—I have an excellent memory. I, too, had my ideals; I, too, once felt that nothing was impossible; I, too, once cast the word 'fail' out of my vocabulary; I, too—but where's the use in harking back just now? The Italian bard, Aleardi, has summed up my every thought in the beautiful lines—

> 'O, give me back once more,
> O, give me, Lord, one hour of youth again!
> For in that time I was serene and bold,
> And uncontaminate, and enraptured with
> The universe. I did not know the pangs
> Of the proud mind, nor the sweet miseries
> Of love; and had never gather'd yet,
> After those fires, so sweet in burning, bitter
> Handfuls of ashes, that, with tardy tears
> Sprinkled, at last have nourish'd into bloom,
> The solitary flowers of penitence.'"

"Do you know, my boy, that you were late to-night?

"Professor A——— kept you over time, eh? Well, that's just like him! Fond of talking, isn't he?

"Ye-yes, he does talk well—sometimes. When talking about his own remarkable cases—which are largely the product of psychic prestidigitation—he is positively eloquent. However, do not tempt me to gossip.

"By the way, young man, I have something smokable here, that may suit you better than my havanas. This cob pipe, and some German student '*rauch tabak*,' will make you democratic if not happy.

"Try some of the punch. There is a flavor of the Orient and old 'Kaintuck' combined, in that sublime fluid.

"How is it made?

"Why, for the life of me I can't tell you. My good wife concocts it, but whether it is the artist or the ingredients that make it so delicious, I cannot say. *Entre nous*, though, I think it is the artist.

"I say, my lad, when you marry, get a woman like her if you can—which I doubt. Ah! there's a *rara avis!*

"Indulgent?

"To a fault, sir, to a fault—else how could she travel in harness with me? Oh, she knows my weaknesses—most of them at least—and can handle me accordingly!

"Someone, when asked how to manage a husband, said, 'Feed the brute!' I don't know who the fellow was, but my wife discovered that plan long before she ever heard any such advice. When I come home cross, hungry, and full of devils—black, green, and blue—what does she do? Talk to me? Never!

"She feeds me beefsteak cut right out of the heart of a big, juicy tenderloin; then, when digestion is fully established, she boldly confronts me with some of the gossip of the day, or a story of the latest clever things the children have said or done, and I not only listen, but conduct myself quite like a civilized being.

"I think my wife must have been in Lincoln park sometime or other, about the time the animals were being fed. She's a great physiologist, any way. She could give Anstie points in nerve pathology and therapeutics. Neurasthenia, profanity, and general cussedness of temper, according to her, mean simply the cry of starved ganglia, and nerve fibres and such things, for pabulum—and pabulum in her vernacular signifies a blood-rare tenderloin steak. Ah! she is a great cook—and a greater diplomat!—

"Speaking of my wife reminds me of matrimony—not in general, but as a duty of doctors. You had better prick up your ears, my boy! How your eyes glisten!

"Oh ho! Already picked out, eh?

"Soon as you are established!

"Well, then, what I have to say about selecting a wife and joining 'the silent majority,' will have to be impersonal.

"You can tell it to the other boys to-morrow?

"Oh yes, they'll be glad to hear your proxy views on that subject, no doubt! Some of those big, double-fisted country boys will think of that buxom lass back home, and pass you and my moralistic reflections up, over, and out! I think you'd better keep what I say to yourself. I'm settled in life, long since, and you think *you* are—but we can sit on our pinnacle of judgment and moralize to our heart's content.

"The selection of a wife is a very important matter to the young professional man. I presume you are so well satisfied with certain sentimental and supposedly cardiac arrangements you have made, it would be impossible to make you appreciate the fact that the selection of a wife is one of the main issues in getting on in the world. The doctor's wife is one of the most important factors in his daily routine of life. She can make or break him, and not half try. You see, therefore, the necessity of caution in leaping into the matrimonial sea.

"Did you ever notice what a variety of girls the average young fellow thinks he has to select from? He begins by wondering whether he will marry money, beauty, brains, or social position, and invariably winds up by marrying—the woman he loves—at least he is hypnotized into thinking so.

"Is it not a beneficent provision of nature that the human heart is capable of idealizing? Some coarse natures go through life with a gloomy tinge of misogynism—and a deeper dye of meanness—and perish without knowing what the ideal of womanliness means. Their sentiments are a reflex of their own coarse brain-cells. Most men worthy of the name meet during their lives with at least four women whom they can love and respect. With mother, sister, sweetheart, and wife to choose from at different periods of life, the man who has no ideals is inexcusable. To be sure, these gifts are not always distributed equally, but a fellow *must* have a mother—or a memory of one, and if he doesn't get a sweetheart and transform her into a wife, why, that's his own fault.

"How I pity the man of no ideals! What is there in life to make it worth living—for such as he? He is a discord in the harmony of nature, a grub in the garden of sentiment. Worst of all, he is a failure as a man.

"Ah! my boy, what were the drama of life without the inspiration of lovely, peerless woman?—

'She is a vision of delight, when first she gleams upon our sight,
A lovely apparition, sent to be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes, as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn,
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.
A dainty shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.'

"Woman, my dear young friend, is a subject to which neither the emotional sentiment of the poet nor the most exalted imagery of the romancist have ever done justice. She has driven philosophers mad, and kings to perdition; she has ruined empires and saved states; she has destroyed peoples and rescued nations; she has corrupted saints, and raised sinners to the highest plane of morality; she has been a curse and a blessing to all mankind, a thorn in the side and a comfort to the soul; she has been human to man and as cold and heartless as stone to woman; she has been true to her affections and false to herself; she has been the fountain of inspiration and the well-spring of ambition; she has been the shrine of the hero and the despair of the coward; she has acted the combined rôles of angel and devil with amazing versatility; since the world began, she has ever been—woman. Who but an aspiring egotist could aspire either to analyze her or do her even scant justice?

"Did you ever realize to what extent woman pervades, not only the affairs of the present, but the spiritual panorama of future promise? The world did not fairly begin until she appeared, and when mortal man is permitted to peep into the heaven which is said to be beyond, he finds it peopled with—female angels! Who ever heard of a heaven without them?

"Our ideal has never given us but the one Eden. The lofty aspiration and beauteous imagery of genius—both material and spiritual—has ever reverted, through all the ages, to the only earthly paradise ever conceived by the imagination of man as the sum and summit of human desire. Who shall say that the paradise of the ancient dreamer of

scripture and oriental romance, was not passing fair? And yet, was it not a desolate wild, a waste of barren sands, before the coming of the only divinity of whom we can be really certain—woman, lovely, incomparable woman? With her divinity alone, came the consummation of mortal bliss; she alone, brought warmth, good cheer, and beauty to terrestrial existence; through her alone, was it possible to bring to primal man, the first material realization of human happiness.

"Scoff as we may, at the intrinsic defects and glaring inconsistencies of the ancient scriptural story of creation, it still contains the warp and woof of a tissue of the most beautiful sentiment. Childish though the story may be, it is childishness *par excellence*, that evolves bright dreams and the all-pervading fragrance of purity. In childhood alone, can the mind be said to be intrinsically pure, and if the Garden of Eden was evolved from childish minds—from the minds of mature, yet simple men, who dreamed, and thought, and spake as children, small wonder is it, that it should have been a dream of beauty.

EVE UP TO DATE.

"To be sure, the snake came also, but I question much, whether the story could have been satisfactory without him. Had woman fallen without temptation she would have lost much of her divinity. We certainly never could have become reconciled to the expulsion of the human family from the almost celestial garden, had we not heard of the snake.

Mother Eve suffered severely for her folly—so sayeth the chronicle—and her daughters have shown that her repentance was sincere, if heredity counts for anything. It has ever since been absolutely impossible to establish social relations between women and snakes. Eve may have chatted with the original serpent, but it is safe to say that no woman has ever gossiped with one of his descendants. The ancient reptile would have a lonesome time of it now-a-days; —he could find no woman who would face him long enough to be tempted.

"Dearly bought was thy lesson, sweet woman, but profitable enough hath it been for thee!

"Supposing the story of the Garden of Eden were literally true, do you believe, my dear boy, that Adam had any particular occasion to bewail his fate? *I* am too gallant to think he was not perfectly contented. Eden was not paradise until illumined by the light of love, and, as our ancient progenitor took away from that earthly elysium, all that made life worth living, we must needs waste no sympathy upon him. We modern lovers would have shamed good old father Adam for his lack of gallantry, had he breathed a single sigh of regret at the loss of Eden.

The scriptures would have us believe that the expulsion from the Garden of Eden was a punishment!—Why, father Adam should have whistled in mockery and derision at his sentence! Was not Eve beside him, and was she not the nearest approach to perfection in frail femininity that the world has ever known? What was the loss of earthly immortality compared with the companionship of Eve?

"Verily, if the story of the fall of our ancient parents be true, Adam's lot should have been a happy one. His punishment was a travesty—like that of the little boy at school, who is made to go over and sit with the girls. The darkest, gloomiest wood is the fairest of gardens, if graced by the virtues and beauty of peerless woman—a bower of roses is but a gloomy hermit cell without her.

"Adam had but to recall those cheerless days of his bachelorhood, to be reconciled to his punishment. He should not have forgotten that mournful period before Eve came—

'When slowly passed the melancholy day
And still the stranger wist not where to stay.
The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—'till woman smiled.'

"Poor old Adam! what a disconsolate old bachelor he must have been, to be sure!

"Some bachelors are content with their lot, you say?

"Oh yes, after the fashion of that jolly Bohemian who wrote—

'I go where I list and return when I please,
I am free as the fays of the wandering breeze;
In a stoup of good wine and a sup with a friend,
I find a good cheer and joy without end;
I am free from all care and a shrew of a wife—
There's nothing for me like a bachelor's life.

'When even comes on, 'mid the gathering gloom,
I hasten away to my bachelor room;
I don an old coat, put my feet on a chair,
And wait for the step of a friend on the stair—
Far up from the street, with its rumble and strife,
Oh! give me my comfort—my bachelor life.

'As I smoke my old cob and puff up the rings,
And revel in songs sweet memory sings,
Slowly there rises before me a face—
Whose features the smoke rings seem fondly to trace.
Oh! this is the life—but, by Jove! I will go
And ask her again—she may not say no.'

"It is singular, yet nevertheless true, that those sentiments which are nearest our hearts are often the most difficult of expression. Speak of woman, and your auditor immediately conjures up a vision that is to him a dream of loveliness beyond all power of description—the tongue of the dreamer could never give voice to his thoughts.

"A sable denizen of Kentucky was once asked for an opinion as to the sweetest thing on earth. He replied most emphatically in favor of 'dat watermillion!' His interlocutor then asked, 'Whut erbout 'possum an' sweet kyarlinas, eh, Sambo?'

"'Bress yo' haht, honey, dey's too good ter talk erbout!' said Sambo, as the saliva trickled in a pellucid rill down the angles of his capacious mouth.

"If a beautiful woman be substituted for the ''possum and taters,' we can echo the darky's sentiments, even to the salivation.

"In thus eulogizing woman, my young friend, I by no means claim that I understand her. She is by no means an open book that he who runs may read. Her subtlety is one of her chief fascinations—once understood, the fair sex would lose much of its attractiveness.

"The sentimental side of human nature is prone to pin its faith to those things it cannot understand. The most beautiful scene fails of appreciation, if we chance to catch a glimpse of the scene-shifter and the supe, tugging away at the windlass in the wings. The most beautiful romance or poem, loses half its charm when we peep into the garret where sits the long-haired, dishevelled author, grinding out his stuff on the head of a flour-barrel by the light of a penny-dip.

"Confound these practical chaps who are everlastingly rolling the beautiful cloudland and rosy atmosphere of romance away, and revealing the bare boards of realism!

"No, we must not study woman too closely. If there *is* an atmosphere of illusion about her, let us take the gifts the gods provide—and not seek for evidence that our idol is, after all, only flesh and blood. It will not do; even a junior student can realize how rude the shock may be, when love's young dream becomes an ordinary, every-day, female patient!

"But do not infer that I am advising you not to study any of the various phases of woman nature—I am simply suggesting that you must learn where to draw the line.

"The young bachelor who considers himself possessed of all the charms of Adonis, must look sharply to his laurels, else some lantern-jawed, freckle-faced 'yahoo' may wrest the prize that has so long been the subject of his waking thoughts and nightly dreams, from out his very grasp.

"You, yourself, may, at this very moment, think your prize secure and be calculating on your chances of securing enough lucre to fee the minister—but do not dally with fate, lest the other fellow cut you out.

"It has been said by some old writer, that the plainest

man, who pays assiduous attention to a woman, may win her heart more readily than the handsome fellow, who, secure in his serene self-satisfaction, forgets to attend strictly to the business in hand. Many years ago, a celebrated Englishman remarked to Lord Townsend—who was noted for his physical attractiveness—'You, my Lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I, the plainest, but I would give your lordship half an hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman whom we both wished to win, because all those little attentions that you would omit, on the score of your fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, because of the deficiencies of mine.'

"Was it not Burton who said, in that charming and racy novelette, The Anatomy of Melancholy—'As a bull, tied to a fig tree, grows gentle on a sudden, so is a savage and obdurate heart mollified by fair speeches'?

"My boy, when your judgment has ripened in the sun of the passing years of experience, and your hair has become tinged by the frosts of a few winters of gathering wisdom, you will realize that I speak the truth, when I say that that most complex and fascinating problem—lovely woman—is never understood, even in small degree, till the sun of life is well along toward its meridian—and then, youth is gone and you have naught to offer at the shrine of beauty, save a hard, cold, practical, selfish worldliness.

"But dear me! I had begun discussing the subject of woman, from a practical standpoint, and here I am, meandering on with a lot of sentimental gush, to which nobody but an impractical, romantic young fellow like yourself would condescend to listen!"

"There is one phase of the medico-matrimonial question which deserves special consideration. I have sometimes wondered whether the matter is not too one-sided. The average doctor is such a slave to his profession, that he simply cannot give his wife and family half-way decent treatment. I have often thought it would be a good thing to have a law prohibiting doctors from marrying until they have acquired a competence. But then, I suppose that such a law

would condemn most of us to perpetual bachelorhood. Nevertheless, however, could there be a more doleful fate for a charming woman, than to be tied for life to one of those weary, plodding, careworn, worried, under-paid and un-appreciated creatures who are chained to the galleys we know as 'general practice?'

"Extreme cases, you say? My dear boy, it is the financially successful doctor who is the extreme case. The average family practitioner—and he is the bone and sinew of the profession—reminds me of a horse in a treadmill, grinding out grist that he never has time, opportunity, or appetite to eat. He is a kind of modern Sisyphus, wearily rolling that everlasting stone up the hill. By and bye, the stone roller's strength gives out, the stone rolls over him, and there he lies, just where he started at the foot of the hill of life, smashed flatter than a griddle cake! Oh, 'tis a merry war!—according to college announcements.

"Some doctors reap rich rewards, you say? Yes, but the well-to-do specialist is, after all, the gilded puppet. Look behind the scenes, and you will see the grey-bearded, stoop-shouldered family doctor, bending over the windlass that winds the other fellow up and makes him go. Well, I suppose that's the general practitioner's rôle in the drama of life. Your family practitioner is now-a-days only a distributing agency from which the specialist draws his profitable cases. But the specialist is generous; he doesn't try to take away those weary, thankless, all-night cases, and those dangerous contagious diseases from the every-day doctor. But I am getting sarcastic, and that sort of thing is unnatural for me.—

"In the words of the congressman from the south, 'where was I at?'—Oh yes, we were talking about doctors' wives:

"Speaking of the selection of wives, I know one doctor—a type of a hundred others—who evidently had an eye to windward when he married. The lady in the case is a past-mistress of diplomacy and medico-political intrigue, beside whom Disraeli's reputation and Machiavelli's malodor are weak indeed. She belongs to several churches, and to card and social clubs galore, and makes a specialty of drumming

up practice for 'my doctor.' The doctor rarely goes out with her—he doesn't have to; she can do business better with him out of the way. It is embarrassing, you know, just as she is in the midst of a peroration descriptive of the latest exploit of this modern Hippocrates, to have the dried-up, microcephalic, weasened little animal appear in evidence.

"'Do you know, ladies, I am afraid my poor doctor is going to work himself to death? Why, he was out three whole nights last week, and didn't have a wink of sleep! A

"MY DOCTOR" MAKES A CALL.

prominent lady on Michigan avenue (the patient is always prominent and lives on Michigan avenue, or Astor street, or in some equally fashionable locality) had an attack of appendicitis, *and had been given up by five doctors before my doctor saw her!* She pulled through, but my doctor says that if the family had delayed sending for him just thirty minutes more—!'

"Now, as a matter of fact, my boy, I once overheard this lady in the midst of a similar yarn, when I happened to know

the circumstances. In the first place, that doctor couldn't lance a gum-boil without endangering the internal carotid, and in the second place, those three nights were spent in discussing the relative merits of 'two pair' and 'three of a kind.' He did make several calls—of the other fellow's hand, you know—but the only ladies he saw were a choice variety of queens—hearts, clubs, spades, and diamonds. They didn't live on Michigan avenue either, but he found those particular lady patients in a cosy corner of the M—— club!

"How do I know?

"Well," said the doctor, his eyes gleaming somewhat triumphantly,I thought, as he reflectively caressed a fat roll of bills that he took from a corner of his trousers pocket, "a little bird whispered to me," and deep down in his majestic beard he softly whistled an air from 'The Lady or the Tiger.'

I fancied I understood.

"Young man, when you do marry, train your wife in the way she should go. Let her go to one church, if she wants to, for worship only, not for revenue, and take as much comfort out of her little social functions as she pleases, but insist that she allude to you as 'my husband.' 'My doctor' this, and 'my doctor' that, make one sick!

"And now, you know the kind of a wife you *don't* want. If you can't climb the ladder of fame without hanging to your wife's apron strings, you had better 'blush unseen, and waste your fragrance on the desert air.'

"This 'new woman' business is not going to help us out much on the wife question, although it is likely to solve the problem of what to do with our baggy, half-worn and out-of-style—but that's a different matter, and possibly an unprofitable subject. I don't know much about 'the new woman' excepting what I've read. I have learned to speak of some of her in feeling terms as 'It,' but that's about as far as I have gone. 'It' is still a delicate subject, despite her affectation of masculinity.

"But I must be careful what I say, even upon so fresh a topic as 'the new woman,' for I have recently discovered that I cannot possibly be original.

"My little daughter, it seems, is greatly interested in my literary work, and has been curious to know how I succeed in spoiling so much nice paper in so short a time. You are aware that spoiling paper is a weakness of mine.

"One evening recently, while I was sitting at my desk with a number of books of reference lying before me, in the midst of a desperate attempt to write a speech on something I knew nothing about, in response to some 'hurry up' toast or other to be given at a medico-vaudeville 'feed,' I caught her standing at my elbow watching me with a mingled expression of pity and triumph. 'Go away, dear, papa's busy now,' I said. She tiptoed quietly out, and a few moments later I heard her telling her young auntie that she now knew how her papa wrote so much. She said: 'These stupid doctors think he writes it every bit out of his own head, but he doesn't; he gets it all out of books—e-v-e-r-y word! I *know* it, for I caught him!'

"Dear little innocent! What man has thought and written, man may write. What man hath not sown, that he may not reap.

"Is it not healthful to have our bump of conceit punctured a bit now and then? We know there is nothing new under the sun, yet how often do we acknowledge it? We are too busy borrowing the product of other people's brains. Still, Shakespeare, Byron, and Milton were borrowers, so why may not we little fellows follow suit? As Pope said, 'so-called invention is, of necessity, mere selection.'—

"But we have forgotten the new woman.

"There she goes, on her bike, at a sixty-mile clip! My! but isn't she swift? See her bend over her work! She's around the corner already!

"Well, let her go; distance lends enchantment—if she's not too stout; but a dissolving view of a two-hundred-pound female cyclist is—well, isn't it?

"But be she thin or fat, be she dark or passing fair, things may not be just what they seem. Life may still hold fair hopes. Charity suffereth long and is kind—*honi soit qui mal y pense.* Bicycle, or *fin de siècle*, or both, she has come—we trust not to tarry—unless she doffs those trousers.

"Out of the sombre, misty shadows of the past, a procession of sweet-faced, bonneted, sorrowful shades come trooping—Priscilla, Abigail, Hope, Dorothy, Mary, and Jane! Why have you come back to earth to behold these whirling, scorching burlesques—these travesties on your sex?

OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

"We weep with you, oh snowy-kerchiefed, big-bonneted spirits of lovely past femininity! Yet, did you not, in your yearning for emancipation, sow some of the seed that we so

sadly reap? Miss Two-Thousand, with her bike and bloomers, is not less ornamental than you were, with your guns and broomsticks—even though she *is* much less useful.

"But no affectation of masculine newness will ever radically change the fair sex. As Mrs. Browning so beautifully said of George Sand:

> 'True genius, but true woman, dost deny
> Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,
> And break away the gauds and armlets worn
> By weaker woman in captivity?
> Ah, vain denial! that revolted cry,
> Is sobb'd in by a woman's voice forlorn!
> Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,
> Floats back dishevelled strength in agony,
> Disproving thy man's name! and while before
> The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,
> We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
> Through the large flame——'

"Come, my boy, I'm getting entirely too sentimental! If I keep on at the rate I am going, I will soon exhaust all my stock of borrowed rhyme and be compelled to improvise something for the occasion, and that would be—well, simply awful!

"Let's have some more punch.—

"What! no more? Then I must partake of 'the solitary cup,' as one of my friends expresses it.—

"Pshaw! Who could think of the new woman, or any other acid, with the taste of that exquisite punch in his mouth?

"But I may as well finish the woman question:

"What do I think of her in brief?—

"Well, my wife asked me that same question yesterday at dinner, and I said, 'My dear, the *old* woman is good enough, smart enough, and pretty enough for *me!*' Whereat she replied, with a pretty show of indignation:

"'Think you're smart, don't you? but I'm just forty-eight, thank you!'—and there was that pretty compliment lost forever.

"The old woman—I mean this in the figurative, not literal sense—cannot be improved upon. The only attempt

that was ever made to bring her mind up to date, was made by the Devil in the Garden of Eden. It was a disaster to the human race! Now, let all modern devils take warning! I'm for the woman of yesterday, the woman of to-day and the woman of to-morrow, just as nature made her, *sans* masculinity, *sans* bloomers—*sans* everything that mars the ideal of mother, sister, sweetheart, wife and daughter.

And now I am sure you will join me in a toast, borrowed from the exquisite rhymes of Edward Coat Pinkney:

'I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measure of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice, in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I quaff this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.'

"Well, I declare! if I haven't allowed my hookah to go out!—and I am by no means certain that I have not exhausted my supply of tobacco.—Sure enough, the jar is empty!"

The doctor touched his bell as he spoke, and in answer to the summons, Pete, his colored servant, appeared at the door:

"See here, Pete, how does it happen that I am out of tobacco? I am sure I had a good quantity of Turkish a day or two since, and I certainly haven't smoked much lately!"

"Dunno, Marse Doctah, p'raps dar's sum er lyin' roun' summers. I done spec I'd bettah look 'roun', sah, an' see ef I kin fine some."

"I 'spec' you *had* better look around, you ornery black imp—and be sure you find some too, or there'll be a serious accident in your family!"

As Pete, with a mock expression of terror, disappeared, the doctor said:

"There's a spoiled nigger, if there ever was one! I dare say that black rascal has five pounds of my tobacco, more or less, concealed about the premises somewhere. He doesn't mean to steal, but he has conceived the notion that my tobacco is sweeter than that from any other source—especially if he filches it. His hereditarily predatory instincts simply come to the surface under the stimulus of his unholy appetite for that particular brand of tobacco."—

"So, you succeeded in finding some, did you? Well, seeing you are such a brilliant success as a commissary, I deputize you to attend to the filling of this jar to-morrow, and see that you don't forget it—unless you are looking for serious trouble!"

Pete looked decidedly shame-faced, but merely said, "Yes, Marse Doctah, dis chile 'll 'membah sho' nuff!" and disappeared.

"Isn't it queer, my boy, that we doctors preach so vigorously against the tobacco habit and yet become such inveterate smokers ourselves?

"Another puzzling thing is the fact that one gets so wedded to some particular smoking apparatus, that no substitute ever tastes so sweet. Your Irishman smokes his old clay pipe, and the stolid Dutchman his meerschaum; the pipes are totally unlike, yet each is ready to swear that his own is sweet as a nut, while the other fellow's is positively offensive.

"I do not know how I first became addicted to the luxury of the Turkish pipe, but it is certain that nothing else gives me a perfectly satisfactory smoke now-a-days. It may be imagination, but it does seem as though the smoke that bubbles up through the rose-water in the bowl of my hookah is laden with flowery perfume, and free from all heat and acridity. Is not the fragrance of the smoke from the oriental pipe, comparable to that of the balmy zephyrs from Araby that we read about?

"When I have put on my Turkish fez and gown, drunk a glass of that incomparable punch, and lighted my hookah, I lie back in my comfortable, stuffy old chair, and am as langourously, dreamily, pensively happy as one could hope to be in this world. All my ways are bliss, and all my paths are peace!

"Did I but sit cross-legged on a soft, luxurious mat, I might sing with all the fervor of an ardent devotee of the prophet, 'Would I Were the Sultan Gay!' I need naught but the voice of the bul-bul—whatever that may be—and a dis-

solving view of the gorgeous interior of a harem, to transport me to the paradise of the faithful.

"And I am attended by beautiful slaves, chief among whom are Fancy, Imagery, and Fantasy—slaves who fan me with perfumed leaves, cool my brow with scented waters, soothe me with soft, sweet lullabies, and paint most beautiful pictures on the horizon of my hopes.

"EVER AND ANON, MY FAIRY PLAYS THE AMAZON."

"Then there is the fairy Nicotiana, a goddess of fair, yet majestic mien, who waves her golden wand—an impenetrable barrier between me and a horde of howling devils, lead by Carking Care, and flanked by Regret, Despair, Misgiving, Discontent, and many other fierce and relentless demons!

"Ever and anon, my fairy plays the amazon, and, with a most warlike flourish of her fair white hand, drives the howl-

ing horde back into the yawning hole in the bowels of the earth from whence they came!

"And such music as that other fairy, Reverie, brings!—None but the exalted sensibility of an ear attuned by the sensuous thrilling of nicotine, e'er heard strains so divinely sweet!

"Sir Walter Raleigh—that bloody, bragging, blustering old swash-buckler—did much for civilization by popularizing the fragrant leaf of the Old Dominion. I question much whether the potato has fairly held its own in the race with tobacco, on which the sturdy old cavalier started it. It is possible that Shakespeare has left as enduring a record as did Raleigh, but I doubt it. Incense is at this moment being offered up at a million shrines by millions of devotees, to the memory of Sir Walter and their patron saint—the goddess Nicotiana!

"And what has not tobacco done for literature? Come, oh toiling slave of the lamp, and bear an undeserving brother testimony! Whether thou hast been writing, or reading what is written, hast thou not drunk of the waters of inspiration distilled from the sweetly-pungent tobacco leaf? Hast thou not inhaled some of that sacred fire that burns upon the altar erected to the divine Nicotiana?—hast not inhaled the perfume of the celestial incense?

"How true the words, how sweet the sentiment of Le Gallienne—

'With pipe and book at close of day,
Oh what is sweeter, mortal, say?
It matters not what book on knee,
Old Isaak or the Odyssey;
It matters not, meerschaum or clay—
And though our eyes will dream astray,
And lips forget to sue or sway,
It is enough to merely be—
With pipe and book.

What though our modern skies be gray,
As bards aver? I will not pray
For soothing death to succour me,
But ask this much, O Fate, of thee,
A little longer yet to stay—
With pipe and book.'

"My boy, we doctors may preach against tobacco till doomsday, but the precept of the consultation room will never accord with the example of our hours of ease and relaxation.

"But doctors are human, after all—in or out of the consultation room—and it is possible they may err in regard to tobacco. If they are right and it *is* injurious—well, that simply verifies the old adage that there is such a thing as 'too much of a good thing'—that's all.

"Do you know, my young friend, that tobacco contains the whole of philosophy? What would the galley-slave of the garret do without it? How many wounded spirits it has consoled—how many pangs of hunger allayed!

"When caustic critics, with a jealous eye,
Your best work smash to smithers—
Or the dear, stupid public will not buy,
And your landlord gives you shivers,
Why,
just
smoke!

When your commutation ticket's run out,
Your slate broken by the grocer,
When your mind's in darksome cruel doubt
If you can pay what you owe sir,
Why,
just
smoke!

When———
Why,
just
smoke!

"Oh philosophy!—oh stoicism!—oh genius!—bow down at the shrine of thine airy, bewitching, volatile, seductive, soothing, enslaving, aromatic, spicy, fantastic, tutelary goddess—Nicotiana!"

"Speaking of doctors' opinions, I heard a couple of good stories the other day, at the expense of a very eminent medical gentleman 'way down in Texas:

"A jolly, fat, genial and lovable old medical philosopher, dropped in at the office of a certain medical editor—the

victim of the stories—and, according to the latter, descanted as follows:

'"Hudson," he said to the book-keeper—Hudson was busily engaged in footing up the expense account and vainly attempting to make it come inside of receipts—I was laboring on a manuscript that would have discounted Horace Greeley's worst specimen—the proof-reader was writing a love letter—while the office boy was whistling "Henrietta—Have You Met Her?" keeping time by a tattoo with both hands and feet.

"HAVEN'T GOT IT ON YOUR BELLY, HAVE YOU, SKAGGS?"

'"Hudson," said the doctor, "I've got a good one on Dan'els"—and here he chuckled till the shovel and tongs and other costly office furniture rattled. "You know Dan'els is a great dermatologist—I don't think—got a big reputation for skin diseases down at the Wallow, any way. I've got a case of skin trouble down there that's pestering me, and after I had done for him 'bout everything I knew, I brought

him up here to consult Dan'els. I thought 'twas eczema, and treated it as such; told Dan'els I thought so.

'"Well, the patient—his name is Skaggs; he's a sorry-looking cuss—said he'd scratched, an' scratched, till he was par'lyzed in both arms. The fellow rolled up his sleeves and britches legs, and Dan'els put on his specs and examined the fellow's limbs carefully—asking him some questions. Then he raised up, and, removing his eye-glasses, said very impressively, in that grand oracular manner he has, emphasizing with his fore-finger—

"It's psoriasis, doctor; psoriasis gyrata—a well-marked case—a bea-utiful case? You see, doctor, the distinguishing features are—the uniform elevated areas of infiltrated tissue, the enclosed areas of sound skin, the uniform redness and the persistent dryness; but, more than all—its occurrence *only* on the extensor surfaces. Now, you see, doctor, this man has it on the extensors of the arms and legs, and on his back. The absence of it on the breast and abdomen shows—Here, you"—turning to Skaggs, "Never had it on your belly, did you, Skaggs?"

"'Belly nuthin'!' said that individual. Why, doc, hit's all over me; *an' er durned sight wuss in front than any place else!*"

'"Reminds me," said the fat and happy doctor, continuing, "of my old partner, Thompson—when we were in practice together down at Hog Wallow. He had a case of chills and fever that gave him a lot of trouble. He had done for it about all he could, but the chills wouldn't stay broke more'n about three weeks. One day we were sitting in the office, smoking, and Thompson was telling about a case he had cured after everybody else had given it up—when in comes his ague case. 'Wall, Doc.,' says he, with the most woe-begone expression, 'I had 'nuther one o' them shakin' agers yistidy!"

"'Well, Lorenzo,' said Thompson, throwing himself back with a top-lofty air, and sticking his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, 'I'll tell you what you do.—You know that spring, down back of your house? The run, you know,

always keeps up a big damp place there; that's the cause of your chills. It's malaria, you see, my boy. Now, you plant sunflowers all along down that spring branch—sunflowers absorb all the malaria, you know; that'll break 'em up, sure pop; never knew it to fail!'

"'Lor! shucks, Doc!' said Lorenzo, with a cadaverous smile, '*that air spring run's been growed up with them durned sunflowers for four years an' more—acres an' acres of 'em!*'

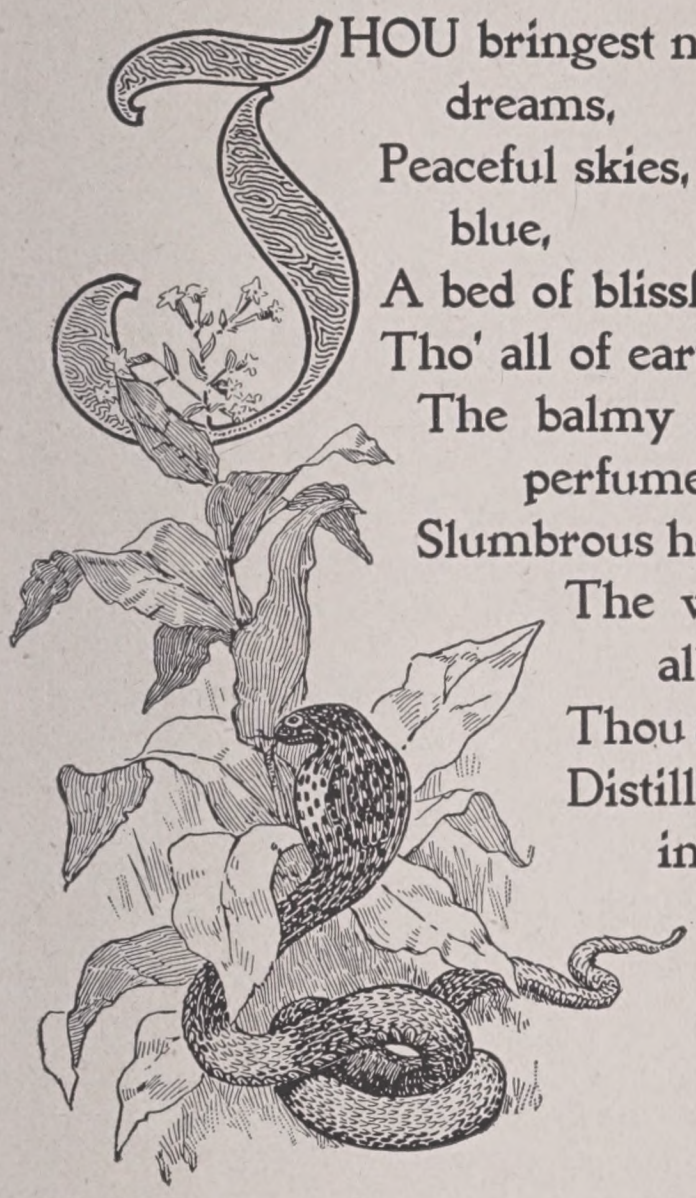
"'D——n it!' said Thompson—'*then cut 'em down!*'"

"So, you really must be going!—Dear me! it is quite midnight; and this blooming hookah is dead out again! But you mustn't stand in the door; it's draughty, and besides, there comes your car.

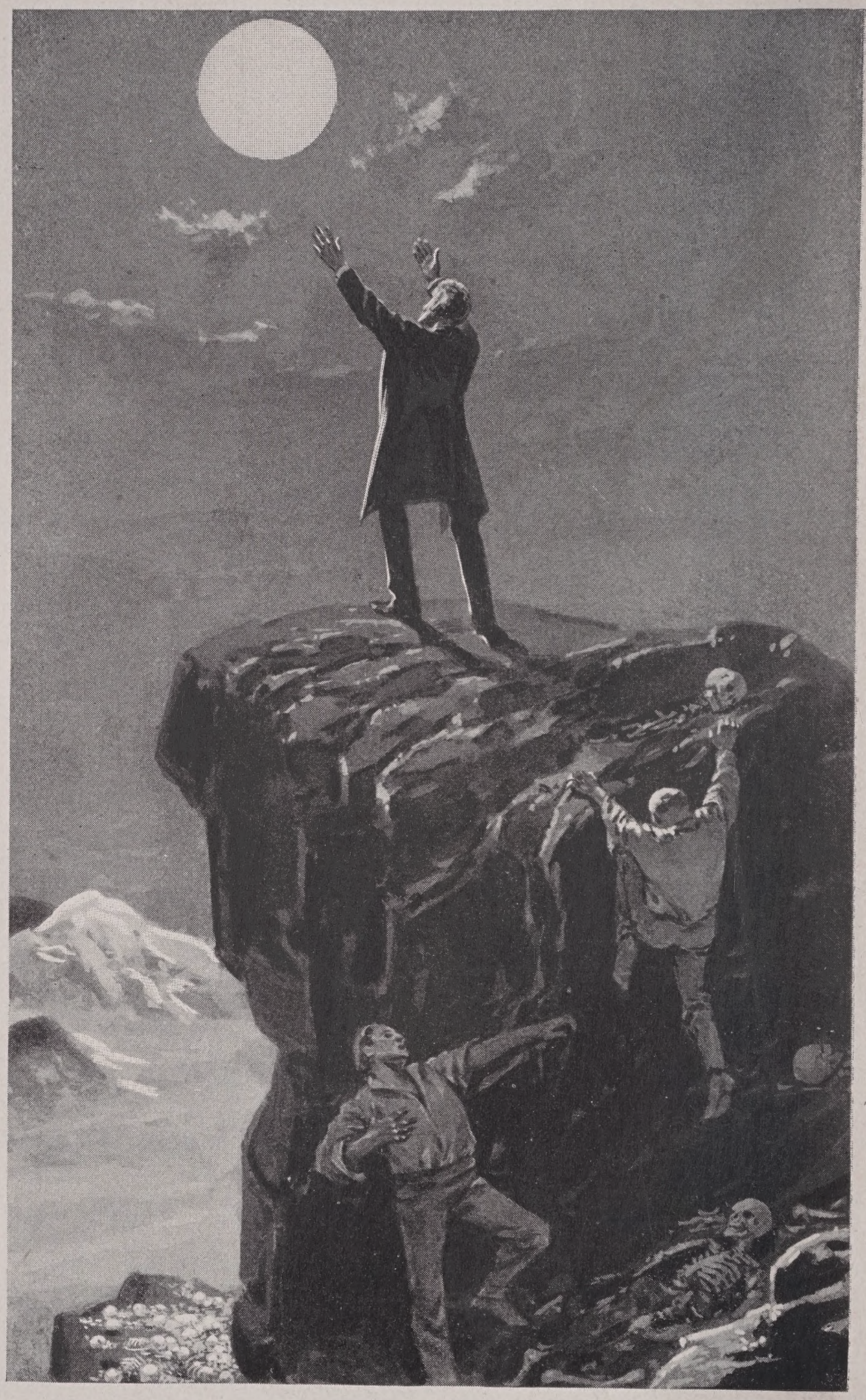
"I shall expect you to spend an evening with me some time next week. Call me up by telephone in a day or two, and I will make a definite engagement with you.

"Good night, my boy, good night."

SEEING THINGS.

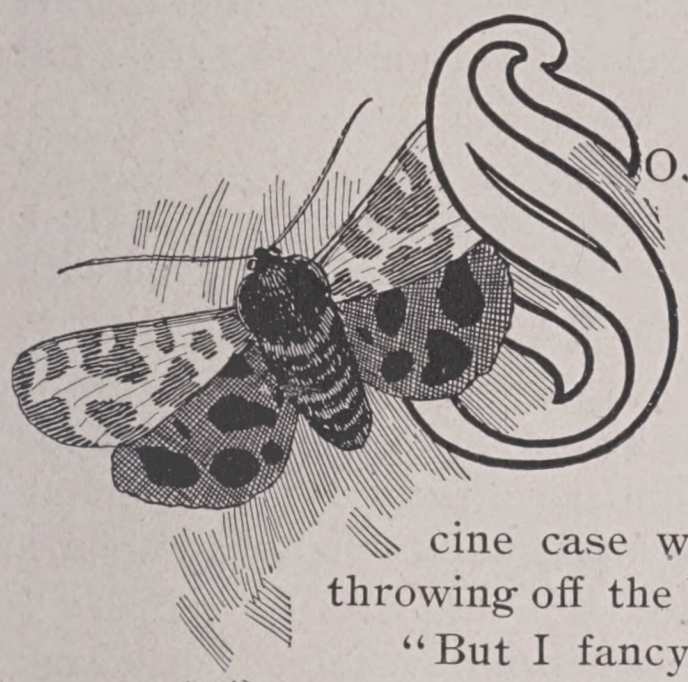


THOU bringest naught but calm and restful
dreams,
Peaceful skies, cloudless fair and brightly
blue,
A bed of blissful indolence that seems
Tho' all of earth, a bit of heaven, too.
The balmy air thou fill'st with rare
perfume
Slumbrous heavy as "the poppy's breath"—
The world is one vast garden,
all in bloom;
Thou art all of life and yet of death,
Distilled, thou art so deadly that
indeed,
I wonder that I love thee,
fragrant weed.



SUCCESS.

SEEING THINGS.



SO, my boy, you did not forget your engagement. I am more than pleased to see you, for I am a little morbid to-night, and, to tell you the truth, I was wondering what particular drug in my medicine case would be most efficacious in throwing off the horrors.

"But I fancy your cheery company and a glass of 'hot Scotch' will be a better temporary corrective of my 'blue funk' than any nauseous drug would have been. The 'blues' often simply mean hepatic laziness anyhow; I am sure they do in my case.

"Isn't it queer that our happiness in this world depends so largely on the liver? Thank heaven, we don't take that organ with us over the Styx!

"Toxins, you say?

"Oh yes, I know that 'toxaemia' is the latest thing when you don't know just what's the matter. I also know that your teachers have little faith in cholagogues, but I'll tell you one thing, young man; all the modern *fol de rol* in the world, cannot alter a single clinical fact. My father before me and my father's father before *him* were distinguished practitioners of medicine, and they believed in calomel as does a Christian in his God.

"When one of their patients suffered from *tedium vitae*, or the blues, they didn't prate of any sort of '*æmia*,' but said: 'Humph! malaise —sluggish liver!'—and ordered blue pill, followed by a saline.

"Possibly the liver was *not* at fault, as they supposed, and granting that it was, perhaps the blue pill and saline were not the scientific remedies, but, nevertheless, the treatment cleared the tongue, sweetened the breath, brightened up the spirits, and primped up the digestion—making life worth living once more. I tell you what, my boy, some of your new-fangled notions are—pshaw! you don't want me to flounder about in that particular quag-mire—at least not to-night.

"Changed my beverage?

"N—o, not exactly. My wife is away on a visit to a sick neighbor, and as she knows better than to trust me with the formula of my favorite punch, I have been compelled to shift for myself.

"Discreet woman!—She is afraid that a knowledge of the composition of that punch might have the same effect on me that learning the method of making mint juleps had upon a poor old negro down south.—

"A Kentucky gentleman was once traveling on horseback through the South. While he was riding along a lonely road in Alabama, one warm afternoon, he bethought him of refreshment. As he was traveling for his health, he happened to have a flask of excellent whisky with him—although not a physician, he was familiar with the 'ounce of prevention' and knew enough to be fashionable.

"Noticing a little 'shack' by the side of the road, the idea occurred to him that a little cold water on the side might add to the enjoyment of the anticipated drink. As he rode up to the tumble-down shanty, his nostrils were greeted with a pungent, familiar odor that made his mouth water—he was in the midst of a luxuriant bed of mint.

"Standing at the door of the cabin was an old darky—a relic of ''fo' de war'.' Our traveler accosted him:

"'Hallo! uncle; how are you?'

"'Howdy, sah? Howdy? I'se right po'ly, sah, thankee, sah.'

"'Do you live here, uncle?'

"'Yes, sah, praise de Lawd!'

"'Well, what do you do with that green stuff in your front yard?'

"'Fo' de Lawd, marster! doan' do nuffin wid it, sah, jes' nuffin 'tall, sah. Hit's too bad ter hab dat stuff in de front yahd, sah, but we all ain' got no time fo' ter pull up de weeds, sah, 'deed'n we ain'; 'sides, nobody keers how de weeds grow 'roun' hyah. 'Tain' like de good ole times on de plantashun. Fo' de Lawd, honey! dar wuzn't no weeds 'bout dar!'

"'Look here, uncle, we Kentucky folks seem to be a trifle better posted on wet goods than yourself, and, as I am something of a philanthropist, I'll be an itinerant dispensary for your benefit, and convert just one heathen before I die.'

"By this time the old darky's eyes were protruding so that they looked for all the world like a couple of big black and white plums. If there is anything in the universe that a darky likes better than ''possum an' sweet kyarlinas,' it is incomprehensibly big words.

"'Here's a quarter for you, uncle; now fly around and get me a little sugar and a cup of water!'

"The old man hustled about and finally managed to get the desired articles together. Meanwhile the traveler had collected a quantity of the heavenly weed. The sugar was evidently of the sorghum variety, but the water was cold, and our wayfarer thirsty, hence the resultant julep was hardly open to criticism.

"Having refreshed himself, the traveler made a good stiff julep for his darky friend, who drank it, cautiously at first, but finally with such tremendous gulps that the gentleman cautioned him that he might want to use the cup again.

"'Fo' de Lawd, honey! dat's sweeter'n de honey in de comb! Praise de Lawd, dat yo' done come diser way, sah! Praise de Lawd!'

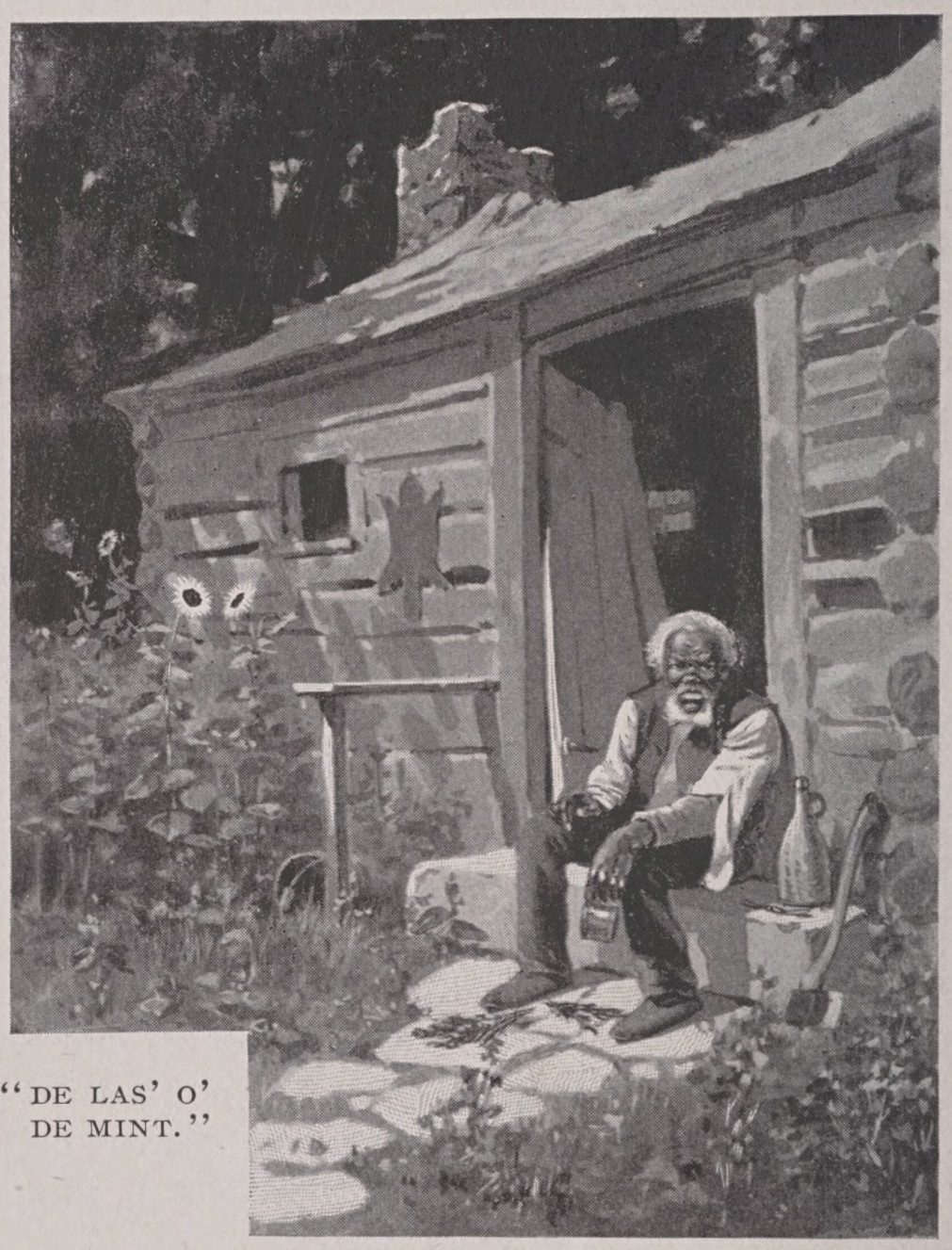
"'That's all right, uncle, I'm glad you like it. And now I must be riding on. Tell me your name, for I might come by this way again some day.'

"'Ma name's Julius, marster.'

"'Well, good-bye, Julius, and don't forget how to make a mint julep.'

"'Deed'n I won't, marster! Good-bye, sah, good-bye, an' de Lawd bress yo', honey!'—

"About a year later, our traveler happened to be in Alabama again, and riding along that same dusty, lonesome road. Coming in sight of the little cabin, he suddenly remembered his friend Julius—and the mint bed. The



"DE LAS' O' DE MINT."

recollection was so thirst-producing that he turned aside and approached the shanty. As he rode toward it, he noted a desolation as complete as in the wake of a cyclone. The mint bed looked as though it had been left out all night in a prairie fire, while the shanty was in a condition of repair that should have shamed a Georgia 'cracker,' to say nothing of a self-respecting old negro squatter.

"Sitting on the stone that served for a front door-step, and leaning lazily against the door, which had partially fallen from its hinges, was a decrepit old darky. Beside him were a demijohn, a cup, a pewter spoon and a few scraggly, sun-burned heads of mint. The old man's face was pitiful to behold, and, taken altogether, he was as abject a specimen of physical decay and intellectual demoralization as our traveler had ever seen.

"'Hallo there, uncle! Can you tell me whether a colored man named Julius lives here?'

"'No, marster; Julius doan' lib nowhar' no mo', sah.'

"'Why, how's that, uncle?'

"'Well, yo' see, marster, Julius he's dead.'

"'Dead! Why, what was the matter with him?'

"'Wuzn't nuffin 'tall de mattah ob him, sah, jes' nuffin 'tall. Dar wuz er d——d Kentucky fellah done come 'long hyah 'bout er yeah ergo an' done teached Julius ter mix grass wid his whisky, sah, dat's all!

"'Julius he's done gone dead fo' mo'n six monfs, an' jes' look at me, sah! jes' look at me! De ole man ain' got long ter lingah, sah. Julius' done dead—an' dis yeh is de las' o' de mint!'

"Stricken with remorse, the traveler turned his horse's head away from the desolate cabin, and musingly rode on. As he passed the foot of a grassy incline just beyond the gate, he saw at a little distance a mound of earth and a white wooden slab that he did not remember having seen before.—

"'Poor Julius!' said he, half aloud. 'A little knowledge is, indeed, a dangerous thing. The fates were against thee, it seems, for thou didst deeply drink of the Pierean spring. It has ever been thus, that the onward march of civilization hath carried desolation in its wake!—I came, "not to destroy the law, nor yet the prophets, but to fulfill"—and I have fulfilled the full measure of thy destiny, oh ebon-hued child of nature!'

"'But thou hast found rest. The yelping of the 'coon dog, and the plaintive snarl of the fatted 'possum disturb thee not!—That grim and uncanny ghoul called "Work-in-the-field" no longer haunts thee, like a hideous nightmare!—

The hoe-cake and hominy will nevermore give thee qualms, as of vague unrest!—Oft hadst thou gazed upon the festive apple-jack when the first letter of its spelling was a capital J.—'E'en whisky straight and barrel-lobbed rum, ne'er ruffled thy Senegambian nerve!—But thou didst succumb at last, before the nectar of old Kaintuck!'

"'Remorseful though I be, oh Afric's stricken son, yet do I console me with the thought that I did fill thy soul with

A DANGEROUS BOTANICAL STUDY.

joy, and lead thee into Canaan as 'twere with a fairy wand!—All thy paths were peace and thy dying couch a bed of roses!'

"'*Vale* Julius! May thy death be a warning to thy race! Education is a failure and the study of botany is ruin!'*

"I presume that the traveler in the story was himself, ignorant of some beverages. If he had known the beauties of 'hot Scotch,' he would have congratulated Julius on his prospects 'obah de ribbah.' It is so consoling, you know, to feel that there is such a thing as adaptation of beverages to climate.—

*The original incident on which this story was based, was told many years ago by Col. Will L. Visscher. I trust the above story has done the darky who died of "whisky and greens" full justice.—AUTHOR.

"Do you know, my boy, something you asked me about morphia, in the quiz the other day, reminded me of a little story that may interest you as a student of science?—

"Many years ago, when I was a young student of medicine, I acquired a taste for experimentation upon myself with drugs. The result was, after a time, the acquirement of a marked degree of tolerance—sufficient to lead me to regard certain narcotics with more or less contempt—born of familiarity.

"Such a thing as the formation of a drug habit, appeared to me perfectly ridiculous. No man of sound will or healthy judgment, I thought, could possibly become addicted to the use of any drug—however pleasant its effects.

"With a confidence born of experience, and fed by youthful blood, with its superabundance of red corpuscles, I even went so far as to apply this argument to the master of all drugs, aye—to that master of all men—King Alcohol!

"I am long since past the zenith of life, my boy, and my career has been what the world calls a successful one—although, to my mind, there is no such thing as 'a successful man;' but I firmly believe that my over-weening self-confidence was a handicap in the battle of life, that good luck alone prevented from wrecking me on the way.

"Why do I not believe in a successful career?

"Because, my dear sir, success is not to be measured by the opinion of the world, but by the standard of our own ambition. Ambition ever o'er-aims the mark it strikes. The world sees what we hit, and realizes only such meagre results as we actually attain; it sees not that glorious moon which is the real target of our ambition, and we, looking past the poor, pitiful result that the world applauds, see naught but that beauteous prize which is ever beyond our reach.

"And so, the 'successful man' fills the measure of his years with ungratified longings, and, when the scene closes, it is still moonlight; then we bury him, and write eulogies of him, and take up a subscription for his family, while above his grave the silver moon of his ambition shines on—and will forever shine!

"And so the procession of ambitious fools and 'successful men' goes on and on, with eyes upon the brilliant goal, while other graves are being filled—with yet other fools.

"Ah me! the 'successful man' of to-day is but a modern Moses on the highest peak of a Pisgah of hope, gazing at the skeletons of the unnumbered millions who have fallen in the climbing, littering the valley of life with their weary, broken bones.

"Verily, thou 'successful man,' thou shalt see the Canaan of thine ambition from afar—but shalt not possess it! The silver moon of thy desires shines brightest from the mountain top of thy 'success'—but 'tis there it shines coldest and farthest from thy reach. Do but attempt to grasp it, and thine own crackling bones shall go thundering down to join the bones of the fools that lie below! Stand still, and thou wilt either round out thy span of life in lonely solitude, or be pushed into space, by the horde of hungry imbeciles that are crowding up so ravenously beneath thee.

"Jump, poor fool!—Trust to the Icarus-like pinions of thine ambition!—The moon will not melt thy wings, but the realization of the much hackneyed and shop-worn 'sickening thud,' will be a surprise unto thee!—

"Pardon my rambling digression, my lad; you must learn to tolerate my little idiosyncrasies. I am not much of a talker at best, and I must be allowed to follow my own devious paths of heterogeneous maundering or I can't talk at all. My mind is much like a spoiled child, it has passed 'through the correctionary and into the confectionery period.' It can be coaxed to perform, but severe measures make it more refractory and stubborn. If you should try to make me talk in *your* way, the result would probably be like that obtained by the lady who said she didn't believe in punishing children.—She claimed she 'had Johnny at the photographer's, the other day, and whipped him *seven times*, to make him look pleasant, but it didn't work at all—the proof was a perfect fright!'

"As I was saying, in my early experience in medicine, I had no faith in the view that there could be any possible danger in taking narcotics—if the taker were level-headed

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

and physically fitted for survival. I had heard much of the demoralization and depravity resulting from opium and alcohol, but believed that these drugs were, after all, beneficent in weeding out the unfit.

"Alas! I saw before me only the broad, beautiful stream of life, with its flowery banks and silvery sheen in the sunlight of youthful hope and anticipation—I heard only the rippling, joyous laughter of dancing waters—I heard not the roar of the cataract, farther down the stream, nor the cries of the endless procession of the over-confident who were toppling over! I saw not the wreckage, the flotsam and jetsam of feeble wills and still feebler resolutions, strewn along the shoals just beneath the flowery banks!—

"There I go again! You had best bring an anchor with you hereafter, or I may drift away from you altogether!—

"Habit!—I?

"Oh no, but I have been near enough to realize the danger! Many a young doctor, and, for that matter, many an old one, has allowed his little hypodermic syringe to become much too prominent in his drama of life on some occasions. I assure you that doctors are more often thrown in danger's way than other men. I served my apprenticeship with the tempter, and it resulted in my becoming master—and master will I remain to the end —but it *might* have been the other way. It has gone the other way with more doctors than the world has ever dreamed of; morphino-maniacs, like drug-store drunkards, are not infrequent among medical men, who are but human and often sorely tempted. The proportion of those who fall is not large, it is true, but is great enough to justify my warning.

"I cannot say that I ever really became habituated to the use of narcotics, but, as I have already intimated, I did lose respect for them, and was inclined to make personal use of such remedies on occasions when it might possibly have been avoided.—Thereby hangs the particular tale which I am about to relate to you:"

"Many years ago, while living in New York City during my term of service as a hospital 'externe' before graduation,

I became subject to attacks of neuralgia involving the fifth nerve. You know how perfectly agonizing this affliction may be. My attacks seemed to be especially severe—without being so in fact, perhaps, for young doctors are always inclined to magnify their own ailments—and nothing but morphia seemed to relieve me. I will frankly confess, however, that I by no means tried all of the analgesics in the pharmacopoea, before resorting to the lullaby drug.

"Morphia did not seem to have any untoward effects upon me, yet I soon discovered that it required a very large amount to secure the desired result—the necessity for a gradual increase in the dose finally becoming decidedly apparent.

"But I still saw no reason why I should not increase the dose as the symptoms demanded. You see, I gave myself the benefit of a principle taught by a dear old teacher of mine, many years ago. The old man used to say: 'Gentlemen, however scanty our resources may be in the treatment of disease, there is one blessing that we are always able to confer upon suffering humanity—we can, and should, control pain!'

"The kind old philosopher's reasoning may have brought solace to his own death-bed—he died of cancer!

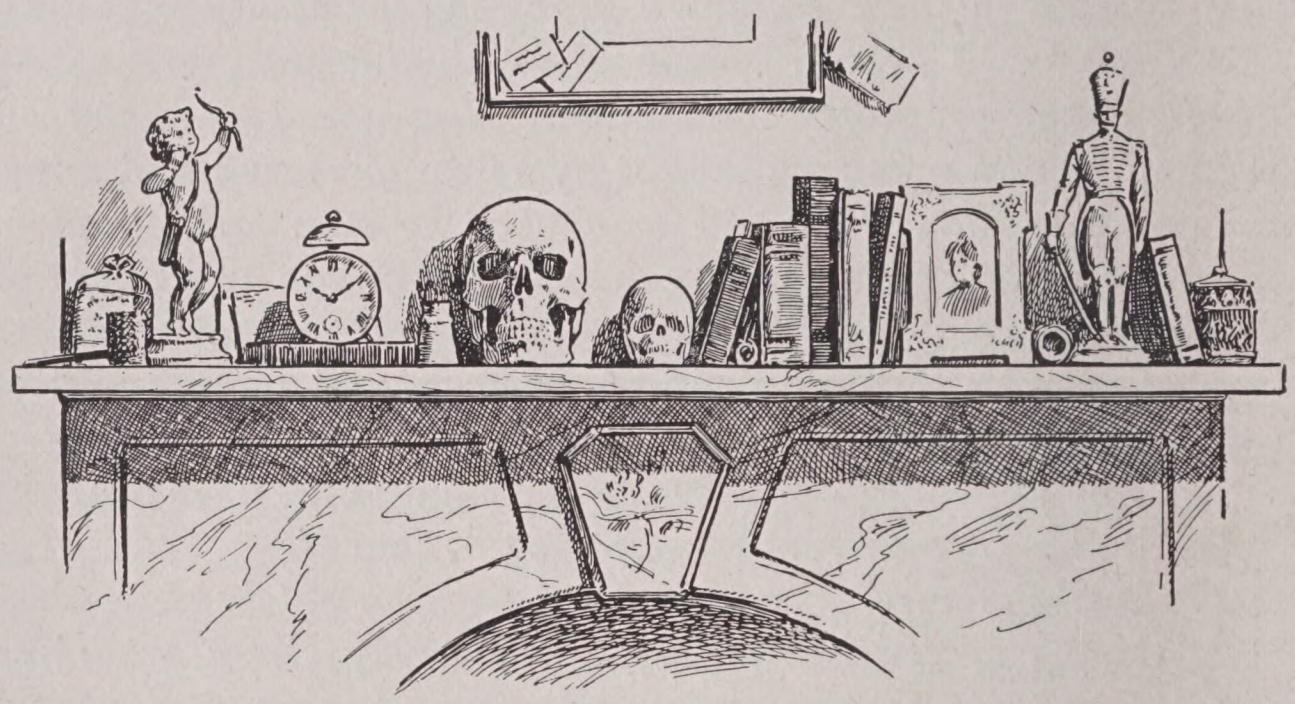
"During one of my most severe attacks of 'tic' I deemed it advisable to remain quietly in bed. My chum, who, like myself, had not yet graduated, but was a junior student and consequently willing to concede my authority, at least in my own case, gave me, at my solicitation, a large dose of morphia, then, with wishes for my speedy recovery, left me and went to college.

"Within a very short time I realized that the dose I had taken was not likely to accomplish the desired result. I therefore concluded to take another. My hypodermic was conveniently near, and I had plenty of morphine in stock, so, to make assurance doubly sure, I took a double quantity.

"A few minutes later, things began to look queer. According to precedent, I should have gone to sleep, but I not only did not, but could not when I tried! That's the way morphia acts with some people, you know. We say it's the result of idiosyncrasy or personal peculiarity, but when we

are pinned down to facts, we can only use some more big words, that serve to make our ignorance still more evident.

"For some reason, I found myself continually staring at the mantel-piece. Now, there was nothing about that part of the room that was particularly interesting; it was an ordinary boarding-house mantel-piece, made out of some left-over-from-grandpa's-monument marble. The customary orthodox garnishments of an immodest little terra-cotta Cupid and a gaudy plaster-of-paris soldier, at either end of the mortuary relic, stood gazing fishily into space with their usual calm and dignified reserve.



"It so happened, however, that some weeks before, I had decorated the centre of the gruesome slab with a couple of skulls. One of these gems of *virtu* was the skull of a defunct Chinaman—the other being that of a new-born babe, that I had secretly prepared in the attic of my boarding-house. Strange to say, the far more awesome statuettes upon the mantel did not interest me; my attention was concentrated upon the skulls! They were beautiful specimens, it is true, yet I was not in a frame of mind to appreciate their many good points. Possibly I was fascinated by the conceit that the parties of whom they were relics couldn't have *tic doloreux*—they didn't have nerve enough and *I* did! Their Gasserian ganglia were a minus quantity, while mine were ultra plus—with accent on the plus! Obviously, those people

couldn't luxuriate in morphia—I had 'em there! For once, I was the bright particular star of the occasion and the other players must needs play minor parts.—

"So absorbing did the contemplation of the skulls become, that I found myself gazing upon them with a feeling akin to fascination—I really became quite sociably inclined toward them, and I fancied the larger skull had a reciprocal expression in his cavernous orbits, while his little companion seemed childishly gleeful.

"I was on the point of opening a conversation with the senior skull, but, upon reflection, refrained. The gentleman of osseous mould might have considered that I was taking an unfair advantage of him; his opportunities for travel and observation had been somewhat limited, since he had passed into my society *via* the dissecting-room and kettle. To be sure, he might have talked about himself, but I doubt not that he knew some matters of personal history, that it would have been indelicate to listen to—I mean, of course, from the standpoint of the police bureau. The social purist would doubtless have heard nothing objectionable—the admixture of a liberal quantity of chloride of lime in the fluid in which the skull had been boiled, had certainly removed everything suggestive of the world, the flesh, and the devil—and yet, he may have conducted an opium joint at some time or other.

"To be sure, my weird friend and companion might have spoken of his young comrade, who was far too young to know much, or care anything for the feelings of his family. But the elder skull had probably learned a thing or two during his somewhat eventful career, and had doubtless learned still more since he had become *un bon camarade* of a couple of rollicking young medicine men. He certainly realized that accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and he well knew that obstetrics and secrecy go hand in hand. Besides, supposing his young friend did happen to know a wee bit of the world and had developed a hyperaesthetic sensibility?

"Then, too, the Chinese gentleman might have talked 'Pigeon English'—a language with which I was not especially familiar.

"No—obviously it would not do to enter into conversation with my mortuary friends, unless they themselves assumed the responsibility and began it!

"But my ghastly companions and I stared at each other until I had a tired feeling in my head, and fancied that even they turned their ball-less orbits away in some embarrassment.

"Such is the power of the human eye, that one can stare even a skull out of countenance—and, by the way, a skull is excellent to practice upon.

"I give this gratuitous hint for the benefit of that remarkable degenerate freak of the *genus homo* known as the 'masher.' It might be well for him to use skulls in his profession, as a staple addition to his stock in trade. I can recommend them—they can't talk back, and what is especially consoling, they can't tell a policeman, or set the dog on you, or poke you in the eye with an umbrella; and they haven't any husbands, or fathers, or big brothers, with such a lack of respect for harmless flirtations, and such disproportionately big, cruel fists and double-soled boots!

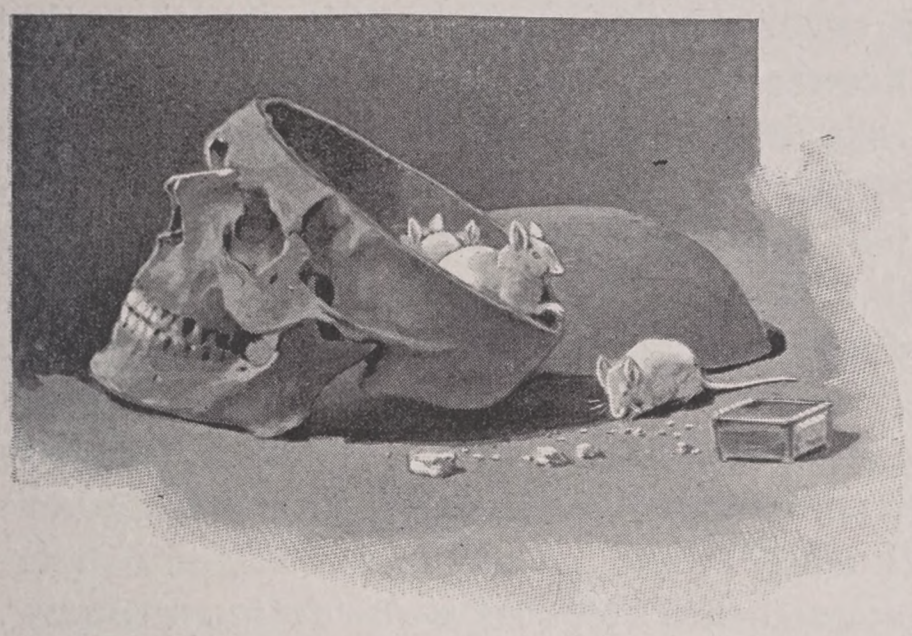
"Have a skull with me, 'Cholly!' They're nevah wude, you know.—

"You're more than welcome, deah boy.—

"Speaking of the civility of skulls, what a jolly companion the cranial remains of a defunct scold would be to her once hen-pecked husband! Since cremation came into vogue, we have heard much of the widow who puts papa's ashes in a vase on the mantel along with the other bric-a-brac. It is so easy for the sweetly-mournful lady to satisfy her conscience by supplying an elegant receptacle for the dear departed — then,too, he is so ornamental in his new quarters!

"Should the bereaved one marry again, a small quantity of ashes thrown in the eyes of 'number two,' from time to time, wins his respect and loyalty and gives him a due appreciation of the many irritating virtues of 'number one.'—

"But a skull! Why, cremation is nowhere beside careful cranial preparation!



"With what tender sentiment could the sorrowing fair one point to the many and sterling virtues of him she mourns so grievously—and with what placid resignation might a sorrowing husband regard the bony case that once confined the soul of his lamented Xantippe!

"Then, too, think of the subject from a strictly utilitarian standpoint. When sawn across and carefully hinged, a well prepared skull makes the nicest tobacco box imaginable; while, if detached, the calvarium is a convenient and most aesthetic drinking cup. Should a sorrowing widow be fond of pets, she might use her departed partner's brain-pan as a nest for white mice, or a bath-tub for her canary birds, or something of that kind.

"But I fear my plan will never become popular, so I will refrain from giving you the thousand-and-one other arguments in its favor.

"But to return to the particular skulls that stood on my mantel:

"As I lay back upon my pillow, watching my usually dignified friends, I fancied the younger one was wagging its toothless jaws at me. Not being possessed of a vivid imagination I was at first somewhat surprised at this phenomenon, but, subsequently recalling the morphia I had taken, was not especially disquieted.

"After my little friend had made a few more faces at me, however, I concluded I had best look the other way, so resolutely turned my face toward the wall, and tried to sleep. Click! click! click! as of the snapping of bones, came from the direction of the mantel.

"All ideas of repose now left me, and, realizing that morphia had no license to give me aural as well as visual hallucinations, I sat up in bed and somewhat critically inspected my infantile tormentor.

"Click! click! snap! That blooming skull actually *was* in motion and distinctly snapping its hideous jaws at me!

"As though desirous of giving me a little variety, the skull now changed its performance, and began rocking and rolling from side to side, like a drunken sailor, rattling against its ghastly companion and dancing hilariously about on the mantel, with a sound like castanets!

"I did not recognize the steps; I was rusty, you know, but could plainly discern a painfully labored effort to jig.

"Whatever the skull was attempting to do, it proved to be a capital entertainer, and no vaudeville star ever secured such undivided attention. You have perhaps seen an audience rise in responsive appreciation of a decided hit—well, my hair enacted the rôle of audience to perfection.

"After reasoning the matter over for a while, I again fell back upon the morphia theory, feigned indifference—though I was in a cold perspiration the while—and once more turned my back upon my troubles.

"But the skull evidently objected to my lack of sociability, for it began dancing more vigorously than ever. So emphatically did it protest against my indifference, that I was by no means surprised when the bony little imp, with a final saucy kick, rolled off the mantel upon the floor—narrowly missing an impromptu cremation in the open grate on the way!

"It was rather pleasing to hear the apparently destructive 'smash!' with which my quondam entertainer struck the floor! I now keenly regretted its lack of sensory nerves—the knowledge that the fall had been painful to the skull would have greatly delighted me.

"Notwithstanding the apparently satisfactory conclusion of the cranial war-dance, I began to question the authority of morphia in the premises. That skull certainly had fallen to the floor—no one was near it, and it obviously could not have rolled off the mantel without some physical agency! There

was evidently something very strange, and somewhat disturbing, about the osteological exhibition I had witnessed.

"There was no further disturbance upon the mantel however, so I finally decided to be indifferent, and try to sleep once more. I had not been frightened, oh, no! but it seemed advisable to take some more morphia, and thus prove my faith in the cause of my hallucinations as well as my indifference to consequences.—

"But sleep obstinately refused to put in an appearance, and finally, despairing of its arrival, I sat upright in bed, and almost as a matter of habit, gazed somewhat fearfully at the mantel—only to discover that I was still seeing things—that were even more surprising than the jig which the skull had improvised for my benefit!

"A short distance from the portion of the mantel occupied by the skulls, was a small, framed photograph. Leaning against this familiar object, was a queer-looking individual who had evidently dropped in without an invitation —a little chap about three inches in height, dressed in the uniform of a soldier! He was as gay as you please, his cap being surmounted by several long plumes that were waving about in a manner most martial and defiant. The air of bravado with which he regarded me was entirely uncalled for and decidedly unbecoming, considering that his society had been forced upon me.

"I cannot say that I was nervous now, for, while the affair was becoming quite interesting, I was not afraid of gentlemen who were no nearer my own size than was my guest, besides, I knew how to settle him. I was armed with a hypodermic syringe—and I lost no time in loading it.

"As my little visitor was not within easy reach, and William Weymouth was, I concluded to forego the pleasure of discharging my weapon at the enemy, and as a substitute, fired a huge charge of morphia under my own skin, after which I soon forgot my visions.

"When I awoke, it was high noon; Jack had returned and was standing at my bedside speculating on the remarkably soporific effect of the single small dose of morphia that he had given me on leaving in the morning. The skulls were

in their usual places upon the mantel, and my little soldier had disappeared!—

"I proceeded to relate my experience with the bric-a-brac, to my chum, and concluded by an eloquent *extempore* scientific disquisition upon the psychic effects of narcotics.

"'But,' said Jack, 'that small skull *was* on the floor—I replaced it myself, supposing that it had been knocked down by the maid in dusting about, and was wondering how long it had lain there!'

"This was substantial enough at any rate, and I asked him to examine the photograph. Behind it, he found, to our astonishment, a huge moth, clinging to the picture frame, perfectly upright, its damp wings folded closely around it and its feathery plumes waving about its head just as when it played soldier for me! On inspecting the culprit skull, I discovered within it a huge cocoon that I had found in Central Park some time before, and placed within the skull for safe-keeping! The birth of the huge moth and his struggles to free himself, had supplied the entertainment that I had been having.

"You see, the skull actually did dance a jig, and there really was a little soldier—a most material explanation of a weird and startling experience.

"But my scientific observations of the psychic effects of morphia were knocked in the head, and another valuable contribution to medical science was lost forever! I have always been sorry that Jack found that moth—but then, he always was a practical chap, and delighted in throwing cold water on my pet schemes and elaborate, newly-fledged theories.

"Whenever I have since had occasion to use narcotics, I think somewhat regretfully of that early experience. I am something in the same state of mind as a certain young gentleman who was subject to delirium tremens. He had had exacerbations of this disease at such frequent intervals for some years, that he had become quite inured to them. Indeed, his friends had for some time regarded the attacks as a matter of course, while his physician had long since lost all anxiety as to their outcome.

"One morning, however, the doctor was hurriedly sent for, and found his patient in a thoroughly demoralized condition.—

"'Why, Henry, what's the matter?' asked the doctor.

"'Oh, doctor, I'm going to die!—I had 'em again last night!'

"'Yes, but that doesn't prove that you are going to die; you've 'had 'em' regularly about once a month, ever since I made your acquaintance, and you're not dead yet; so brace up, old man!'

"'Yes,' said the mournful one, 'but this time it was different.'

"'How so?' asked his medical comforter.

"'Well, you know I used to see elephants and lions, and—and a big boa-constrictor and rattlesnakes; and there—there was a pretty little zebra, with stripes all running lengthwise.—*He was gone last night and I couldn't find him anywhere!* Oh, doctor! I *know* I'm going to die this time.'"

"The story of the lost zebra reminds me of another case of dipsomania, which was not only amusing, but demonstrated the diplomacy and shrewdness of some victims of alcoholism:

"A certain gentleman of this city has for many years been a perfect slave to the drink habit. It so happens that he is a man of powerful physique, and liquor has apparently never caused him much physical harm. As a consequence, the entreaties of his many friends have usually gone for naught.—

"'Said he: 'Now look here, boys, if I was like some fellows and had the D. T's. occasionally, it might be different, but, you know, liquor never hurts me; my health is always good, and if I want the fun of an occasional spree, where's the harm? You just wait until whisky injures me—then you

may talk about my getting cured! At present writing, gentlemen, *I don't want to be cured!*'—

"And so our friend went on in his evil ways, to the sorrow of his friends and the despair of his heart-broken wife and family.

"Matters at length came to such a pass that the bibulous gentleman's wife appealed to several of his intimate friends, among whom was a certain doctor. At the suggestion of the latter, a scheme was concocted, which, it was believed, would so frighten the dipsomaniac that he would gladly embrace any prospect of a cure of his embarrassing failing, no matter how remote the promise of recovery.

"Having apprised the gentleman's wife and secured her co-operation—she being so desperate as to be willing to undergo what bade fair to be a severe ordeal for herself—the plans were perfected for a novel experiment in dipso-therapeutics.

"A dinner party was arranged at the victim's house, and, at the appointed time, the conspirators were on hand and ready for business.—

"At the conclusion of the dinner, when the wine was flowing freely and the host was beginning to feel a trifle hilarious, one of the guests slyly took from his pocket a couple of huge rats—previously prepared by extracting their teeth—and dropped them on the floor.

"It was not long before the host noticed the animals—he started slightly, smiled, and turned to his wife with the remark, 'Well, it seems we have several un-invited guests.'

"His wife looked at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then diverted his attention to some other topic—it was evident to her husband that she thought he was out of his head, and was trying to prevent him from attracting the attention of the guests to his condition.

"The rats, meanwhile, were running about all over the floor, but nobody paid the slightest attention to them. At last our friend could stand it no longer, and said:

"'For heaven's sake, madam, have John chase those confounded rats out of the room!'

"'Rats!' exclaimed his wife, rising in feigned alarm, 'what rats?'

"'Why *there!* Are you blind, or what in thunder ails you?'—

"The guests regarded our friend with extreme solicitude and alarm, and unanimously asserted that *they* saw no rats!

"By this time, Mr. —— began to realize what had happened—physical evil from liquor had at last arrived!

"He was lead gently from the room, given a dose of chloral and bromide, and as his friends now had him right where they wanted him, they began reasoning with him, and soon succeeded in convincing him that people who saw rats when other people couldn't, were in a somewhat alarming condition and needed treatment—a proposition with which he finally agreed.—

"'Now, old fellow,' said his doctor friend, 'you see how necessary it is for you to be cured of your cursed appetite for liquor. The next stage will be—ahem! will be softening of the brain, or hardening of the liver, or something like that, and it's not very far off either! Now, I'll tell you what you do. As soon as you have had your breakfast to-morrow morning, you get aboard a train and start for Keeley's place. If you don't do it voluntarily, we'll chain you in the baggage car and label you, "Feed and water and put off at Dwight!" —Come now, old man, what do you say?'

"'Well, I'll go boys,' said the thoroughly scared and penitent man.

"Mr. ——'s wife was delighted with the result of the conference, and there was great rejoicing in the household—yea, even unto the cat in the garret—to whom seeing rats always was a serious matter!'

"After warm, mutual congratulations had lasted for some time, the party broke up.

"As his friends were about to leave, Mr. —— remarked:

"'I'll tell you what, boys, I'm mighty glad this thing is settled, but I'm dreadfully nervous, and as I probably could not sleep for some time, even if I should retire, I'll walk as far as the hotel with you—the fresh air may do me good.'

His friends agreed, and with a good night to Mrs. —— the party left.

"Arriving at the hotel, Mr. —— said:

"'Now, see here, boys—the die is cast, and from this time on I am a changed man! I start for Keeley's place in the morning, just because I promised you I would, and to please my wife, but I really don't think I need his treatment —I have come to myself. But, of course, it will do me no harm and one cannot be too secure you know.'

"'As we will not meet again until I return from Dwight, and I am like a condemned criminal the last night before his execution—enjoying my last night on earth—I propose that we take a farewell drink. Come on, boys, and help me say good-bye to the old life!'

"The 'boys' demurred, but the doctor made them understand by signs that it was best to humor his patient, so they entered the hotel.

"The party stood at the hotel bar, celebrating the redemption of their old friend until the wee sma' hours—and finally forgot the object of their celebration altogether!

"As the party was about to break up however, Mr. —— said:

"'By the way, boysh, are you, hic! sure 'bout thosh rats?'

"The boys allowed that they *were* sure.

"'Sure *you* didn' hic! shee 'em, eh?'

"'Quite sure!—No mistake about it!—Dead certain! etc., etc.'

"'Shay boysh, ha! ha! ha!—hic!—didn' I make a lot o' suckers—hic!—of you? Why, I didn' shee any ratsh, I was jesh 'er foolin', I aint goin' to Misher Keeley—I don't—hic!—need him!'

"And he didn't."

———

"There goes that infernal telephone again!—

"Hallo! Hallo! Croup, eh? Very well, I'll be over right away!

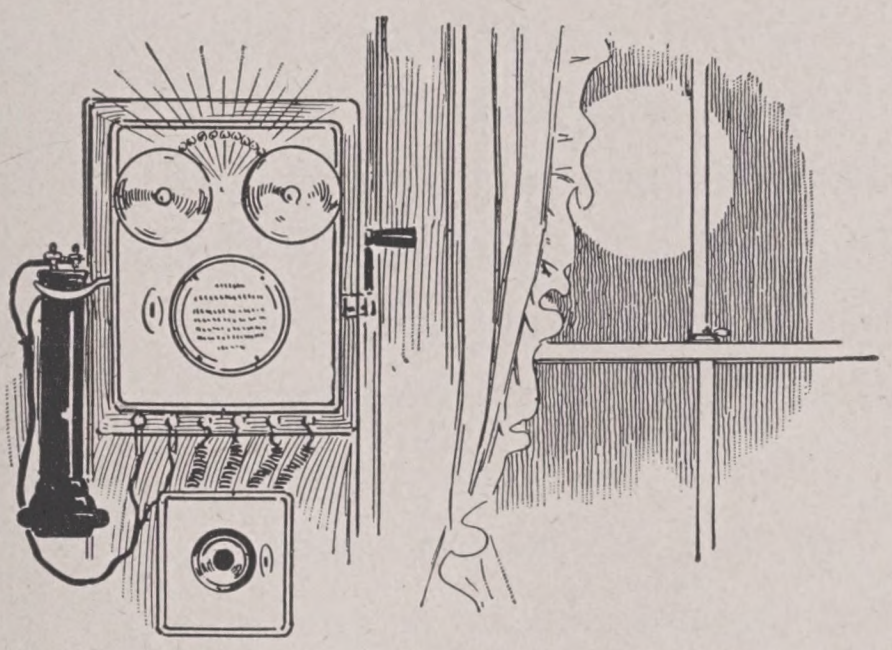
"If you'll wait a moment, my boy, I'll walk to the corner

with you. We will not be interrupted at your next visit I hope, until I've finished a hookah-full, at least!

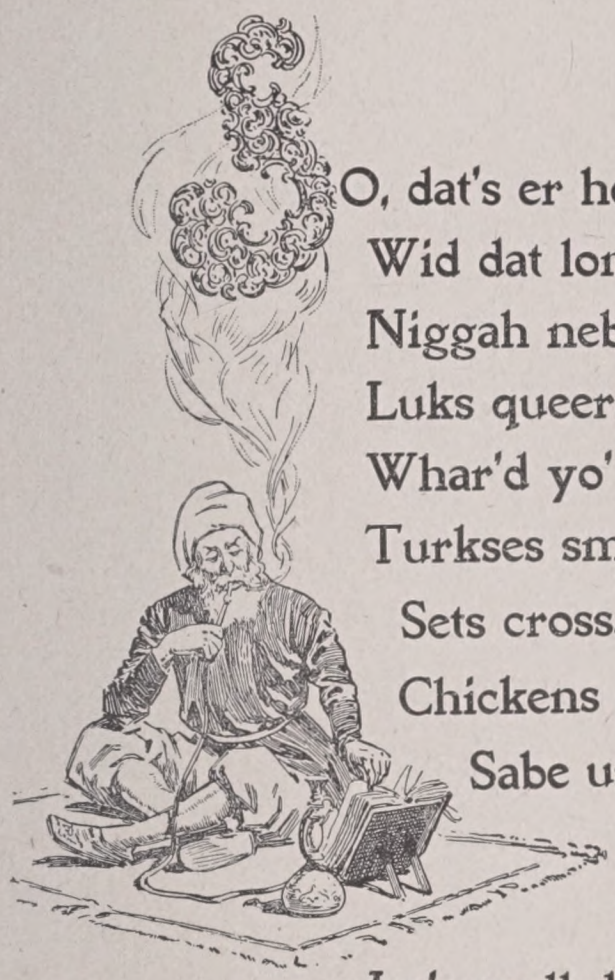
"Why," I remarked, "what time do you suppose it is? Just look at the clock!'

"Well, well! if it isn't almost midnight! I might have known it by that telephone message! Babies never do get sick at a seasonable hour."

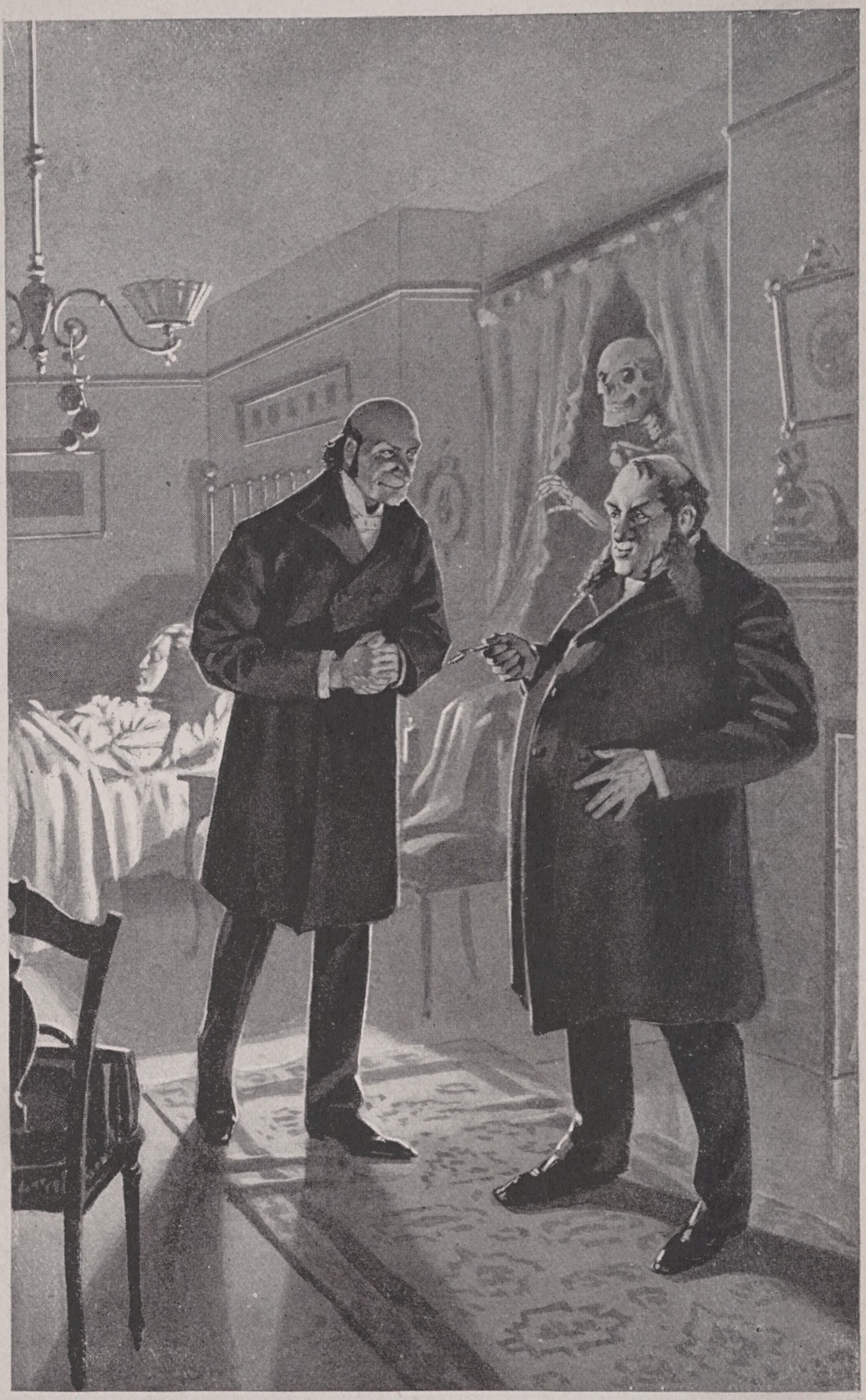
At the corner, the doctor bade me good night.



SEVERAL KINDS OF DOCTORS.

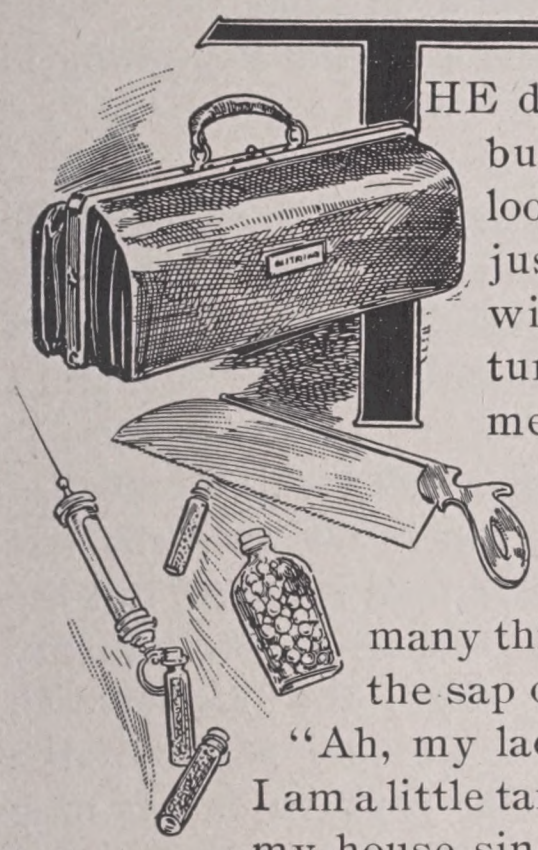


O, dat's er hookah is it, hey—
Wid dat long, red, snakey stem?
Niggah nebbah smoke dat er way,
Luks queer, puffin' tings like dem!
Whar'd yo' git him, marster, say?
Turkses smoke sich tings like dat,
Sets cross-legged on er mat?
Chickens smoke 'em nex', he! he!—
Sabe us niggahs heap er trubble
Natchin' 'em, hit seems ter me!
See dat water bile an' bubble!
Jes' smell dat smoke! Well, I jes' knows
Dat 'backer's mixed wid leabes o' rose!



WHEN PHARISEE MEETS PHARISEE, THEN COMES—DEATH.

SEVERAL KINDS OF DOCTORS.



THE doctor was just alighting from his buggy when I arrived at his gate. He looked tired and worn out, and I was just thinking that I had best go on without disturbing him, when he turned about and saw me. He greeted me with his usual cheery voice and pleasant smile. How can a man be so agreeable as my good old doctor friend usually is, when there are so many things to try his patience and squeeze the sap of good nature out of his veins?—

"Ah, my lad! I am glad to see you so prompt. I am a little tardy myself, to-night—I haven't seen my house since morning. Hallo there, Pete! I say, Pete!—

"You black rascal! Why weren't you on the look-out for me? Amusing yourself with that infernal old fiddle, after a good dinner, I'll wager! Take the horse around to the stable. Give him a good rub down and don't feed or water him until he is thoroughly cool—he has had a hard drive, poor old fellow.

"I really ought to keep another horse, my boy, but—well, times are a little tight just now, you know. People are using the 'hard times' excuse to keep their doctors waiting for money.

"I shall not want you again to-night, Pete. Here's a half-dollar for you. Go out and enjoy yourself—but remember, sir, no champagne suppers with your ill-gotten wealth!—

"Well, young man, business first and pleasure afterward. Go into the library and take it easy until I have had my dinner.

And, by the way, don't muss the library up too much. My wife has promised to visit us to-night, to find out what we are talking about; so we must look our prettiest, in honor of our fair guest. She says the very sight of that library breaks her heart, hence we'll pretend a virtue e'en though we have it not.

"Straighten things up? N—o—I guess you'd better not —an orderly library makes me feel out of my element. Mine was put in order three years ago—and I'm just beginning to find out where things are again."

"Ah, my boy! a good dinner is the greatest remedy in the world—when your case is properly selected. To say that the remedy fitted my case this evening, would not do the subject justice. I have been hard at work to-day, I assure you, and I was very hungry.

"Many cases? Well, no—a single case took up most of the day, for it happened to be away out in the suburbs. It was really too far away for me to undertake its care, but the family is an old one of mine and wouldn't listen to my suggestion to get somebody else. That's the trouble with city practice—your patients scatter to the four points of the compass, the first of every May. Your country doctor may have long drives, but he gets his mileage, and his patients don't float about much. When a two-dollar family moves away ten miles, its care is often inconvenient—especially if you like the family. The worst of it is, your just deserts are always either too great for the patient's pocket, or too excessive for his liberality. It's rather hard to be tied down to a single case, as I was to-day.

"Oh, yes, mother and child are doing well.

"The father? Come now,—that's an old joke, my boy! I suppose your professor of obstetrics told it to you to-day. It's the same old battle-scarred veteran that did duty in my college days. It would seem that obstetrical professors ought to be able to deliver themselves from the old jokes and *of* some new ones, occasionally—but they are not, apparently.

"By the way, my boy, there's more meat in that particular old joke than your professor thinks. It is a very important matter to know whether the father is doing well or not. If

he *is* doing well, there's a good fee in prospect, and if he isn't —well, you *may* go supperless to bed. For my part, I had my dinner arranged for this morning, else I shouldn't be very good-natured myself to-night.

"'Ahem!' said *pater familias*, 'I'm a little short just now, but in a few weeks,' etc., etc.—and there was my substantial practice for the day sacrificed!

"Will he settle, did you ask?

"See here, young man, people who have had two hundred and seventy-five days, more or less, in which to prepare for so important an event, and fail to do so, are not likely to become more thrifty as time goes on. As for the 'few weeks' promises, they are usually mere unadulterated moonshine.

"Let me see—the average fee in this section is from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. The better classes pay from fifty to one hundred—which is very modest, to say the least. Ten cents a day for two hundred and seventy-five days is twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Thirty-six and a little over a third cents a day for the same time is precisely one hundred dollars. My! how hard-hearted is the physician who expects his fee promptly!

"Great Scott! What a huge credit mark we doctors ought to have in the big book—which the pious folks say is kept up there somewhere!

"Did you ever hear of a patient who couldn't get medical attention? I never did. Sick folks may want for flour, meat, coal, clothing, and shelter, but they can always get a doctor, some way or other.

"Did you ever notice that the dear public never pays the slightest attention to the impositions which the medical profession allows to be put upon itself? Just let a doctor charge some rich fellow a good fee for work well done, however, and note the howl of protest! To be sure, the fee for saving a millionaire's life is rarely more than he would willingly pay for the care of a thoroughbred equine favorite—but there's a howl, all the same. Possibly, after all, the public has often-times a more correct impression than we, as to the comparative value of the lives of the two animals.

"But here comes Mrs. Weymouth.—

"Well, my dear; you have at last succumbed to that over-weening weakness of your sex—curiosity. I suppose you have been worrying your poor little head over our occasional *sèances* until you just couldn't stand it any longer, eh?—

"No, my dear, I was but jesting. We are only too glad to have your charming company. You don't mind the hookah?—I thought not. Possibly you wouldn't object to a glass of this punch? No? Well, you don't seem to have the confidence in the artist who makes it, that we have—eh, my boy?

"To tell you the truth my dear, I should have invited you to participate in some of our various talks before, had I not been afraid of boring you.

"You see, my lad, I never talk shop with my wife—she has bother enough, without sharing in the burdens of my practice.

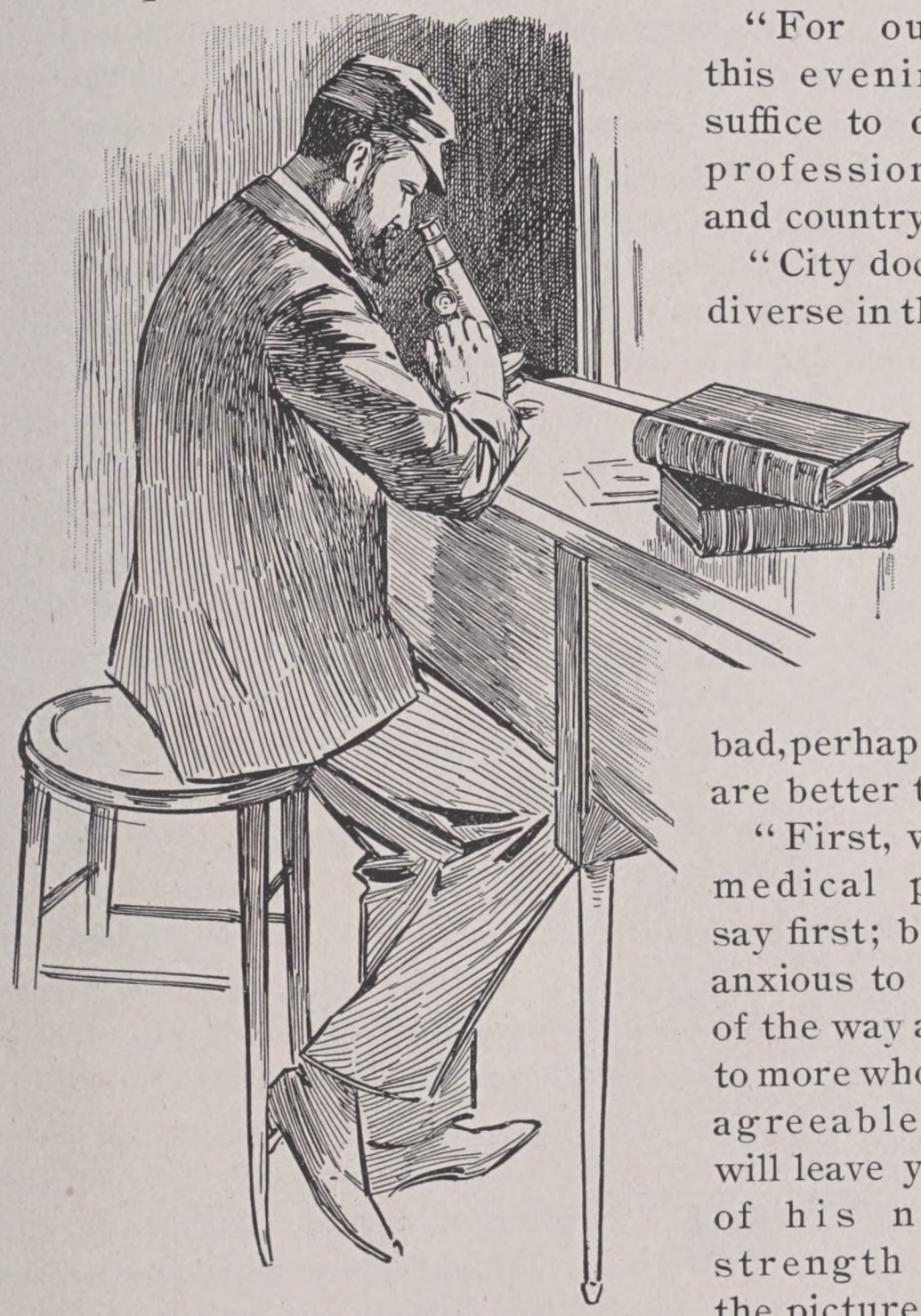
"Now that you *are* here, Mrs. Weymouth, I hardly know what to talk about. I think it might be well to gossip, as women do at their little gatherings. They usually talk about other women, who happen to be absent, do they not?

"Our conversation before you came in, was somewhat desultory it is true, but bore upon the personal experiences of many doctors. I don't know as I could do better than talk a little about the other fellow, and say something of various types of men whom I have met in the profession. Remember now; I am supposed to be on the outside, peeking over the fence, and you are to get my impressions just as I receive them.

"With your permission, I shall do like everyone else who attempts to show up the other fellow—take good care to keep out of range of the calcium light myself, and devote my attention to manipulating the machinery.

"It is to be distinctly understood that nothing I may say has any hypercritical bearing upon Chicago physicians. They have been too thoroughly analyzed, and too critically classified —key included—by the physicians' directory, to demand any of our valuable time. I may say in passing, however, that the broad line of distinction is, that Chicago doctors are divided

into two classes—ordinary doctors, and doctors in the Columbus Building. The latter are a little—just a very little—lower than the angels—at least, this is true of those 'attic' or fourteenth-story philosophers who chase the festive microbe and brew the toothsome toxin in the laboratory on the top floor. Inasmuch as a number of lady doctors occupy offices in the sacred Columbian pile; I am not so sure about the relative position of the angels.



AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.
(Intra-Columbian.)

"For our purpose this evening, it will suffice to divide the profession into city and country doctors:

"City doctors are so diverse in their characteristics, that I must be content with a few distinctive types. None of them are bad, perhaps, but some are better than others.

"First, we have the medical pharisee—I say first; because I am anxious to get him out of the way and proceed to more wholesome and agreeable topics.—I will leave you to judge of his numerical strength and modify the picture as you may see fit—contenting myself by presenting him as I have often caught him with my kodak.

"There are two kinds of medical pharisees—the lean, lank, cadaverous misanthrope, who would make an excellent understudy for a funeral director; and the fat, sleek and unctuous brother, on whom the cloak of religion rests ever so lightly—especially on fast days. As success in a worldly way, comes to the lean and hungry fellow, he frequently evolves into the more rotund type.

"Whether lean or fat, all pharisees' souls are cast in the same mould—which is smaller than a lady's thimble. If the materialistic theory that the living, sensitive brain is the seat of the soul, be correct, then indeed is a thimble large enough to hold that of the medical pharisee.

"From the very beginning of his professional career, the pharisee works the church for what there is in it—very much as the coal barons do the mines—and wears his religion upon his sleeve, that he who runs may read. He is the true 'Christian Scientist,' who has been aptly described as one who has no science—and less christianity. He belongs to several churches—or rents pews therein, and manages to occupy them all, during the brief intervals of his exacting practice. He has a hired man, who, like Yorick, is 'a fellow of infinite jest,' whose delicate sense of humor impels him to call out the pharisee in the midst of services, to attend an imaginary patient.

"SWALLYIN' HIS CUD."

"Did you ever notice the pharisee's hired man? He is usually a red-headed Irishman of recent importation, with a brogue that you could spread butter on, and a voice like an Italian banana man.

"Sometimes the doctor's supe forgets his lines, and then there's trouble in the church. I once heard of a case of this kind: The doctor had drilled his servant very carefully, with the result that the Hibernian poked his head through the church door during the morning service and called out—'Docthor Jones! Docthor Jones! Mrs. Johnson's baby do bes afther swallyin' his cud, an' she sez will yez come quick!'

"But of course, the pharisee is not responsible for the pleasantries of his man Friday. Neither is he responsible for the vagaries of the clergyman, who announces from the pulpit that, 'through divine aid and the skillful ministrations of our dear brother, Doctor Pharisee, our beloved sister, Mrs. Fourhundred, has recovered from her serious illness.' This, by the way, is not an unusual occurrence. I heard a very amusing story in this connection, the other day. A certain Chicago clergyman announced from the pulpit —'Our dear sister, Mrs. X, is suffering from a serious and painful illness. She is being cared for by our dear brother, Doctor G——. Let us all pray for her safety.' Knowing the practitioner—a very prominent society doctor—I can safely assert that there is one preacher in the city who knows his business.

"A caustic critic of medical men once said: 'Scratch a doctor's back, and you will find an infidel.' This was unfair, and for the most part untrue, but if you scratch the pharisee's back, you are sure to find a hypocrite.

"The medical pharisee is very intolerant of other people's opinions, and, according to him, the man who does not believe as he does, is beyond redemption. To be sure, he prays, weeps, smiles, and exhorts only with his mouth, but he has as much faith in the efficacy of noise, in wafting souls to heaven, as does the average Chinaman.

"The pharisee goeth into the various holy places on a Sunday morning, and prays, with a mighty voice, as of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal! And the burden of his prayer is for the 'welfare of the dear people of the congregation.' He asks 'that the plague may go by on the other side,' but qualifies by praying that, 'in case the affliction *should* come, a good and wise physician like himself, be selected to care for the afflicted ones.'

"If you would see the medical pharisee at his best, just drop a joke somewhere in his vicinity, and see the old fellow jump. The effect of dynamite in the hands of an over-enthusiastic anarchist, is not a circumstance to that joke.

"The medical pharisee is a great stickler for ethics; he prates on this question *ad nauseam*. Strange to say, however, it is at the hands of this ultra-ethical individual, that the reputation of the young doctor who dares flaunt his shingle to the breeze in the pharisee's neighborhood, suffers most. He it is, who in consultations, makes diagnoses by intuition, and damns the young aspirant for medical fame, with faint praise, or covertly thrusts a blade of uncharitable criticism under the young doctor's fifth rib. He it is, who says, with a scornful intonation, as he feels the pulse of a patient, both of whose lungs are solidified clear up to his neck, 'This is not a case of pneumonia; the paraphernalia of this man's brain has become obfuscated, with a resultant trans-mogrification of the diaphragm, and that's what makes him short of breath!' —And then the poor patient turns his face to the wall and dies, in the sublime consciousness that he at last knows just exactly what's the matter—for hath not the renowned Doctor Pharisee spoken?

"It is the pharisee who gets the weeping crowds and the longest funeral procession when he dies—the only honor that we grant him with any degree of cheerfulness and resignation.

"Who is more worthy of respect than the consistent christian, who has the courage of his convictions, yet is broad and catholic in his tolerance of the conscientious opinions of others?—And who is more contemptible than the medical pharisee?

"The pharisee is fond of alluding to himself as a 'self-made man.' He may be right, but his adoration of his maker is no evidence of piety—besides, the job is not always a good one, and is nothing to brag about at its best. And does not the bible forbid the worship of brazen images?

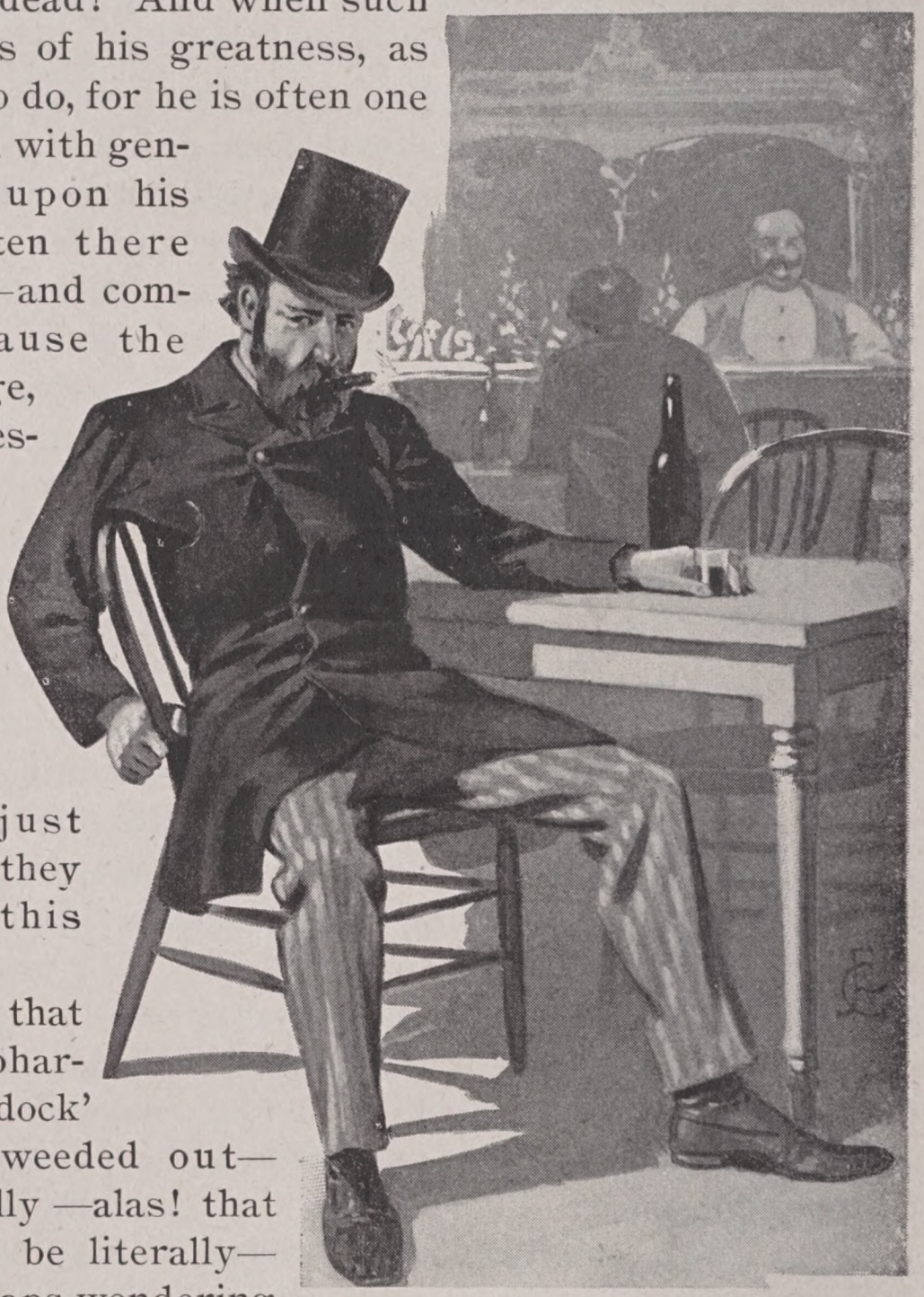
"But, after all, the medical pharisee is not a fair type of the city doctor—he is but a noxious weed in the broad field of city practice. If this weed could only be torn up and

destroyed, there would be more of a living chance for worthier plants. Unfortunately, however, the pharisee is popular; he lives ostentatiously and drives a stylish rig—all of which takes with the masses. And the struggling young doctor must keep up with the procession or go to the wall. Many a doctor's family has gone threadbare, and even hungry, in order that its bread-winner might have an even chance with the medical pharisee in the struggle of existence. Only a doctor, knows the heartaches and disappointed hopes that often lie just beyond the swell turn-out of the city doctor. Things sometimes look very different when the scenes are rolled away, and the bare boards of the doctor's life are revealed. Let those optimistic idiots who say that the doctor makes his money easily, try a hand at general practice for a short time and they will be a little more liberal with the profession."

"There is another individual who is an excellent running mate for the pharisee—although they can hardly be said to be well matched. This fellow is popularly known as 'Dock.' As we are drawing botanical comparisons, we might call him 'Dockweed.' He, also, has an exacting practice; but, in lieu of working the church, he spends the intervals of his arduous professional labors in working for the cause of prohibition—by surrounding the enemy, so to speak. His capacity for whisky is enormous, and his popularity with ward politicians correspondingly great.

"This is the man of whom the laity says, 'He's the best doctor in the neighborhood—when he's sober.' I never could quite see the logic of this assertion, but everybody has heard it, or something similar. As the calcium light of calm reflection glitters on the rich carmine of his proboscis, what do you think of him? Does he not look wise? Really, I fear he knows enough medicine—to be dangerous! This good doctor—'when he's sober'—is a fruitful theme, but it makes me so weary to think about him, that I will do no more than briefly introduce him, feeling sure that you will be surprised to learn that he is an old acquaintance—for I am certain that you have met him before.

"This much I will say, however: When anybody tells you that a town drunkard can be a good doctor; believe him—providing he can show a correctly-drawn death certificate for the aforesaid doctor. A drunken doctor is a good doctor, and can be trusted, when he's like Mark Twain's good Indian—very, very dead! And when such a man prates of his greatness, as he is likely to do, for he is often one of those men with genius written upon his brow—'written there by himself'—and complains because the world at large, and the profession in particular, can not see it, let us be thankful that some people, in some directions, get just about what they deserve in this world.



DOCKWEED IN PROFOUND REFLECTION.

"And now that the medical pharisee and the 'dock' have been weeded out—metaphorically—alas! that it could not be literally—you are perhaps wondering whether there is such a thing as an ideal city doctor, and what he may be like. I have an ideal, which has often been realized in the medical profession. Although the particular embodiment of the ideal of which I shall speak has long since passed away, the type is always with us, and you, perhaps, may know such a one. He

was of a type which is very familiar to many people as 'Our family doctor'—even though they may not fully appreciate him.

"The man who was to me an ideal physician, had grown gray in the service of humanity, and had seen less deserving men among his classmates, push forward to wide reputations and great financial rewards, whilst he remained in the same plodding path he entered on leaving the hospitals. He was not popular in the early days of his practice in the North, for he was a Virginian, and the people of his colder northern environment were rather slow to forget that he had once been a 'rebel surgeon.' He had seen his guiding star of duty in the care of the suffering 'boys in gray'—how well he performed that duty, the stricken soldiers of the Confederate army of the Tennessee could testify. When popularity did come, it was not such as brings affluence, or even financial independence. He who had been reared in wealth and luxury, was doomed to be 'a poor man's doctor' all his life. And he was indeed, a poor man's doctor, for with him, fees were a secondary consideration. As with many others of Utopian ideas, our kind doctor's generosity was more often abused than appreciated. The axiom that 'The gift horse is ridden to death,' is nowhere more aptly illustrated than in the practice of medicine, and ever stands as a solemn protest against the doctor's mixing too much sentiment with his daily work.

"Being a poor man's doctor, is equivalent to being a poor man, and so my city doctor had little occasion for display. Satisfied was he, with a sound coat to cover his back—albeit 'twas often threadbare—bread for his babies, and a clean slate at his butcher's. And yet he was talented—indeed, he was the most philosophical physician I ever knew. But the rich did not appreciate his merit, and he was too busy with patients of less distinction, to thrust himself before people of greater social and financial importance.

"How often, in my student days, I have known the old man to rise of a cold, tempestuous midwinter's night to face the icy storm, in behalf of some poor, sick woman or suffering child, whom he well knew would never be able to compensate

him! Sometimes, I would say to him: 'Doctor, the head of that family could pay you if he would; he drinks, and gambles his money away! I wouldn't go if I were you!' And then the kind old doctor would shake his head reprovingly,

THE STORMY PATH OF DUTY.

and say, 'William, my boy, never let the women and children suffer, even though the men are rascals! Be all the more ready to go, because you have an opportunity to redeem your sex —it needs it badly enough.'

"And this practical lesson in philanthrophy came from the lips of an agnostic!

"When the lean and bloodless pharisee meets such a medical paradox upon the broad highway of life, he gathers his funereal garb more closely about him and—goes by upon the other side, as though in fear of the contagion of expansion of heart; while his more unctious brother pats himself upon his portly front in sublime self-satisfaction, and thinks of new schemes, whereby our Cæsar may become more great."

"Forty years of unremitting toil brought feebleness to my city doctor, yet he still followed the narrow path of professional duty he had marked out for himself in early life. Someone had said in his later years: 'It is not wise to trust the old doctor too far; the silvery crown of age does not always bring wisdom, nor does the feebleness of senility insure a keen eye, an unerring judgment or a steady hand. Do thou employ a younger and more learned physician.' But his faithful patients replied: 'He has served us passing well; he has never abused our confidence, nor has he ever failed in the varied trusts and responsibilities we have put upon him.—He has succored our lives, and cared for our treasures—our children.—He has guarded our reputations!—These things do we value more than a knowledge of new theories, that are here to-day and there to-morrow; more than "the optic sharp I ween, that sees things that are not to be seen." Bravely, faithfully and uncomplainingly, has he borne the woes of our children and the burdens of our wives; most steadfastly has he shielded the family skeleton from the gaze of a carping and cruel world—this is more to us than all the fads of modern imaginations!'

"He died in harness, did this dear old man, and almost to the very day of his death, he plodded about through the stormy days of our early spring weather, ministering to the wants of patients, none of whom were half so sick as was he himself. He finally succumbed—the pitcher had gone to the well for the last time! And when the end came, his brother physicians looked wise, and gave learned names to the rest that had come after forty years of constant and self-sacrificing

labor for humanity's sake. Surely his toil had been unselfish, for he received little reward in this world—and his materialistic philosophy held out no hope of recompense in the next! But who shall say that oblivion was not to him a fair reward —a well-earned rest?

THE LITTLE CHILDREN SEEMED TO REACH OUT THEIR TINY, EAGER HANDS TO CALL THE OLD MAN BACK.

"Few indeed, were the silks and satins, in the little gathering that paid the last mournful tribute of respect to my city doctor. Men in threadbare suits, and women in rusty black, looked down upon the face of the good and wise physician, and felt that their best friend had gone—not to

their heaven, perhaps, but, if he himself was right, to an immortality of another kind, free from fear of punishment or hope of reward.

"Beside him wept the careworn mother, who once had heard the chime of the golden bells across the mystic sea—who had seen old Charon with his phantom bark, ready to waft her to the eternal shore—that was all too near—and had been saved to her loved ones by the helping hand of our city doctor. And who shall say he was, or was not,kind? And the little children, whose youthful trials in the battle of life he had helped to bear, seemed to reach out their tiny, eager hands, to call the old man back! To them he was a hero, of most colossal mould, whose fame and great deeds will ever be a sanctified and beautiful memory in the household!

"Good and wise old city doctor, friend of the poor, champion of the struggling young practitioner, kindest and wisest of preceptors—here's to thy memory! Thy life was indeed an ideal that the many may not hope to attain, but which is even now, being exemplified by a devoted few, whose lives—whether ruled by the sublime faith of christianity or by that universal milk of human kindness that knows no creed—are inspired, not only by the genius of medicine, but by a practical philanthropy which makes the profession of medicine the noblest under the sun!"

"And now I wish to pay my humble tribute to one whose prototype is ever with us—the country doctor:

"I would speak both of the country doctor of the past—who farmed on fair days and practiced physic in the stormy intervals—and the progressive, intelligent country practitioner of to-day. There is a warm place in my heart, even for the farmer doctor of old time, for his heart was kind, and he often builded wiser and better than he knew—even though the hard yet golden grains of his practicality have become obscured by the innovations of modern days. I can forgive him his look of wise and patronizing importance when I, childlike, read the labels on his saddle-bag bottles and asked him what nux vomica was. With a shake of his wise and grizzly old head, and an expression that would have put old

Diogenes himself to the blush, he replied: 'Oh, nux vomicky is rat's bane,and we give it fer the stummick and in-tes-tines. Run away now, sonny, I must make some pills fer yer gran'ther.'

"Admitting that the old man's classification was open to criticism, he knew the drug was 'pizen stuff,' and I think that even the most learned members of our profession must confess that the ancient pill-maker's therapy was right—'nux vomicky' is indeed very good 'fer the stummick and in-tes-tines.'

"When the pills were done and duly delivered to my grandfather, with instructions to take 'one after each meal,' I wondered how on earth the old gentleman was going to find room for one of those enormous boluses, after eating a good old-fashioned New England dinner! Even he, weakened at the prospect after one day's trial, so the pills were reverently laid away on the shelf among the other *bric-a-brac*, for future reference. But I was interested in those pills, and speedily filched them —for purposes best known to myself. I shall never forget my grandfather's wrath, when he caught me in the midst of a game of finger-billiards that I had extemporized with those marble-like monstrosities! And when one of his favorite hens got hold of one of the pills and foolishly attempted to swallow it, thereby converting herself into a caricature and ruffling her throat so that it looked like a lady's feather boa, the old gentleman rose in his might and

A MISFIT.

smote me, hip and thigh—or in that immediate vicinity! I distinctly recollect that I was in a condition of generalized hyperaesthesia for two weeks afterward! I didn't call it 'hyperaesthesia' then, but it had a *staccato* quality of hurt to it, that was a most efficacious corrective of all my tendencies to sedentary habits for some weeks.

"'Granther' was an economical man—he had paid the old doctor for those pills and did not propose to see them wasted—besides, he was fond of that blessed old 'dominick' hen. The old man was much like the old negress who had a sick son. Finding the boy putting on his trousers one morning, she said:

"'Yo', Ephum! whar's yo' gwine?'

"'I'se feelin' bettah, mammy, an' I'se gwine down town.'

"'Oh! yo' is, is yo'? Well, I ruddah guess not! Yo' jes' take off dem britches an' go ter bed, an' stay dar tell yo' takes up dat dollah an' er haf's wuf er med'cin', er I'll stomp de libber outen yo'—yo' heah me shoutin'!'—

"From my description of the pills, you may at once infer that the hayseed doctor was a regular practitioner—and indeed he was. When a luckless homeopath ventured to locate in our little village, the old fellow surrounded himself with an ethical atmosphere as dense as a London fog. And his pills grew larger, and his decoctions viler, as if in very defiance of the whole breed of 'moonshine doctors and medical mugwumps!' It was a great relief to the old man's patients—those at least who survived—when the homeopath gave up the fight and went to preaching—the only practice, by the way, in which the two schools can ever perfectly agree.

"The old farmer doctor was a very pious old man, and, being a methodist, was an exhorter of no mean pretensions. He also had some very positive ideas regarding the behavior of boys on Sundays. One bright Sabbath morning the old man came down the road in his gig, and spied me by the roadside, spade in hand, arduously pursuing the study of helminthology—which in this instance meant the pursuit, rather than the science, of worms. He stopped his horse and began vigorously catechising me. I gave an account of my scientific investigations that might have satisfied the

old doctor, had he not caught a glimpse of a couple of fishing poles, suspiciously projecting above the stone wall by the roadside. On investigation, he found a chap with much nerve but less discretion—one Tom Baker—on the other end of the poles; this, in the old man's mind, was sufficient evidence of nefarious purposes on my part,

A TENDER MEMORY.

for he well knew Tom's aims and objects in life—or his lack of them. I ventured to expostulate with him, and mildly suggested that he made large pills on Sunday, and why should I not dig worms, and kill the great American game

fish—the white chub—down in the old slough on the same day? And then he swore piously—as doctors do—and proceeded to administer an argument for Sunday closing, that would have paralyzed even the Puritan fathers and made moral persuasion a work of supererogation.—

"And such a superhuman knowledge of boy anatomy as that old doctor possessed! He was a specialist in that particular direction. Such a clear understanding of peripheral sensory nerve filaments! It is, indeed, a tender memory!—

"But when I was sick with the croup, that dear old man, crippled as he was with old age and as he expressed it, 'the rheumatiz,' clambered painfully to the back of his old roan mare at one o'clock of a stormy morning, and despite the accentuation of equine bones—for he forgot his saddle—galloped over the rough and hilly New England roads to my rescue! What though my croup was, as he said, 'not membran-e-ous?'—relief was what I yearned for, and relief in 'allopathic' doses, not technicalities, was what I got.

"And so my lines were cast in pleasant places, and I grew up under the protecting wing of 'regular medicine'—my childish conception of which, was a pious old gentleman, with a positive affinity for blue laws, a predilection for large pills and nauseating draughts, a heart as big as that of an ox—and a hitting power equal to Sullivan's.

"Yet the country doctor has evolved, not only as a class, but he has differentiated from his strong individuality, a McDowell, a Sims, a Battey—of cherished memory—and a host of other men, richly endowed by nature, who from small and lowly beginnings have risen to the highest places among the elect.

"It is in America that the prototype of the country doctor is seen at his best. Strong, cool-headed, self-reliant and patient, he stands out in bold relief against the leaden sky of modern commercial medicine. Progressive as far as his opportunities will permit, his brain and experience are the crucible in which medical innovations are tried. He is the governor of the professional engine, which, with the average extremist at the lever, would carry us on to a therapeutical optimism that sooner or later would wreck us

by its downfall and the substitution of its natural enemy—nihilism. His lancet is laid away, and aconite, veratrum viride and the modern coal tar preparations have usurped its throne—so much the worse, perhaps, for the throne. The inquisitorial turnkey has been lost in the cow pond by the children, and he now pulls refractory grinders with the modern nickel-plated forceps.

"He has seen the discoveries of Jenner, Lister, Pasteur, Koch, and many others, illumine the professional horizon and revolutionize medicine and surgery. He has witnessed the development of abdominal surgery, that has made such men as Tait, Wells, and in our own country, Price, Kelly and many others, bright particular stars in their chosen profession. So many things has he seen and tried in the crucible of his daily experience, that volumes would be necessary to describe his varied observations. Verily, the country doctor has been the judge before whom many things have been tried in the balance, and alas!—often found wanting.

"And medicine is not all he knows! He is the Nestor of the little hamlet where he lives. He even rivals the preacher and the postmaster, in his fund of knowledge. The village 'squire,' never pretended to compete with him. Religion, politics, and agriculture—he knows them all! To him, are all momentous questions—social, scientific and theological—referred for decision—and none shall say he is not a just and righteous, albeit often a most stubborn, self-willed judge.

"When the lyceum days of midwinter arrive, it is our country doctor who debates with the village school-master and the parson of the little white church. He it is who downs 'em all at the 'spelling bees.'

"When the boys find queer herbs or odd-looking bones, in their strolls through the woods and fields, it is to the old doctor that they go for their classification. What though he does sometimes classify the skull of the defunct *Mephitis Americana* as one of the family *felidæ*—he is not supposed to be curator to the Smithsonian Institute. Besides, if a black cat is one of the *felidæ* why not a polecat?

"But our country doctor completely fills the sphere in

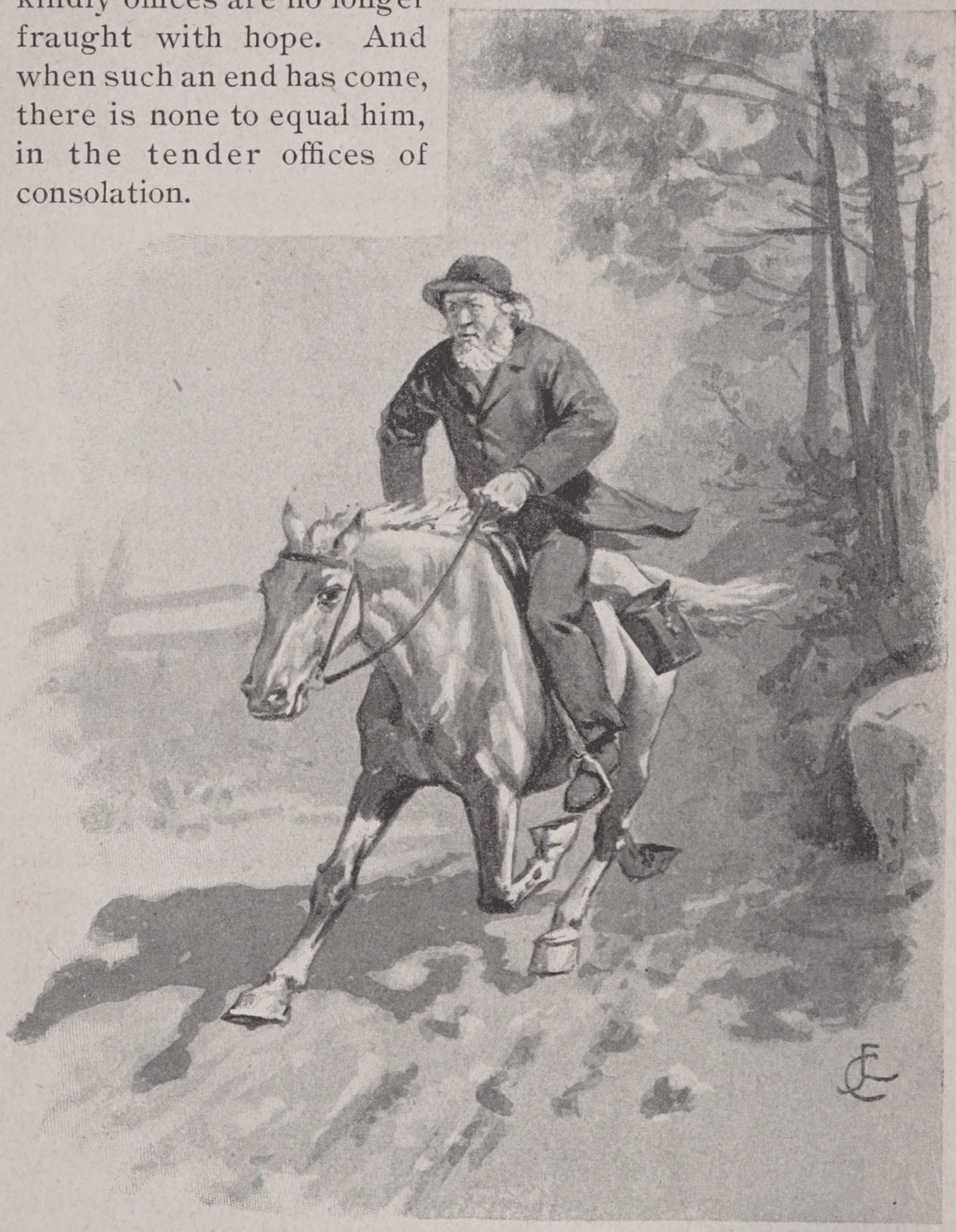
which he lives, and more; his skill and practical wisdom, leaven the entire medical loaf.

"It is to the country that we go for our blood, and brawn, and muscle and sinew—verily, to the country also go we, for a fresh supply of level and virile brains. The country practitioner is the man of resources—he is the man of deeds.

"Long life to thee, O cross-roads oracle! May the kindly light of thy bluff and cheery good nature never fail! May all generations to come, meet thee on the rugged road or smooth-rolled pike, with a hearty welcome and a keen appreciation of thy always well-meant and ever skillful service! May the cheery picture of thy weather-beaten, wholesome and honest face, and bright and kindly eye, peer out from thy rickety and mud-bespattered gig, for ages to come; and may Nancy Hanks ne'er be in it with thine old gray mare, who hath ever been the fastest rack o' bones all along the road! Thy leathern chest contains hope, good cheer, and safety for many a household, and the whisky that thou givest for colds needs no rock, for it is the best that 'Ole Kaintucky' e'er produced.

"Who ever knew the country doctor to falter in his path of duty? His city brother—at least he of the opulent and profitable specialty—may well lie in his downy couch, all unmoved by the savage onslaught of the chill, remorseless wind and pitiless sleet. But our country doctor, as he lies down to sleep, and hears the petulant fusillade of rain or hail on roof and window pane, knows full well that it is apt to be dismal music for him, ere morning dawns. But he sleeps none the less sweetly, and responds to the call of suffering humanity none the less promptly, though he knows that the purling brook that crosses the broad highway between him and his patient—who, perhaps, is many miles away—is now a turbulent torrent. Even though the messenger tells him that the rickety bridge is swept away, he does not hesitate, for, to him, this means only the saddle and a swim, instead of his storm-sheltering gig—a road over which a messenger can pass, or even a crow can fly, has no obstacles for that moral Hercules, the doctor of the cross-roads. And time is no object; he not only goes promptly, but he stays until another soul has been launched upon the turbulent ocean of life, or,

mayhap, until the grim boatman has called for yet another passenger for the great unknown, and he knows that his kindly offices are no longer fraught with hope. And when such an end has come, there is none to equal him, in the tender offices of consolation.



TO THE RESCUE.

"And so, through storm and sunshine, year in and year out, the dear old country doctor plods along, living and learning, living and letting live, ushering in sunbeams and cheering

despair, pulling teeth and lancing gums, advising the young and consoling the old, until his own earthly span has been run and he falls—in harness. And, when the rest he has so well earned comes to our country doctor, may he go to a land where a bushel of oats or a bag of potatoes is not a fee-equivalent for a ten-mile drive. Who is there among us, that can so well fulfill the axiom of that good old philosopher, Epictetus, who, in his Encheiridion has said: 'Remember that thou art but an actor in a play, of such a sort as the author may choose; if short, of a short one; if long, of a long one. If thy part be that of a poor man, of a rich man, or of a magistrate, see to it that you act the part naturally. For this is your duty, to act well the part that is given you?' Here was the source of one of the immortal Shakespeare's grandest inspirations; it surely beseems my hero—the country doctor!

"Someone—I don't know who, or I would thank him for the sentiment—has described the old family doctor of the cross roads in a style as quaint as it is beautiful—

'When I git to musin' deeply,
'Bout them times what used to be,
An' the swellin' tide o' memory,
Comes a sweepin over me,
Then, 'mong the wrecks of long ago,
That's driftin' on the crags,
I can see our fam'ly doctor
With his leather saddle bags.

With his crown so bare and shiny,
An' his whiskers, white as snow,
With his nose jest like a piney,
That's beginnin' fer to blow,
Fer he painted it with somethin',
Frum his bottles er his kags,
That he allus carried with him,
In them rusty saddle bags.

When the whoopin' cough was ragin'
Er the measles wuz aroun'
He'd mount his rhubarb pony,
An' go scootin' out o' town,
With his saddle skirts a floppin'.
An' his leggin's all in rags,
An' the roots an' yarbs a stuffin'
Out his pussy saddle bags.

Then, when mam wuz down with fever,
An' we thought that she would die,
That ole feller didn't leave her,
An' he never shut an eye;
But he sot thar like a pilot,
Fer to keep her frum the snags,
An' he brought her through the riffle
With his rusty saddle bags.

I can see him with his glasses,
Sot a-straddle of his nose,
With his broad-brimmed loppy beaver,
An' his loose, old fashioned cloze;
I can see him tyin' at the gate
The laziest o' nags,
An' come puffin' up the pathway
With his heavy saddle bags.

But he started on his travels
Many, many years ago,
Fer the place where life onravels
An' dividin' waters flow.
So I hope he's reached the haven
Where no anchor ever drags,
An' has landed safe in heaven
With his shinin' saddle bags,'

"Ah! my boy; the man who wrote that, well knew his family doctor—and what is more, he appreciated him. What he has so beautifully said of his own family physician, fits many another hard-working, old-fashioned country practitioner.

"It is to be regretted however, that the author of those eulogistic lines, should have marred their beauty by an uncharitable and fallacious interpretation of the ruddy bloom upon the old doctor's nose. How else but ruddy, *should* a man's nose look, after some decades of hard country riding, up hill and down dale, in weather which has little respect for one's finer feelings—and no respect whatever for his nose? Why—the 'piney' hue of the old veteran's nose was the red ribbon of our legion of honor! And if he chose to wear it there, instead of in his button hole—well, whose affair was it?"

"And now that we have finished our little gossip about doctors, a final word to you, my boy:

"Epictetus formulated a maxim through which the layman should stick a pin and post in the most conspicuous place under his vine and fig tree: 'Select for both thy physician and thy friend, not the most agreeable but the most useful.'

"It is not always the man who shines with most effulgence in society, nor is it necessarily the man who prays the loudest, who is the most useful physician.

"To you—a coming doctor—I would say, do not try to stick too closely to the ideal, but remember that a proper appreciation of one's own commercial value, does not necessarily interfere with a healthy sentiment of philanthropy.

"It is no disgrace to die poor, nor does it matter much perhaps, to the doctor himself; there is little consolation to his family, however, in the fact that his life was one of philanthropy—for all but those who were most entitled to his consideration. Sentiment for the dead man is apt to be tempered by the bitterness of hunger—or what is worse, the embarrassment of shabby gentility! Only too often is the fulsome obituary of the departed doctor supplemented by the advertisement that his library and instruments are on sale—for the purpose of defraying the funeral expenses.

"To the poor, therefore, give much; from the rich, take more. Remember that the man of affluence has no claim upon you, other than that he should expect your best skill, at the highest prices. Let him pay a part of the poor man's tax!

"If you go to church, go there for the benefit of your soul, and not your pocket. On that final day of reckoning, in which the pharisee professes to believe, St. Peter can see through the veneer of sham piety, and, if you be not careful, you are apt to be put on the top shelf among the back numbers. He's a queer old chap, and may take a notion to melt the veneer off you—his colleague, the devil, will be glad to lend a hand! A long funeral procession will not save you—your friends may be much like a certain Irishman, who was seen by a countryman of his, riding along in one of the carriages of a grand funeral pageant: Says Mike, on the walk, to Paddy, in the carriage—'Who's in the hearse, beyant?'

'Faith, an' I dunno,' replied the quondam aristocrat in the carriage, 'Oim in it fer the roide!'

"Don't be a 'dock-weed'—for a full head at night is apt to result in an empty head, and a still emptier pocket, next day! Do not affect too much dignity, for this useful attribute may be overdone!—I have known doctors who were so overpowered with this commodity that their faces ached. I have in mind at the present moment, several gentlemen whose smiles not only have the same effect upon me as an icicle surreptitiously put down my back, but they excite my suspicions—and I am naturally of a confiding disposition. Ugh! such smiles give me the qualms!

"As Bill Nye tersely, if inelegantly, put it, 'Don't be a clam!' Don't be afraid to laugh at a good joke, nor to tell it again if you can do it half-way decently. It may help your liver, de-congest your spleen—and indirectly, benefit your patients.

———

"Well, my boy, I see that our lady guest is getting fatigued. She has never been a member of an owl club, and is not inured to such late hours and long stories as characterize our *séances*. I believe, madam, that you have not heard me talk so continuously since—well, since our courting days. You see, young man, doctors don't have much chance to become acquainted with their wives. Then, too, I don't know as Mrs. Weymouth would permit me to tell long stories anywhere but in my library; she does let me do about as I like on this side of the library door. But it's different in the rest of the house, eh, my dear?

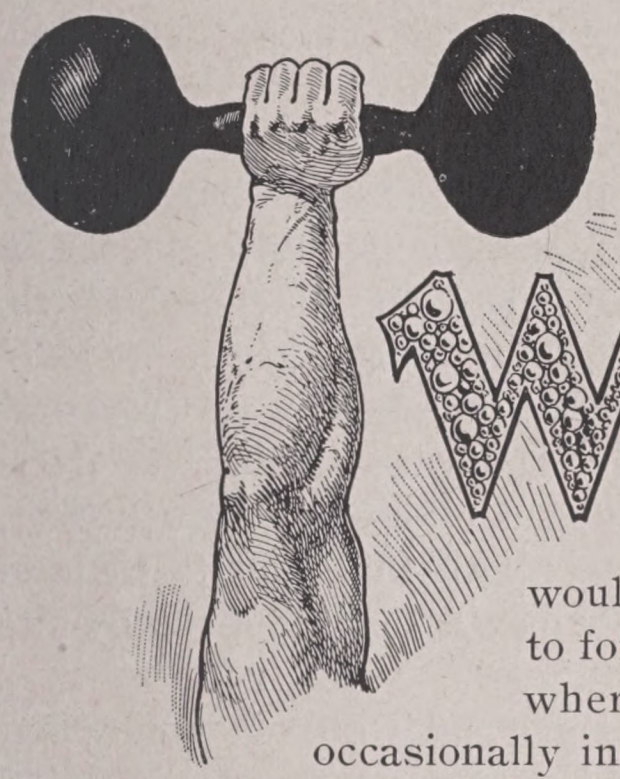
"Good night, sir, and pleasant dreams to you!

THE DOCTOR EMULATES SANDOW.

WHEN sombre thoughts assail
thy mind,
Or chilling woes depress
thine heart;
I'll tell thee where, alone,
thoul't find
A fairy, who with magic
art,
Will clear thy mental
clouds away
And all thy pangs of grief
allay.

"QUITE TRILBYESQUE, EH?"

THE DOCTOR EMULATES SANDOW.



WELL, you've come at last, have you? I had almost concluded you had forgotten me entirely. Youngsters are prone to selfishness, and it would be perfectly natural for you to forget that I have got to the point where I cannot enjoy life without occasionally indulging in the mild dissipation of a little gossip. I don't wonder the women folks like their afternoon teas and sewing circles. I used to be content with strict attention to work-a-day affairs, but, as I grow older, I must either indulge my garrulous propensities or be miserable.

"Ah! my dear fellow!—I shall be lonesome after you graduate.

"Another student?

"Of course, but you don't seem to realize how difficult it is to train a good listener. It is an art that I myself have just begun to understand. You must remember that garrulity 'loves a shining mark.' I suppose the secret of the whole matter is that, as Disraeli said of Gladstone, I am 'intoxicated with the exuberance of my own verbosity.' I have found you a most indulgent auditor, and I fear that a new student might not be so self-sacrificing as yourself.

"I suppose you were surprised that I did not rise and greet you as usual. Well, I just couldn't, that's all! Everything is awry with me to-night—the world's turned upside

down! My wife is away visiting her mother—and the cook is even crankier than I am! Drat these mothers-in-law! They're always coming to visit a fellow or getting his wife off to see them! A bad steak, cold coffee, and afterward my hookah refusing to draw! And just look at my foot—fourteen yards of flannel and ten pounds of absorbent wool about it, if there's a yard or a pound! Smell the arnica, turpentine, camphor, chloroform and things!—Can't smell 'em all at once, eh? Then you're not fit for the practice of medicine. Learn to be a *connoisseur* of smells, my boy—you'll need to be a past-master of olfactory expertness,if you would succeed in your profession. Pah! How I hate odorous complexities, anyhow! I like your good, old-fashioned assafoetida or iodoform straight. No foolishness about *them*! You always know just where to find 'em. There's valerian, too—another good old reliable smell. Get up any sort of an 'ate' you please, and if valerian is there, she's there, and that's all there is to it. Why, that drug is as faithful as a dog—especially one that has been deceased for a few days.

"Why is it that we doctors are such old women when we're sick? Just look at that foot again! Has a coddled appearance hasn't it? That's just what's the matter; I have coddled it and my wife has breathed sighs of sympathy over it, until I really think it quite interesting. Quite Trilbyesque, eh? There never was a poor old 'widdy' woman's son had such an elaborate dressing on a lame foot.

"By Jove! That dry goods store comes off that foot and I get out of this to-morrow, if I have to put on a plaster cast and take to crutches! Would you believe it? I've been confined to the house since day before yesterday! Day —before—yesterday, mind you!

"Gout?

"Now, look here, young man, you mustn't talk that way! You know well enough that I have never been afflicted with anything of the kind—neither am I in the slightest danger of it! Lithaemic, you say? Y-yes, but not to that extent, besides, I am too fond of plain living to run any risk of developing a swollen big toe. Oh yes, I know; rare beefsteaks and a very little punch might be formidable, but those steaks are

not so very large, and that punch is as mild-mannered as goat's milk with the 'mountain dew' left out. No, I've never a touch of the gout, but if you'll stop grinning so sarcastically for a few moments, I'll tell you what really *is* the matter with this blessed—ouch!—foot."

"You may have noticed recently, that I have been getting a trifle 'waisty.' My adipose tissue has been steadily gaining on my lungs until I began to believe they were undergoing fatty degeneration. My diaphragm has had a steady quarrel on with my liver and other fixings of my department of internal revenue, for some months. I have bewailed my fate and quarreled with my adipose destiny in vain. I might have put up with it, had not my wife remarked sarcastically, that she hoped the fat would not 'get into' my 'brain.' *Embonpoint cerebrale!* Oh, horrible! horrible!—I then made up my mind that something must be done, and on reflection, decided that I must do it myself.

"Now, I suppose you think it a very easy matter for a physician to reduce his flesh; he advises his patients in the matter of diet, so glibly that one might think he would delight in following his own prescriptions—but he most emphatically does not. Prescriptions and learned opinions were made for patients, but never for doctors themselves. As I have often remarked, physicians are like guide-posts—their business is to stand at some conspicuous corner on the road of life and point out the way to the weary and ignorant traveler—but go themselves? Never! They are too benevolent and self-sacrificing to do anything of the kind. Besides, if they did follow the road they point out to others, the poor travelers who come after them might lose their way. No; we must have our doctors right where we can find them when wanted.

"I will, however, confess another reason why it was difficult to follow the advice I am accustomed to give to others; I am rather fond of a good dinner—plain food, you know, and plenty of it. You can readily appreciate the quandary I was in.

"I presume it would have been an act of simple fraternal

courtesy to have consulted another doctor, but there were serious objections to that. Doctors know so much about each other's methods that the element of mystery is gone —and with it goes our confidence. What's the use in asking a professional brother to tell you something you already know? He sympathizes with you, it is true, but deep down in the murky depths of that portion of his ego that he terms his soul, he sets you down as an ass—and he rarely errs in his diagnosis.

"I was of course somewhat diffident about confiding my troubles to any one, but it so happened that one of my old friends—whom we will call 'Jule,' for short, and who chances to be a lawyer by profession—had been observing for some time, the decidedly aldermanic proportions I was acquiring. He finally, in a facetious manner, called attention to my lack of symmetry—thus giving me the opportunity of discussing the matter with freedom, and incidentally asking his advice. I warned him in advance, that I would not under any circumstances ride a bicycle. I took it for granted that he would suggest one of those infernal machines.

"'I am no bicycle crank,' said he, 'and if I were, I wouldn't recommend one to you, for to be frank, I don't think you are built that way. The bicycle has a hard row to hoe as it is; the bloomerites are bad enough, and I don't think the spectacle you would present, would tend to popularize the machine,' and then he laughed—confound him!

"Jule saw that I was hurt, indeed, words failed me—you may imagine how hard I was hit. I could only glare at him as indignantly and reproachfully as the situation appeared to demand.

"Observing the '*Et tu Brute*' effect of his rather pointed remarks, he said, pacifically: 'Now, see here, old man, you know you are not an Adonis, and you ought to take a little joke upon your personal appearance without getting provoked about it'.

"'That's all well enough', I replied; 'no doubt you were joking, but your jokes remind me of the Irishman's repartee:

"'Two Irishmen were reading their respective newspapers one day, when one of them turned to the other and

said: "Say, Moike, Oive found a wurrud here that Oi don't understhand."

'"Sure, an' pfwat's the wurrud, Pat? Shpell it out for me."

'"Well, here it is, Moike—r-e-p-a-r-t-e-e."

'"Sure, Pat, an' that's Frinch; that's ree-par-tay!"

'"An' pfwat the divil's that, Moike?"

'"Well, ye see, Pat, that's whin a feller sez somethin' to ye that yez don't loike an' yez git roight back at 'im; Oi'm surproised at yer ignerance, Pat!"

"'A few days later, Pat asked his friend for a chew of tobacco:

'"Divil a bit'll ye git, Pat Murphy, Oi've but a wee bit fer mesilf!"

"'With this, Pat picked up a half-brick and applied it to the portion of Mike's cranium where it seemed likely to do the most good.

"'When Mike came to, he said:

'"Howly Moses, Pat! pfwat the divil did yez hit me loike that fer?"

'"Whist, ye ignerant shpalpeen," said Pat; "that's ree-par-tay."

"'Oh well,' said Jule, 'I suppose I am a little blunt, but you ought to be used to me by this time. However, I'll overlook your sensitiveness just once more, and if you will be patient long enough, I'll try and suggest something that may be of practical benefit to you.

"'I have been thinking for some time, doctor, that you ought to take more exercise. I have been practicing what I am now preaching to you, for several weeks. I remember that when you were younger, you were quite an athlete. We used to have some very pleasant times together in our old training days, and I see no reason why we should not take it up again. To be sure, the methods of training have changed somewhat since our time, but I find that I am adapting myself to the new system of athletics quite rapidly. Just feel my biceps, old man! Isn't that good, for less than a month's work?'

"I was forced to admit that it *was* an excellent muscle—it is best to humor Jule at all times, and especially when he's in condition.

"'How did you accomplish so much in so short a time?' I asked!

"'Why,' he replied; 'I've been practicing *à la* Sandow.—You have heard of him of course?'

"I admitted that I had, but frankly confessed that I knew nothing of his system. I stated, however, that I should be glad to learn something about it.

"'Nothing could be easier,' said Jule. 'I am well acquainted with him, and if you will take in his show with me to-night I'll introduce you after the performance is over.'

"The plan met with my approval, especially as I had no objections to a night off, and knew that Jule was an excellent companion.

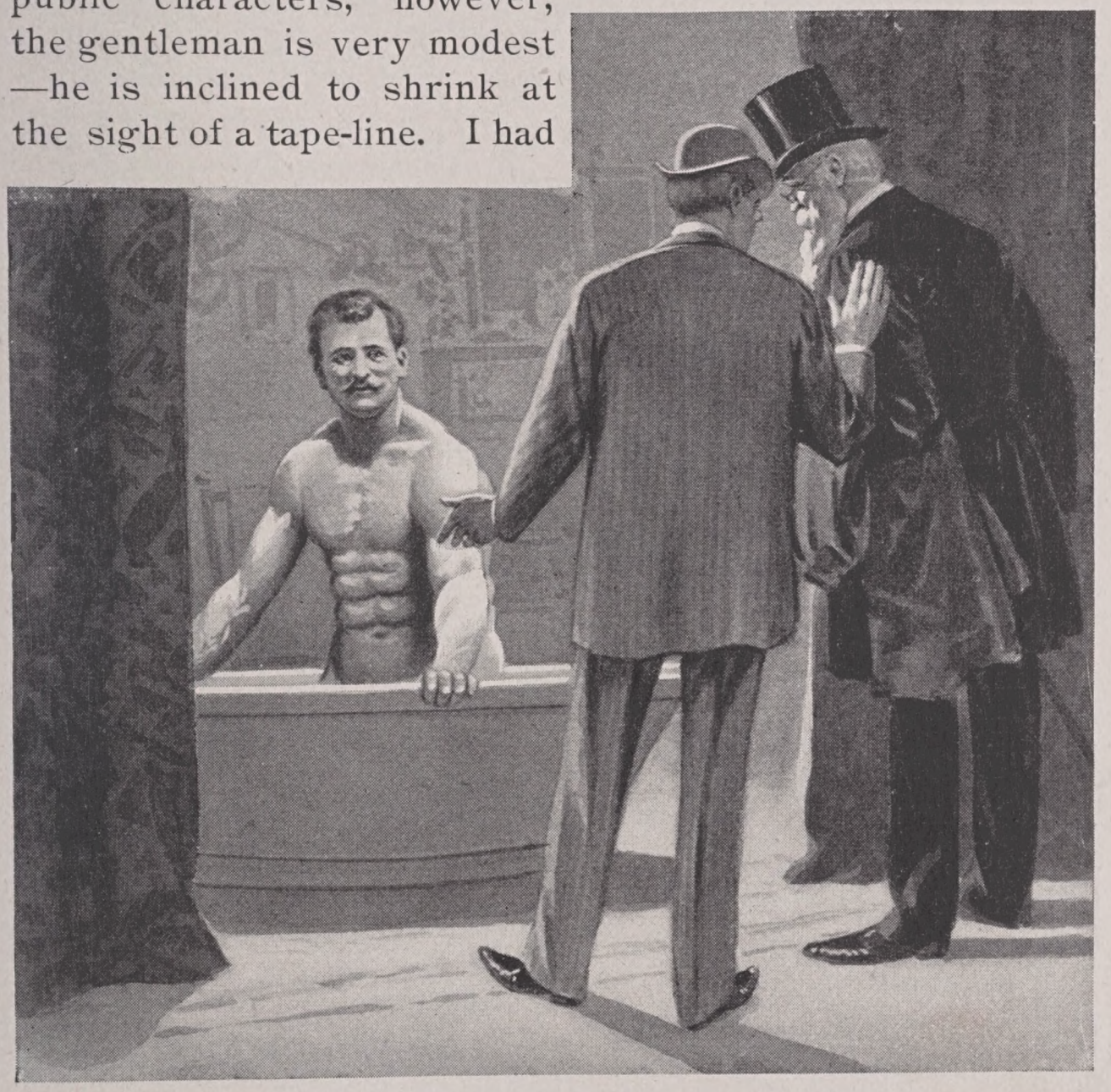
"Well, we went to the show, and I must say that I was greatly entertained by the modern Samson's exhibition of gladiatorial idiocy. I was especially edified by the manner in which he held up a number of men on a huge plank placed upon his chest. It subsequently struck me, though, that the feat was, after all, quite ordinary—as I remarked to Jule, we have a number of gentlemen here in the city who are quite successful in holding up people, although they are too modest to give public exhibitions.

"Sandow also supported several horses upon his chest in a manner that elicited great applause. I could not help wishing, however, that he had had the opportunity of supporting an old gray mare I used to own. I know that old nag had a nest of tape worms—I tried to support her for several years, but finally gave it up in despair. I think even Sandow would have weakened.

"But the gladiator's specialty seemed to be living pictures. As I looked at the wonderful display of muscle exhibited in his various attempts at artistic posing, the fire of gladiatorial ambition entered my soul and—I felt an ardent desire to emulate Sandow. I told Jule as much, in such untechnical terms as I happened to have about me, but he only growled at me and told me that I made him 'tired.' I don't know why he was so surly—I had certainly so simplified my language that there was nothing fatiguing about it. I suppose that he was irritated because I had interrupted a

trance into which he had been thrown by a shapely *comedienne* who happened to be in airy, voluptuous evidence when I spoke to him. You see, my friend Jule is dreadfully bald —that in itself is quite suspicious.

"After the performance was over, I was introduced to Sandow, who kindly told me all about his wonderful chest expansion and enormous muscular measurements. Like all public characters, however, the gentleman is very modest —he is inclined to shrink at the sight of a tape-line. I had



THE LIMIT OF A DOCTOR'S ASSURANCE.

a faint suspicion that his measurements were as expansive as his breathing apparatus, but being out of condition myself and Sandow being, as I remarked, quite sensitive, I refrained.

"Sandow was very courteous and explained his system of training quite fully. His ideas were decidedly novel to me.

He assured me that no special dietetic measures were necessary to his method—he had himself partaken of a champagne dinner just before the evening's performance, and had also smoked several cigars.

"'When I get through with my work,' he said, 'I always take a bath in ice-cold water.' He then proceeded to give us a practical illustration of this feature of his training.

"This concluded our interview—a newspaper reporter might pursue a victim *beyond* his bath, but a self-respecting doctor must draw the line somewhere.

"On the way home, Jule forgot the pretty *soubrette* and condescended to talk to me again.

"'What do you think of Sandow's method?' he asked, 'is it not wonderful in its results?'

"'Well,' I replied, 'his system of exercise is quite rational, and leads me to believe that physical training is not so severe an ordeal as it used to be when we were young. Don't you think, however, that the cold bath might be omitted with advantage?'

"'Oh yes,' replied Jule sarcastically, 'leaving merely the champagne and cigars.'

"I saw that I was likely to become irritated if I kept on—Jule is quite aggravating at times—so I dropped that particular section of the subject.

"Before bidding me good-night, Jule made an appointment with me for the next morning at the gymnasium he attended, and being now possessed of a single ambition—to become a Sandow—I not only kept the appointment but was on hand long before the appointed time.

"By the way, my boy, that 'early bird' business is a fraud, or else I was the early worm and not the bird on this occasion. I know what *I* caught at all events—and it was not a worm, as the sequel will show—indeed I wish it had been a worm. It is possible that I did catch one, though—a boa constrictor, for example.

"'The first thing for you to do,' said my mentor, 'is to worry off some of that fat'—and by way of illustration, Jule grabbed a handful of my waist and pinched it until I threatened to shoot him.

"'The best way to begin is to take some kind of exercise which necessitates quick movements.'

"I fancied he was becoming satirical again, and was alluding to my tendency to physical inertia, but merely said that I thought so, too.

"'Now,' said Jule, 'there's boxing, for example; there's no exercise superior to it for worrying off fat. I'll introduce you to the professor in charge of that department. He has a private room, you know, and you will have no occasion for embarrassment in taking your lessons. While you are having your first *sèance* with the professor, I'll do a turn or two about the gymnasium.'"

"The 'professor' seemed very glad to see me—if the energy and warmth of his handshake were to be taken in evidence. He had a peculiar manner of shaking hands; using both his own, and ostentatiously grabbing as many of mine as happened to be within easy reach. I did not lose any of my fingers, but they felt as though I had been dallying with a sausage machine. Later on, I discovered that this peculiar method of hand-shaking was a relic of the ancient Greek games. It seems that it was the custom of the gladiators to extend both hands to each other, in order to show that they held no weapon. The fashion is not *fin de siècle*, for my experience proves that the modern Greek doesn't need a weapon—his hands are enough. It would be more consistent to keep his hands busy by giving him a club in one hand and a pair of brass knuckles in the other—it would also be more humane to the party of the second part.

"There was one thing that was thoroughly demonstrated to me by my observations of my new instructor in deportment and Delsarte, which was, that a liberal education is never thrown away. No matter what rôle Mr. O'Donovan might have been called upon to play in the drama of life, he would have made an impression. I did not ask him for his autobiography on so short an acquaintance—nobody but an ass or a bunko-steerer would have done such a thing, and nobody but a bunko-steerer, a novelist, or a dramatist, ever takes advantage of the history thus elicited, even when the other

fellow is idiot enough to tell it. It's all very well for the old 'has been' in the play, to tell the story of his past life—every stage character must have a past, although, come to think of it, the stage ladies seem to need it most—but the fellow who plays the same character in real life, rarely does so, save for revenue only.

"'Professor' O'Donovan is truly a versatile genius.—I do wish I could speak of him in the past tense, but he still lives, and what is worse, I may never have the opportunity of prescribing for him. I am willing to wager that he makes a decided hit in any position in which he may chance to be placed. I wish I could describe in detail, all the striking characteristics of the man, but I regret to say that my memory serves me only up to a certain point, beyond which it is not to be relied upon.

"O'Donovan presents many admirable points—qualities in fact, which tend decidedly in the direction of self-development and the formation of a strong character. He is more fertile in expedients than any man I ever knew. Possessed of an exceptional degree of ambidexterity, the professor can do more with his hands, than most men can with the most elaborate tools. Emergencies that would compel other men to use a multiplicity of implements, are met by this wonderful man with no other tools than those with which nature provided him. I have not the slightest doubt of his ability to perform with his hands alone, feats for the accomplishment of which the ordinary man would require an elaborate array of instruments—such for example as a slung shot, or an ax, or a gun, or a baseball bat. Whenever I look at myself in the glass, and think of my surgical instruments, I blush for very shame.

"I might remark in passing, that the professor's method of physical culture is superior in its technique, to anything I have ever seen or even read of. There are few systems that compare with it. Indeed, I doubt whether there was ever a railroad riot, or a game of foot ball, or a saloon row, or a circular saw, that could compete with it in point of multiplicity, variety and punctuation of results. His technique reminds me of that of one of my friends who poses as a surgeon:

"A certain gentleman, Dr. J——, on being asked if he had ever seen Dr. X—— perform an operation, replied that he had:

"'And what do you think of his work?'

"'Well,' said J——, 'It reminds me very forcibly of a railroad accident!'

"In addition to his other admirable qualities the professor is a clever financier—so clever, indeed, that I question whether he has not mistaken his calling. He should have been a surgeon, for he has sense enough to collect the fees for his operations before he puts his patients to sleep. In O'Donovan's case I must say that the precaution is especially wise, for he is inclined to push his anæsthetic a little too far, and I suspect that some of his subjects have forgotten to wake up—he is so careless, and inclined to throw his weight upon his patient's body in such a manner as to seriously impede respiration; which, as you well know, is quite dangerous—to the patient.

"But I must say in all justice to the professor, that he gives a receipt in full for all fees received. To be sure, the receipt does not comprise an accident policy, but it is very valuable as a means of identification of the corpse, and that's something. I admit that the professor's writing is not as plain as some of his other handiwork, but his signature is unmistakable and shows evidence of real genius. Indeed, it strongly resembles the autographs of Shakespeare, and some other celebrities who have made their mark.

"But it was the professor's language that struck me most forcibly—at first. O'Donovan evidently aims to be in fashion and is certainly up to date—his conversation plainly shows that, contrary to the popular belief, 'twas really he who wrote 'Chimmie Fadden.' How that man Townsend could ever muster up cheek enough to plagiarize that classical production, I cannot understand. He certainly did not know O'Donovan as well as I do, or he never would have done it. My advice to Townsend is, to square the matter as soon as possible—preferably before the professor hears about it. Should he wait until O'Donovan catches him, he had best submit the matter to a board of arbitration. I might remark, *en passant*, that I am not looking for office myself—besides, I'm

not 'English, you know,' and might not be a brilliant success as an arbitrator.

"After the preliminary how-do-you-do hand-shake that I have described, Professor O'Donovan suggested that I 'Strip ter de buff. See?' I complied, after learning that he desired me to become a forbidden picture—from the waist up.

"Having adopted full dress for the occasion, my toilet was of course incomplete without gloves, and I suggested as much to the professor, who replied:

"'Dat's what, cully, 'n here's de mitts!'

"He now brought out a couple of pairs of emphysematous-looking affairs resembling a collection of 'pizened pups,' that had evidently once been intended to represent boxing gloves. They were originally white, I presume, but they had lost their pristine color and assumed a hue and flavor quite suggestive of a front door mat.

"The professor handed me a pair of the leathery monstrosities and instructed me to put them on. As I complied, I noticed that the upholstering in the gloves was thin in some spots and rather bunchy in others. The thumb of one of them was apparently affected with a bad case of spavin—or was it 'spar-vin?' The leathery part of the things was covered with a varnish-like glaze that I had no opportunity to analyze minutely, but which upon gross inspection appeared to be composed of an admixture of sebum, sweat and nasal mucus, with here and there a dark spot that I did not quite comprehend—until later.

"As I looked at those gloves I wondered if the other pair was just like mine and—held my breath.

"Meanwhile, the professor again shook hands with me.—So thoughtful of him to bid me farewell in such a touching manner, was it not?

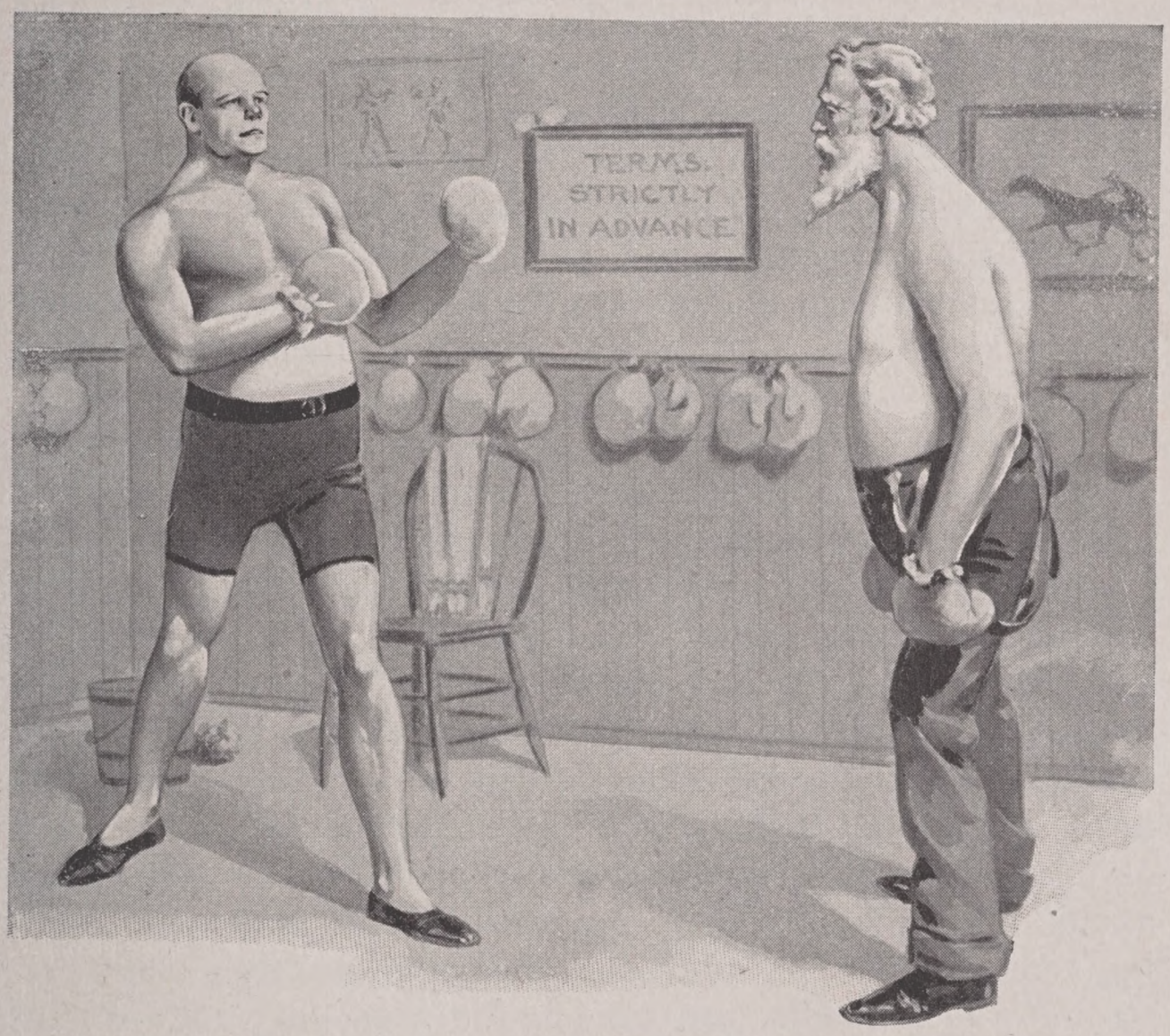
"'Now,' said he, 'Yer want ter take er persition jes' like dis. Savvy?' With these words, O'Donovan put himself in a most terrifying attitude and proceeded to dance around me in a way that set my head spinning!

"'Why,' said I, 'that's not the way we boxed when I was a boy. We used to put our left feet together and do

our boxing across a bar, that was held between us by a couple of comrades.'

"The look of disgust on the professor's face should have warned me of impending trouble—but it didn't.

"'See here, cully, who's er doin' dis ere teachin? D'ye s'pose I'm a goin' ter take enny sich slack from er pupil, hey? De rules of dis ere gymnasium don't 'low no bar round here.



"YER WANT TER TAKE ER PERSITION JES' LIKE DIS; SAVVY?"

See? Ye'd better stan' up an' learn de bizness—den yer kin talk. Ketch on? Put up yer dukes now, 'n shut yer trap!'

"I was getting mad by this time, in fact, I *was* mad, but I flatter myself that I can maintain my dignity and self-respect under any and all circumstances—however trying. I glanced at the professor's ponderous 'drive' muscles, and determined that nothing he could do or say, should cause me to forget that he was but a base hireling—a mere slave, at

$10.00 the dozen lessons—strictly in advance. And so I held my peace, as a gentleman should.

"The lesson now proceeded, and the professor drilled me thoroughly in the various maneuvers of his little parlor game. Having concluded the purely technical details and demonstrated to my entire satisfaction, that he was but a toy in my brawny hands, O'Donovan flattered me by saying I was very 'clever wid de dukes, 'n 'specially de left,' and remarked that we would 'wind up wid a set-to,' and 'don't yer be afraid ter mix wid me! See?'

"Well, I didn't exactly see, but in spite of his somewhat unsavory appearance I proceeded to exemplify my interpretation of the term 'mix', and then—I saw!

"The professor had an aggravating trick of holding his left arm out in such a position that I was compelled to run into its extremity—my nasal end first—every time I made a move.

"After dallying with me for a while, and clearly demonstrating the source of those dark spots on the gloves, the professor suddenly hit me a three-hundred-pound whack in the pit of my stomach—I would say 'epigastrium,' only that would make me feel worse.

"Now, if there's any anatomical spot in which the members of my family are especially sensitive, it's the region of the stomach, and in less than a jiffy I was madder than a hornet. I didn't tell the professor how I felt, because my supply of breathing space was materially curtailed by his rather abrupt and decidedly deep exploration of my abdomen. Feeling remarks were in order—but I wasn't—so I was compelled to omit the remarks, and take it out in feeling. I was mad enough to kill the ruffian, and, had the ethics of the situation permitted it, I would have called another 'regular' doctor in consultation and despatched him at once—the professor, I mean.

"There was nothing to do, however, but await an opportunity—and breath—to wreak my vengeance upon the enemy. It came—or I thought it did—I made a terrific sweep of my strong right arm and—* * * * * ! ! !"

"Young man, if anybody ever tries to convince you that hypnotism is a fraud, don't you believe him! Jule says that

I slipped and fell, but I know better—I was hypnotized, and I know it! But I am at a loss to understand why I was ever allowed to come out of that trance—it was so blissfully free from all the disagreeable sensations I have since had.

"When I recovered my senses, Jule was leaning over me with a bottle of aqua ammonia, and was liberally applying it to such parts of my face as he thought might connect more or less remotely with my nostrils. He seemed especially interested in my eyes.

"'Well, old boy, you're coming around at last,' said Jule, with a sigh of relief.'

"'Where am I?' I asked.

"'Why, you're right where you left off this morning. This is the boxing room of the gymnasium.'

"'What time is it?'

"'It is just one o'clock,' replied my good angel.

"'And where is the professor?' I ventured.

"'Oh, he has gone to dinner,' said Jule.

"'Truly,' I said musingly, 'physical exercise is great for the appetite—of the other fellow.'

"On making an inventory of the various injuries I received when I fell into my trance, I found that my ankle was sprained, both of my shins were scraped and bleeding, and the back of my head presented a swelling as big as a base-ball. On further and more careful investigation, I found a suspiciously tender place on the left side of my jaw. The muscles in this vicinity seemed quite stiff and lame, and I so remarked to Jule, but he said he supposed I must have taken cold on account of my rather scanty attire.

"'It has probably settled in your neck, but you'll be all right in a day or two,' said my comforter.

"There may have been some doubt as to *what* I had caught, but none whatever as to where I had caught it.

"As I had never heard of such a condition occurring in the trance state, I was compelled to concur in Jule's diagnosis, but I couldn't help thinking of a story of western life that seemed to fit my case:

"A prominent citizen of a Kansas town, happened to visit a sawmill. His curiosity getting the better of his

discretion, he became hopelessly mixed up with a large circular saw—with dire and fatal results. The fragments were sent home, and as might have been expected, the whole town went into the deepest mourning. The county paper, desirous of paying tribute to the memory of a truly good and great citizen, published a long, fulsome and glowing obituary, that ought to have made death welcome to any man. In concluding his eulogy of 'our dear, departed friend' the editor said:

"'He was as good a man as ever stood in shoe-leather. He was an upright citizen, a master hand at poker, a dead shot, a God-fearing Christian, a kind and indulgent

"IT HAS PROBABLY SETTLED IN YOUR NECK."

father and husband, an ardent republican, and a man whose business capacity and integrity have never been questioned —but he was a d——d fool on the subject of circular saws.'

"As we rode slowly home in a cab that my friend kindly secured—and for which I paid, by the way—I remarked to him that, to the best of my recollection, Sandow's system comprised only 'muscular movements.'

"Jule cheerfully admitted that such was the fact—I was in no mood to be trifled with.

"'Such being the case,' I continued, 'there is really no urgent necessity of any side issues for the purpose of "worrying off fat," and we will not seek further experience in that direction. Quick movements, sir, may be all right for some persons, but they are certainly contraindicated in individuals, who, like myself, are subject to the hypnotic state.

"'Now, Jule,' I further remarked, 'I have no objections to buying you a small bottle, but I will do so only on conditions. In the first place, I would suggest that you keep your observations of the results of "quick movements" to yourself—I object to being the subject of clinical reports. It would, moreover, be injurious to my professional reputation, if it should ever become known that I am subject to attacks such as the one I have to-day experienced.

"'Secondly, I want you to swear to the lie I am going to tell my wife. It is true that I am not as young as I once was, but she still loves me, and I think respects me, and I don't care to have her know what a monumental ass I am.'

"Jule agreed—he'll do anything for a bottle of wine—and to his credit I will say that I believe he will keep his promise. He selected 'Mumm'—and that speaks well for his discretion.

"As Jule left me in the tender care of my wife, he could not forbear a final Parthian shaft, and called out—'By the way, old man, what shall I say to the professor?'

"'Tell him to keep the change!' I yelled."

"But I am in a fair way to get about again, my boy, although even now, I feel much as did a certain negro down in Virginia, once upon a time. He was hobbling along the street on a cane one morning, looking as woe-begone as only a suffering darky can. Around his head he wore a bandage upon which dried traces of blood were plainly visible and which covered one of his eyes. One arm was supported in a sling, and his left foot was swathed in wrappings of red flannel. Taken all in all, the expression 'shattered,' would have fitted him better than most anything.

"As our colored friend limped painfully along, he met his pastor, who thus accosted him:

"'Hallo dar, br'er Jo'nsing! how yo' is sah?'

"'I'se right po'ly thankee Eldah Smif, right po'ly sah.'

"'W'y, br'er Jo'nsing, yo' aint lukin' right peart, is yo'? Whut's de mattah, hez yo' done bin hab'in er fall, sah?'

"'Hez I done bin hab'in er fall! Whut duz ma 'pearance luk like, sah, s'if I'd done bin tumblin' in de wattah? Cos'e I'se bin hab'in er fall; doan' I luk like it?'

"'Dat's berry trubblesum, br'er Jo'nsing, berry trubblesum 'ndeed sah, but de good Lawd done 'spenses trubble eben unto de Gawd-fearin man. How did it happen sah?

"'Well, yo' see eldah, I wuz er wuk'n up hyah on Marse Thomps'nses' house 'n I wuz er kar'yin er hod er bricks up de laddah ter de fo'th flo', when de top rung er de ole laddah done bruk, 'n let me down, kerchunk, ter de groun', wid de hod on top o' me! Ez I went down, I done hit de stagin' an' bruk dis yeh ahm 'n brack'd dis yeh eye, 'n los' dis eah, an' fo' frunt teef, an' done strain dis ankle, an' I 'clar ter gudness eldah, if it hadn' bin fo' lightin' on ma hed on er pile er bricks dat kine er bruk ma fall, I'se feared sum'pin serious wud er happen'd sho's yo' bawn, sah!'

"Since I have been lying around the house in this deplorable condition, I have wondered whether my sufferings were not retributive to a certain extent. You see, my boy, in the old days when I was a rollicking youth, I used to play some sad pranks, with little regard for persons—or their feelings either for that matter.

"I remember one instance in particular, that bears rather pertinently upon my present condition and the manner of its acquirement:

"When I was a young man of twenty or thereabouts, I was a member of an amateur athletic association—an ornamental member by the way, for I always did hate exertion. Peaceful repose was about my style, and the only thing that would arouse me from my serene and blissful state of innocuousness, was the opportunity of playing a practical joke—in the perpetration of which I was really quite energetic.

"One of my chums brought a friend with him to visit our club rooms one day, who, he said, was from Arizona. The

fellow certainly looked like it, for if he wasn't a wild and woolly 'rustler' I don't know the breed.

"We did the best we could to entertain our guest, and as he was to be in the city several days, we gave him an endless variety of amusements.

"I had for some time been acknowledged to be the most expert billiard player in the club, and as a consequence, some of the members were a trifle jealous of my numerous victories. Not only were they jealous, but as the sequence proves, some of them were anxious to square accounts with me.

"One evening, a game of billiards was proposed, and I was deputized to entertain our western friend—to my subsequent sorrow.

"I don't know where that fellow learned the game, but he certainly handled those balls in a manner I had never seen equalled. He did not show his skill, however, until he had beaten me a number of games by very small margins, after which he fairly ran away from me.

"I was compelled to submit gracefully, but I confess that I experienced a 'skinned' sensation which was new to me. The boys were merciless, and the amount of treating I was compelled to do, bade fair to bankrupt me.

"I might have tolerated the chaffing I received from my friends, but the insufferably patronizing air subsequently assumed by that cow-boy, drove me wild, and I resolved to be revenged.

"I had noticed that my woolly friend was so inflated with his own importance, that he considered himself unapproachable in everything that happened to be suggested. Taking my cue from this, I skillfully directed the conversation into the subject of athletics. Was he at home in athletics? Well, I should say he was!—according to his own account. Wrestling? Why he could throw any man in his neck of the woods! Boxing? Whew! That was the exercise he was brought up on. As for lifting—Samson wasn't a circumstance!

"The next evening I brought a guest to the club. I introduced him as my 'cousin', who had injured himself by overstudy and was going to California for his health. He was a quiet, delicate-looking little chap, not much bigger than

a pint of cider, and I was naturally very solicitous about him. By careful and watchful attention during his visit to the club I managed to keep him sober—assuring the members that his health would not permit indulgence in stimulants.

"During the evening I beguiled the boys into the gymnasium. Lying in plain sight was a set of boxing gloves, and as I had anticipated, the wild westerner at once pounced upon them and began bragging as usual.

"One thing led to another, and the slab-sided giant began to fairly coax someone to give him a chance to show his skill. My 'cousin' asked if he might try the game, and in spite of my pitiful entreaties insisted on putting on the gloves. At last I yielded, after taking the westerner aside and imploring him to be careful not to hurt the lad. He winked significantly at his friends, and solemnly promised that he would be as gentle as a Summer breeze—a promise that he had no particular difficulty in keeping.

"The contestants faced each other, and I assure you the sight was as amusing as a Punch and Judy show. As I had expected, the big animal went at my *protégé* like a cyclone. For a moment, I was somewhat afraid that my innocent little joke was going to be spoiled—but it wasn't. Exasperated beyond endurance by his failure to annihilate the little chap, the woolly one made a wild rush and a terrible swing at him, that, had it struck the mark, would then and there have resulted in a homicide! But 'twas different, quite. Nobody could see exactly how it happened, but the big braggart was suddenly raised from the floor and landed squarely upon his back, ten feet away, where he lay like a log!

"I was afraid the fellow would never revive, and I still have my doubts as to whether what little sense he had, ever did come back to him, but he finally recovered sufficiently to return to his hotel, where he was compelled to remain in seclusion until the tumorous swelling that had developed on his jaw subsided.

"As I paid my 'cousin' for his share of the performance, I remarked that he had not only earned his money but I had certainly received the *quid pro quo*. Whereupon the

ex-feather-weight remarked, 'Say, Doc, send for me whenever you've got another mark.'

"As I sneaked back to the gymnasium, ripped open one of the gloves that my 'cousin' wore, and poured out the handful of fine birdshot that I had put in it—'just before the battle mother'—I couldn't help saying—'He laughs best who laughs last!'"

"Well, my boy, it is after eleven o'clock, and I can plainly see that you are tired and sleepy. You can now appreciate the danger of inducing me to become reminiscent.

"Good night."

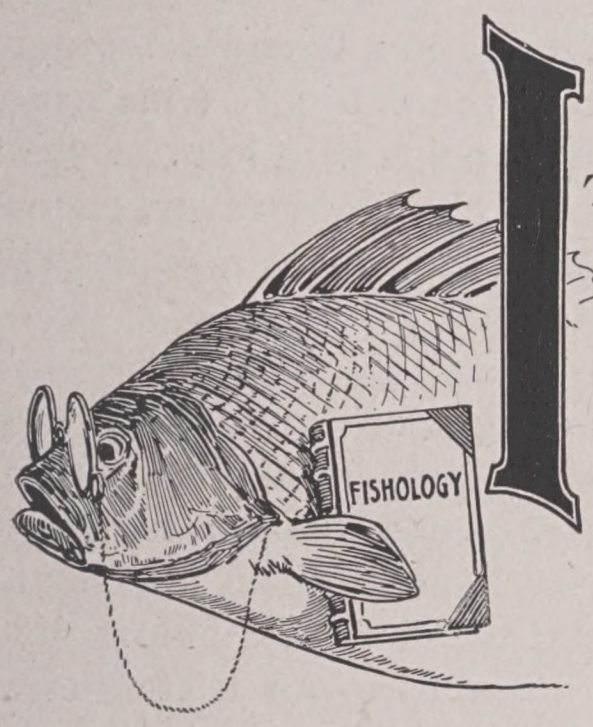
LARRY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO "FISHOLOGY" AND THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

UV all the charmers thit iver was seen—
No matther what their complixion or sthoyle,
There's divil a wan loike me ould dhudeen,
Ez ye wud know if ye'd shmoke it awhoile.

Sure it's not very han'sum nor yit very big—
The bowl it is clumsy an' black;
The shtem is a hole troo a bit uv a thwig;
In its soide is a turrible crack!
But, tho' it's not purthy, its flavor is noice;
It's the greatesht poipe thit iver was seen,
Its smell is far swater nor flowers or shpoice—
There's nothin' thit shmokes loike me ould dhudeen!

"THIS DO BE AISIER WORRUK NOR FISHIN'."

LARRY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO "FISHOLOGY" AND THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.



IT so happened that, during the afternoon, I had accompanied a medical friend to a trial in the Circuit court, in which he testified as an expert. The case was one of alleged malpractice brought against a prominent opthalmologist—a man of excellent judgment and unexceptionable professional and scientific standing.

It appeared that, according to the evidence, the complainant had been a charity patient at a well known institution of this city, devoted to the treatment of diseases of the eye and ear.

The case was primarily under the charge of a distinguished professor of opthalmology in one of our most famous medical colleges. The professor, being compelled to leave the city for a few days, left the case under the care of a colleague—the defendant in the malpractice suit—also a professor of opthalmology in a reputable medical school.

The testimony showed that the gentleman who was the victim of the patient's malevolence, had simply carried out the treatment originally prescribed by the physician who left the case in his charge.

There was apparently no reason for apprehension regarding the case, but, unfortunately, both for patient and physician, a serious complication arose very shortly after the departure of the gentleman to whom the case properly belonged, and resulted in the loss of one of the patient's eyes.

There was no difficulty in proving that the disaster was due to conditions over which the physician had no control, and the charge of malpractice was therefore not sustained.

I was much gratified with the outcome of the suit, and, when I saw Doctor Weymouth, I mentioned the case to him, at the same time commenting on the good fortune of the defendant.

There are few things that arouse my friend's temper, but it was immediately evident that the subject of malpractice suits was an especially sensitive point with him. I shall not try to present his remarks in full; I will, however, endeavor to give their salient features, leaving out his expletives and most of his exclamation points.

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"The doctor was fortunate to get off so easily. The members of that jury should each be presented with a halo. It is seldom that a jury has intelligence enough to weigh medical evidence, or for that matter, honesty enough to try to do so. The average jury is against the doctor in malpractice suits, despite the evidence. It often happens that one or more of the jurymen has a fancied grievance against some doctor or other; then woe betide the luckless victim of the malpractice suit!

"The alleged grievance usually consists in the fact that the doctor's ledger shows up a large balance due him from the aggrieved juryman, for professional services. The same grievance sometimes influences one or more members of the jury when a doctor sues for his fees.

"Malpractice suits, with very few exceptions, are the greatest outrages ever tolerated by a civilized community. There is not one case in a hundred, in which a suit for malpractice is justified by the facts. Indeed, it is my own belief that not one case in a thousand, in which a malpractice suit is brought against a reputable medical man, is founded upon either justice, reason or scientific facts.

"There are several reasons why malpractice suits are frequent:

"One of the most important is their cheapness to the complainant. It is a simple matter to find an alleged lawyer

who will bring suit on a contingent fee, irrespective of the merits of the case—as I have said, there is rarely a case that has any merit in it. Reputable lawyers realize this, and seldom take such cases. It costs but a trifle—about ten dollars, I believe—to bring suit, and many a poor doctor has allowed himself to be sandbagged out of considerable of his hard-earned money, by a compromise, rather than undergo the expense and loss of reputation incidental to a suit for alleged damages.

"I happen to know something about the case you have mentioned. There never was a more damnable farce than the prosecution of that suit! A totally irresponsible patient brings suit against a physician, who is undeniably competent, for alleged malpractice *sustained while under treatment at a charitable infirmary!* It costs practically nothing to bring the suit, and although the doctor successfully fights the attempt at blackmail, even his success is expensive—the case costs him thousands of dollars, both in actual outlay of money and loss of reputation. Our brilliant successes may not be exploited, but our failures and alleged mistakes are heralded to the farthest parts of the earth.

"By no means the least important of the influences that foster malpractice suits, is the readiness with which some physicians can be induced to criticise one another. Behind many a case of alleged malpractice, stands an unethical, ignorant, or venomous doctor. A certain proportion of medical practitioners—a small proportion, thank fortune!—is composed of men who are so egotistic as to assume that any departure from their own arbitrary standards constitutes gross malpractice. Such egotism would simply inspire pity, if its victims would only keep their opinions to themselves, but this is not in accord with their ideas of their own importance—they must needs criticise before an audience. Pray do not think it is only the obscure or disreputable practitioner who acts in this unseemly manner—I could give you some names of such men that would surprise you.

"Strange as it may seem, it is never difficult to secure alleged experts who will go upon the witness stand and testify against a professional brother in a suit for malpractice. Some

of them achieve in this manner, a publicity they would otherwise never acquire—and they make the most of the opportunity I assure you.

"I will admit that physicians are often trapped into criticisms of one another. It is quite easy to be innocently drawn into an expression of opinion that is construed as a criticism of the physician who has previously had charge of a case. Patients often accomplish this, by relating the 'abuse' they have suffered at the hands of the gentleman in whose care they have been, until by a streak of good fortune they heard of *the* 'great doctor'—yourself.

"Beware how you sympathize with such people! Call up your predecessor by telephone, and ascertain how much the patient owes him—then charge cash fees. Remember that the patient who defrauds and criticises another physician, will also defraud and criticise you—you are no better and perhaps no more skillful than he, nor will the patient appreciate you one whit more than he did your *confrère.* Do not be egotistic and you will make few mistakes in this direction. Educated,scientific physicians average very much alike, and one must be careful how he assumes an air of superiority in the presence of a disgruntled patient.

"Reputable physicians should stand by their brethren through thick and thin. When you enter practice let your motto be, 'My brother practitioner against the world!' This principle, consistently followed, will do more to prevent malpractice suits than anything I know of. When the matter of scientific treatment of disease is under dispute, do not forget that your brother physician is much more likely to be right than a disgruntled, ignorant, and perhaps malevolent layman.

"Speaking of juries;–did you ever consider the injustice of selecting a jury of laymen—and such laymen as a rule—to try a malpractice suit? A jury of our 'peers,' forsooth! Just think of it!

"But I must not consume the entire evening discussing malpractice suits; the hookah is bubbling over with good nature to-night and, its genial air suggests that the time for our usual story has arrived.

"As you well know, I have a keen appreciation of unique characters. I have derived more pleasure from the indulgence of my *penchant* for their study than from any ordinary amusement. The story that I propose to relate to you, is the result of my association with a character who is at once amusing and entertaining. Were we to take his own word for it, he might even be regarded as instructive, as the sequel will show:

"Until recent years it was my custom to take a few days duck hunting among the Wisconsin lakes. I cannot say that I was ever a very successful or enthusiastic sportsman, indeed, my indulgence was more because of a sense of the necessity of a holiday, than because I was fond of the exposure to the raw winds and rainy weather that usually characterize the duck shooting season, for the sake of a few miserable birds.

"Shooting wild fowl is always hard work, but I lessened my labors considerably by employing guides to row me about. My favorite guide was a middle-aged Irishman by the name of Larry Powers.

"My Irish friend had several characteristics that made him invaluable to me. He smoked such strong tobacco in his old, black dhudeen, that the festive mosquito came not forth from his lair, and he had such a constant thirst that the well-filled flask which I always carried with me—in case of heart failure, you know—was never neglected.

"No one knew the choice shooting grounds better than Larry, and no one knew 'duckology' better than he.

"Sitting in my staunch little boat, watching my decoys in the hope that some silly duck would alight among them, and inhaling the rich aroma of Larry's spirited breath and old black pipe while the wind whistled around my shivering form, was as near the ideal of bliss as one could possibly attain—in duck hunting. When the ducks did not respond to the seductive wiles of my dignified decoys, life was still endurable, for Larry was a most agreeable companion, and gave me very valuable and entertaining information upon the most varied subjects.

"One morning, after an hour of fruitless waiting for ducks, Larry proceeded to give me a didactic lecture on fishing, coloring his remarks by the most elaborate and florid profanity I had ever heard. Now, profanity has nothing remarkable about it as a rule, but my Irish friend was evidently a past master in the art of swearing, and as I cannot do him justice, I shall not attempt a verbatim account of his remarks—in that particular direction at least.

"'Well, Larry, I said, 'I seem to be having bad luck this morning. I might better have taken a pole and gone fishing, even though it is out of season.'

"'Oh well, sorr, replied Larry consolingly, 'this do be aisier worruk nor fishin', aven in the saison. Inny wan kin shoot dooks, but begorra, it takes plinty of brains to ketch fish!'

"'Indeed, sir, and why are brains so essential in fishing?' I asked, ignoring the inferential and somewhat dubious compliment.

"I saw that Larry did not quite comprehend my question, so I remodeled it a little:

"'Why does one need so much brains in fishing, Larry?'

"'That's aisy 'nough t' ixplain, sorr. A fish is so dom smart, he do bes afther havin' more brains nor a man.'

"'Why, I was not aware that fish had any particular amount of brains,' I said.

"'Sure, an' didn't ye know that, docthor?' said Larry, wonderingly, and, I thought, somewhat sympathetically. Oi shposed all the docthors knowed thit fishes has plinty of brains. Why sorr, if they didn't have no brains, how the divil cud they iver do so much thinkin'.

"'Thinking!' I exclaimed, 'Do fish ever think?'

"'Do they think, sorr?–do–they–think?' he replied, with a fine show of pity for my startling ignorance, 'well, Oi shud think they *did* think! an' don't ye iver be afther thinkin' they *don't* think, sorr!'

"'Well, Larry,' I said, 'I am not going to dispute your knowledge of "fishology," but pray enlighten me on a subject on which I confess the densest ignorance, by informing me how you know that fish think.'

"'Sure, an' Oi will, sorr! Well—jist shpose thit ye're goin' out fishin'. Ye takes some foine bait along wid yez, but ye don't put none on the hook. The fish he comes up d' ye

"BE JABBERS, OI'M THINKIN' THERE'S A HOOK IN THAT FELLER'S BELLY!"

moind, an' sees the hook, an' thinks he sees his breakfasht. An' mebbe ye think ye'll ketch him but ye won't thin. He's too dom'd shmart fer yez,that's pfwat he is! The fish comes up an' shmells the hook an' thin he thinks to himsilf, "That

hook's bare, begorra, an' Oi think Oi won't shwally it"—an' away he goes, an' ye don't ketch him sorr!'

"'Thin yez pulls up yer hook an' puts some bait on it, an' ye think sure ye'll ketch him this toime, but be jabbers the fish don't think so himsilf! He jist luks at the bait an' thin he thinks to himsilf, "Be the powers! that thing's dead, an' Oi don't blave I'll thry it at all, at all," an' away he goes, an' thin ye're beginnin' to think the little baste is too shmart fer yez!'

"'Thin yez put some frish bait on the hook, sorr, an' ye thrun it away out in the wather, an' ye moves it up an' down an' think ye'll ketch the fish—an' mebbe he do bes afther thinkin' so too—an' thin agin, mebbe he don't.'

"'Well, the fish he thinks he sees his breakfasht agin, an' he comes up an' siz to himsilf, "Howly Moses! Oi think that little divil's aloive an' Oi think Oi'll swally him"—an' thin p'raps ye ketch him. But sometoimes he siz to himsilf siz he, "Be jabbers! Oi'm thinkin' there's a hook in that feller's belly, an' Oi don't think Oi'll swally him at all at all, Oi'll jist draw him off'n the hook, that's pfwat Oi'll do." An' thin mebbe ye think ye've got him, but be the poiper thit played before Moses, yez don't git a shmell of the spalpeen!'

"'Yis,sorr, fishes has plinty of brains. Tare an' ouns sorr! they do bes loike the Oirishman's owl, they don't talk much, but be the howly Pope, they're afther kapin up a divil of a thinkin' all the whoile!'

"I was forced to admit that Larry had most effectually proven his case."

"'Larry,' I said, 'I have noticed with some solicitude, that you are addicted to the reckless use of profanity. You swear upon the average, with every other breath. I surmise that you are a catholic, and I am surprised that you so entirely disregard the tenets of your religion.'

"'Well, docthor,' replied Larry, 'Oi'm not the bist catholic in the worruld, that's a fact. Oi'm afraid that Oi've backshlided sorr, but begorra, Oi've had religion this long toime!'

"'Granted that you have backslid, Larry, I suppose that you entertain,even now, distinct and positive beliefs on some religious subjects, do you not?

"'Pfwat's that ye say, sorr?' asked Larry, with mouth agape.

"'Why, Larry,' I replied, 'I want to know if you really believe in anything of a religious nature.'

"'Oh! is that it, sorr? Sure, an' Oi b'lave in a gre't minny things!'

"'Ah, indeed! would you mind mentioning some of them?'

"'Well,' said Larry, 'there's the Howly Virgin, an' the Pope, an' the blessed shamrock, an' a hull lot o' things like thim, thit Oi b'lave in, sorr. Faith, an' Oi cudn't tell yez the hull of 'em in a wake!'

"'Oh, that will be enough for the sake of argument, Larry. Now,' I said, 'would you mind giving me some idea of the foundation of your faith? Of course, I can readily understand your grounds for belief in the Holy Virgin and the Pope, but I am at loss to know why the shamrock should be part of your religious creed—that point is new to me. Indeed, I have never quite understood why the shamrock is the national plant of the Emerald Isle. To be sure, I have a slight knowledge of the subject from my historical reading, but I should like some definite information from so excellent an authority as yourself.'

"It was evident that Larry was not capable of following my question intelligently, for he sat staring at me in helpless, wild-eyed bewilderment.

"'Plaze sorr, an' pfwat d' ye mane?' he asked.

"'Why, I want to know what the shamrock has to do with your religion, and why it is the particular emblem of old Ireland that inspires every loyal Irish heart,' I replied.

"'Sure, an' don't ye know that, sorr?' he exclaimed, looking at me amazedly.

"'Didn't yez iver hear about that? It was Saint Pathrick himsilf, thit made the shamrock the chief vig'table of ould Oireland—barrin' the pratie. D'ye moind St. Pathrick, Docthor?'

"'I have heard of him, Larry, if that's what you mean.' I answered.

"'Well, thin, ye knows all about how he thrun all the shnakes an' frogs out o' the ould sod. But p'raps yez niver

heard about the giants, thit th' ould feller thrun out at the same toime?'

"'Then there are giants in Ireland, Larry?' I asked.

"'No, sorr, divil a wan at the prisint toime!' he replied, in evident disgust. 'Oi don't mane thit they do bes afther havin' giants over there *now* sorr, but in thim days there was slathers o' giants in Oireland, an' ivery dom'd wan o' thim was a doorty ould haythen.

"'Well, sorr, the Howly Saint Pathrick was a purthy shmart ould divil, an' he heard about thim frogs an' thim shnakes an' the haythen giants thit was over in th' ould counthry sorr, an' he siz to himsilf, "Begorra!" siz he, "Oi'll be afther goin' over there an' chasin' all o' thim riptyles into the say, an' Oi'll convert ivery dom'd haythen in the hull oyland, an' don't ye forgit it!" With that, sorr, th' ould man got aboord his steam yacht, thit was foiner thin inny jook's, an' he shlips over to Oireland rale airly wan mornin', before inny o' thim shnakes an' frogs had thought o' their breakfashts yit, an' phwat does he do but chase the whole pack o' thim into the say, an' that's pfwy yez can't foind inny o' thim bastes in the hull counthry now, sorr.'

"'And are there really none to be found now-a-days, Larry?' I asked.

"'Divil a wan, sorr, divil a wan!' he replied.

"'An' thin, after th' ould saint had got through clanin' house, an' the frogs an' shnakes was all swally'd be the sharks an' the porpusses, he siz to himsilf siz he, "Now, Oi'll be afther takin' a gre't big fall out o' thim giants! An' be the howly shmoke! if the dom'd haythen divils don't git converted, an' let me baptoise thim in the howly water, Oi'll par'lyze the hull pack o' thim!"

"'Well, sorr, there was a big gang o' thim haythen giants, an' it took about a wake, before the howly saint got aroun' to thim all, but pfwen he did strike wan o' thim fellers, he ayther got converted quicker thin if the divil was afther him, or th' ould man jist poonched him in the liver wid a big shtick wid an oiron prod on th' ind av it, 'till he ayther was baptoised or got crowded clane off'n th' oyland into the say!'

"'Well,' I remarked, 'the holy saint was quite radical in his methods, to say the least. I presume that he converted them all. Most men would have accepted religion without argument, under the persuasion of the good man's iron prod.'

"'So yez might think, sorr, so yez might think, but there was wan ould feller thit argyfied to bate the very ould divil himsilf—an' Oi shpose for the matther o' that, the divil was in him innyhow.'

"'Ah! then there was one giant who presumed to discuss the matter with the good Saint Patrick? I suppose the saint got angry and made very short work of him—that giant must have got his stomach full of salt water or a hole in his liver. He might better have swallowed religion, holy water and all, Larry,' I said, laughingly.

"'Yez don't same to understhand th' ould man, docthor,' replied Larry. 'Argyfyin' was Saint Pathrick's besht hoult. Why, he cud talk a lung out o' th' ould Nick himsilf! Aven the Pope—more power to him—cudn't hould a candle to th' ould saint. Howly Mother! how ould Saint Pathrick cud talk! Be jabbers, yez haven't got a lawyer in yer hull dom'd town thit cud talk wid him!'

"'Oh, I see!' I said. 'He tried to convert this obdurate giant in spite of himself, by the weight of theological argument. Pray, how did the plan succeed?'

"'Oi was jist goin' to tell ye, sorr,' replied Larry. 'This giant, do yez moind, was a big red-headed feller be the name o' Finn. Now this Finn was the biggest dom'd giant in the hull gang o' thim. An' he wasn't inny ould one-harse giant ayther, Oi'll tell ye that, sorr—he come from a rale ould royal Oirish faml'y thit be the same token, do bes called Finnegan now-a-days. An' Oi want yez to understhand thit thim same Finnegans is afther havin' bluer an' thicker blood thin ould Brian Boru, the gre't Oirish King himsilf sorr!'

"'Whin Saint Pathrick caught this feller Finn, he saw thit th' ould red-headed haythen divil wasn't shcared a little bit, an' the saint siz to himsilf, "Be the powers! Oi'll thry a little arbytrashun wid this big haythen." Ye see, sorr, St. Pathrick wasn't shtuck on the dom'd English, but he was on

to the'r arbytrashun bizness jist the same, an' he thried it on this feller Finn.'

'"Finn," sez he, kind o' moild loike, "I've been thinkin' for some toime, thit yez ought to be in the church. Now, ye're a foine, big, handsome feller, an' ye'd be a ornymint to the church if yez would only let me convert ye."

'"The divil ye soy!" siz Finn, kind o' shmart loike, "an' pfwat the h——l do Oi want wid yer dom'd religion?"

"'Ye see, sorr, this feller Finn was a haythen, an' he swore loike the very divil sorr. But the howly Saint Pathrick didn't moind that, an' he jist thrun the sass roight back at him.'

'"Ye think ye're dom'd shmart," siz the howly man, kind o' shmoilin' loike, "but ye'd betther be thinkin' it over," an' wid that, the saint sets down on a bit of a sthone, an' begins playin' on a harp thit he was afther havin' wid him. Afther a whoile the good ould man shtops his playin' an' siz, "Have yez got yer moind made up yit, Misther Finn?"

'"To the divil wid yer ould religion, St. Pathrick!" siz Finn. "Yez play a dom'd fine chune but ye can't worruk on my feelin's wid inny of yer church music. Yer harp is swater thin yer voice, but ye can't fool yer uncle Finn."

"'Sayin' which, Finn turns his nose up at th' good ould saint jist the same as if he shmelt bad, sorr—the red-headed, ignerant, ould haythen divil!'

"'But St. Pathrick was too dom'd shmart to be surrind'rin' to inny haythen barbarian loike Finn, an' so he siz to him siz he—"Ye dom'd ould Boolgarian ye! pfwat's the matther wid yez innyhow? Pfwat's the matther wid religion, Oi'd loike to know—don't yez think O'im on to me job? P'raps yez think ye don't nade no religion, but, begorra, ye'll foind out whin ye dies! Tare an' ouns, Finn! but it's gre't foirewoorks ye'll be afther makin' wid that foine ould red nob o' yers! Begorra, if yez don't understhand religion—an' be the powers, Oi don't b'lave ye do!—say so, y' ould divil, an' Oi'll put yez on!"

"'Wid these worruds, St. Pathrick thrun his own nose up into the air till he was shmellin' the back of his nick—goin' the giant jist wan betther, d'yez moind!'

'"Oh ho! me laddie bu'k!" sez Finn, beginnin' t' git riled up a bit, "ye're afther gittin' on yer ear, air yez? Well, Misther Saint Pathrick or Misther the divil is all the same to Finn! If yez don't loike me shtoyle, begorra ye kin git aboord yer ould mudshcow an' go home to yer ould woman, before Oi makes a charmin' widdy off'n her. Be the powers! it was not mesilf thit sint yez an invitashun to visit this oyland, an' if yez don't loike me shtoyle ye know pfwat ye kin do!"

"'Wid that, Finn shnaps his fingers at the howly saint, the same as to say, "Go to the divil, y' ould spalpeen!"—which, be the same token, was pfwat he mint, sorr.'

"'Well, sorr, Saint Pathrick wasn't afraid o' th' ould divil himsilf, an' he had a timper loike a cross ould woman, but he siz to himsilf siz he, "Now see here, Pathrick me bye, it's no use proddin' holes in this big haythen divil the same as ye have the rist o' thim giants. This feller'll make a pillar of the church as sthrong as ould Samson himsilf. Oi'll jist kape me timper an' con him a bit."

"'Wid this, the wise ould duffer luked at Finn kind o' shmoilin' loike an' siz, "Now luk here, Finn; it's a complimint Oi'm afther payin' yez pfwen Oi axes ye into the church. Ye're a broth of a bye, an' Oi'm bound to convert ye before Oi lave this oyland, or begorra Oi'll go into the joonk bizness, that's pfwat Oi'll do, an' quit preachin' to haythens altogither!"

"'Well, ye see, docthor, the dom'd ould fool, Finn, was a little shtuck on himsilf wid the taffy th' ould man was givin' him, an' so, drawin' himsilf up till he bumped his nose on a gre't big cloud, pfwat he didn't obsarve troo lukin' at Saint Pathrick, he siz, siz he:

'"Pfwat the divil's the use in talkin' to me, about yer dom'd conversion? Oi'd take some shtock in yer ould religion if Oi cud understhand some of yer monkey business —thit yez can't ixshplain yersilf, y' ould spalpeen!"

'"Ah!" siz St. Pathrick, bristlin' up loike, "An' if Oi'll ixshplain the thing to yez, thin will yez be converted?"

'"Sure, an' Oi will that," siz Finn, "an' as soon as ye loike."

"'All roight, me bye," siz the howly saint, "foire away wid yer quistions."

"'Sure, an' Oi'll not ask yez very minny,

"WAN, TWO, THREE—KIN YEZ COUNT AT ALL AT ALL?"

sorr," siz Finn, "there's jist wan little fake thit ye have, thit Oi'd loike to understhand. Oi've heard ould shtiffs loike

yez, talk religion befoor. They do bes afther talkin' about somethin' pfwat they calls 'The Howly Trinity,' an' they're afther makin' three people into wan. Now, y' ould sucker, if ye'll show me how yez make three people out o' wan, or wan into three, Oi'll belave yez, an' begorra Oi'll be converted the day, dom'd if Oi don't!"

'"Well, go ahid with yer catechism," siz Saint Pathrick, kind o' chucklin' to himsilf loike. "If yez think ye kin shtick th' ould man ye're a daisy!"

'"Ye dom'd ould fool!" siz Finn, "pfwat are yez trying to do, play harse wid me? Answer the quistion Oi'm jist afther axin ye! How the divil do yez make three out o' wan?"

'"Faith, an' Oi was jist guyin' ye," siz Saint Pathrick. "That's an' aisy wan. Here yez have it, Finn," an' shtoopin' down, the shmart ould divil picked up a bit av a lafe, an' siz, siz he, "Luk at this, ye dom'd ould haythen ye, here's a shamrock lafe—it's only one lafe, an' it takes three lafes to make it up! Wan, two, three—kin yez count at all at all, ye ould red-headed divil ye? An' now do yez understhand The Trinity, ye blunderin' gossoon?"

"'Well, ye see, sorr, Saint Pathrick had Finn up a shtump, an' the big blackguard knowed it.

'"Howly shmoke!" siz Finn, "pfwy the divil didn't yez put me on to that befoor? Av coorse Oi'll be converted! Jist name yer toime, an' Oi'll take a resairved sate at the ceremony," siz he. "Be gorra, Saint Pathrick, yez ought to be a joodge on the binch—only ye're too dom'd shmart!"

'"Well," siz Saint Pathrick, "seein' as how yez have paid the proice to the show, Oi'll jist convert ye at wance. Shtay roight where y' air, an' Oi'll git the howly wather an' baptoise ye!"

"'Wid this, the howly Saint shticks his proddin' oiron into the ground' an' goes away afther the wather.

"'Well, sorr, Saint Pathrick was gone for about an hour—the howly wather was down at th' ould man's yacht, an' it tuk a long toime to git it an' fix it ready for to baptoise the giant. Do yez moind docthor, thit giants do be afther takin' a hull tub full o' wather to baptoise thim, an' Saint Pathrick wanted to make a good job av it, sorr.

"'Now, unbeknownst to himsilf, Saint Pathrick had druv the proddin' iron av his big shtick, troo Misther Finn's fut—thit was as big as a bay windy, an' covered half th' oyland. The shtick wint clane troo the fut into the groun', an' nailed Finn to the airth, an' divil a move could he move, sorr.

"GIANTS DO BE AFTHER TAKIN' A HULL TUB FULL O' WATHER TO BAPTOISE THIM."

"'Whin Saint Pathrick got back wid his tub o' howly wather, he siz: "Come here now, Mister Finn, an' Oi'll baptoise the very divil out o' yez!"

"'"Come here yersilf," sez Finn, "Oi'm not sthrollin' around much these days!"

"'An' thin the howly man walked up to Finn, an' rolled up his shleeves, an' got riddy to souse th' ould giant.

"'All at wance, lukin down, Saint Pathrick siz: "Howly Moses, Finn! pfwat's that on yer fut?"

'"Sure, an' its blood," siz Finn, "air yez bloind or drunk? Yez sthuck yer dom'd ould stick into me fut, an' nailed me to the oyland. Was yez afraid Oi'd fly away, y' ould fool, or was yez afraid the oyland would be afther floatin' off?"

'"Howly Virgin!" cried the howly man, "pfwy the divil didn't yez pull it out, ye poor ould fool ye?"

'"Pull it out!" siz Finn," pull it out! An' for why wud Oi pull it out? Begorra, Oi thought 'twas part av the cer—e—mo—ny!"

"'Now, Saint Pathrick was a tinder-hearted man, sorr. Some min wud ha' said,thit 'twas a dom'd foine joke on Misther Finn, but the howly saint didn't luk at it that way. He luked Finn in the oye for a minute—lavin' the sthick in the fut all the whoile, d' ye moind?—an' thin he sphilt ivery dom'd bit o' the howly wather all over the shamrock bed!

'"Finn," siz he, kind o' shnivellin' loike, "howly wather aint good enough for the loikes o' yersilf! A man pfwat kin shthand the loikes o' that, for the sake of his religion, don't nade no baptoisin! Oi've baptoised the shamrock instid, an' be the same token, that swate little lafe shall be th' imblim av yer faith foriver!"

"'Wid that, Saint Pathrick pulled out the shtick an' blessed the hole in Finn's fut an' haled it roight up.

"'An' Saint Pathrick made an' assishtant converter out o' Finn, an' he was a power in the church. An' if yez look the matther up, sorr, ye'll foind minny o' thim same Finnegans pfwat descinded frum ould Misther Finn, in the church at the prisint toime—which shows thit Oi'm afther tellin' yez no lie, sorr.'

"'Ah! Larry my boy, Finn should have been canonized!' I exclaimed.

"'Sure an' pfwat's that, sorr?' he asked.

"'Why, he should have been made a saint.'

"'Oh, that's pfwat yez mane!' said Larry.

"'Well, sorr, Saint Pathrick did put in a good worrud for him, an' Finn was promised the foorst place thit was vacant. But Saint Pathrick died soon afther that, an', as Finn didn't

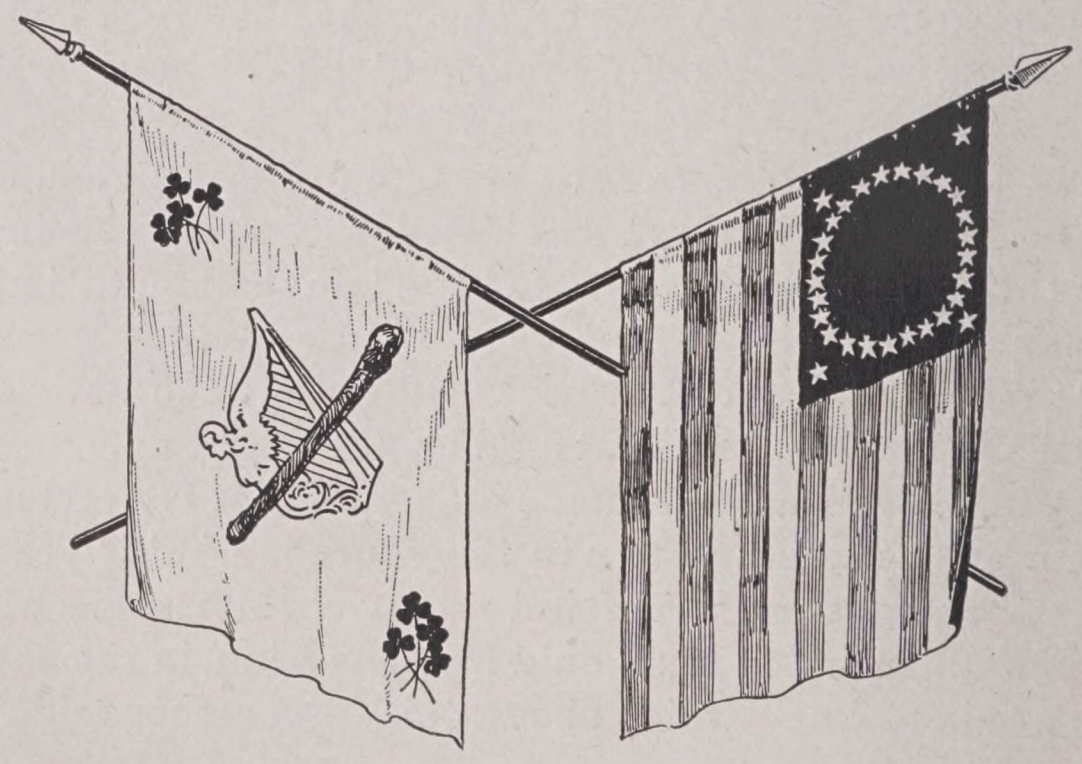
have inny other pull, an' there was only a few Oirishmin on the board to vote for him, the poor divil got lift, an' had to worruk himsilf to death airnin' a livin' at day labor all the rist of his loife. 'Twas him as builded the big bridge they do be afther callin' the Giant's Causeway, sorr.'

"'Well, Larry,' I said, 'the Finnegans of to-day are certainly getting even—the more power to 'em.'

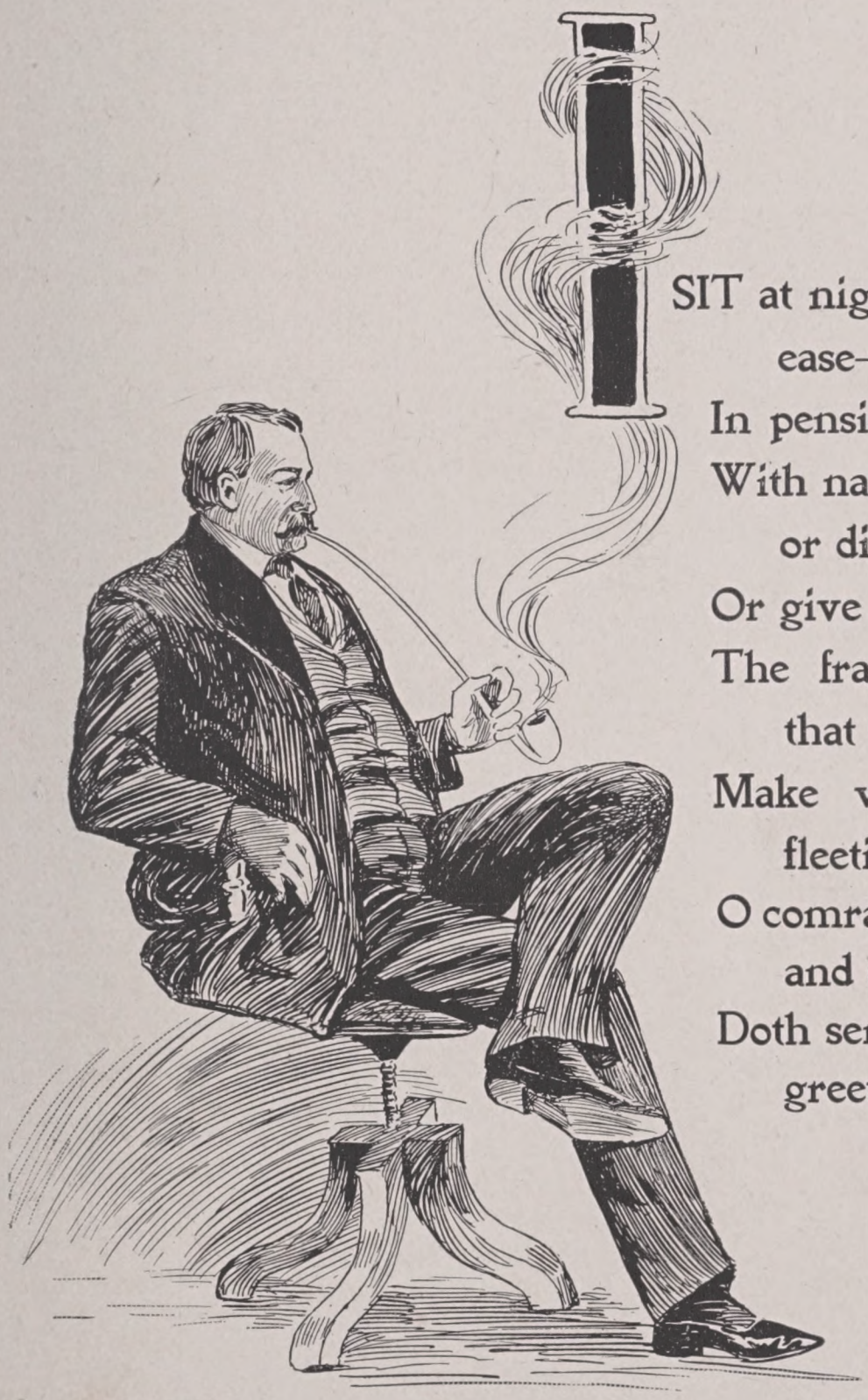
"And poor Larry is still wondering what I meant."

"Come, my dear young friend; the hookah is out, and the ashes on your havana have long since passed the bedtime mark!

"Good night sir, and peaceful slumbers to you."



HOW A VERSATILE YOUNG DOCTOR REPORTED A SOCIETY EVENT.



I SIT at night in dreamful ease—
In pensive meditation,
With naught to harass or displease
Or give me agitation.
The fragrant wreaths that curling up,
Make visions fair as fleeting,
O comrades of the pipe and cup,
Doth send thee hearty greeting.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF INDIANA.

HOW A VERSATILE YOUNG DOCTOR REPORTED A SOCIETY EVENT.

I HAD put in a weary day of it—and all because of my buddling scientific enthusiasm.

Small-pox had appeared in Chicago, and the resultant scare had assumed quite formidable proportions—there were probably two hundred cases of the disease in the "pest-house" and scattered throughout the city, besides, in all probability, a certain number of concealed cases in which the disease, for one reason or another, had not been reported to the health department.

The health commissioners had organized a large corps of vaccinators, whose duty it was to go from house to house, and, by hook or crook, wheedle the occupants into submission to vaccination. As there was a small salary connected with the position of vaccinator, it was quite attractive to medical students, for whom there was the additional attraction of masquerading as full-blown doctors for the time being.

Being susceptible to the blandishments mentioned, as well as possessed of luxuriant professional and scientific ardor, I had joined the vaccinating army—hence my fatigue on the day in question.

The doctor, noticing my condition, commented upon it, and, on learning the cause, rattled away in a rather desultory

fashion on the general question of municipal, public and individual sanitation, in what seemed to me an instructive as well as interesting manner.

"Universal vaccination is an excellent thing, even though it be tardily practiced. It is rather amusing to note the dilatoriness of the authorities, however. Small-pox is one of the least excusable of diseases—vaccination, properly practiced, is an almost certain preventive, and can always be relied upon to act as a life-saver by rendering the disease—if contracted despite vaccination—comparatively mild, yet we do not wake up until the contagion is in our very midst; then we fairly tumble over each other in our frantic haste to vaccinate or be vaccinated.

"There are those who claim that vaccination is ineffectual and even reprehensible, but such persons have never taken the trouble to look into the statistics. Let one of these skeptics examine the records—say of the New York small-pox hospital—and note the relative proportion of cases of the disease among the vaccinated and the unvaccinated, and also the relative mortality rate of the two classes, and he will think more and say a great deal less—in antagonism to vaccination, at least.

"Such cranks are dangerous! Shall we undo the work of the immortal Jenner? Why, vaccination has done more for the human race than have the combined energies of all the anti-vaccination cranks that ever lived—it has saved lives without number, dollars beyond computation!

"Whenever a bad result occurs from vaccination, however, it is immediately charged up to the system, and not to its method of application. Impotent or impure virus is plentiful—shall its failures or resulting accidents be attributed to vaccination *per se?*

"I remember, for example, a large number of vaccinations performed some years ago upon immigrants in the City of New York. Hundreds and hundreds of subjects were vaccinated by rule of thumb, but not one vaccination in ten was successful! And why? Because the dishonesty of public officials drew not the line at endangering human life!

"The points were a 'job-lot,' that had probably never been within five miles of a heifer. Was Jenner's theory at fault here? Is the public aware of the fact that the officials of the health departments and charitable institutions in some of our great cities, have been known to trade upon human suffering and jeopardize human lives by deliberate swindling in the quantity and quality of drugs and medical supplies?

"Yea, yea —even so!

"Horrible! is it not? Oh, I could a tale unfold!

"Another point regarding the vaccination question: Just let a scrofulous, syphilitic, debilitated or scandalously dirty young-one develop some morbid condition of the vaccination sore, due to vile blood or some secondary infection, and the trouble is immediately laid at the door of the doctor and his horrible virus. Vaccination sometimes betrays family secrets in high places—the ranks of the anti-vaccinationists are full of such victims of their own blood taints.

"There are some features of small-pox and cholera scares that amuse me greatly. Typhoid fever kills more people every year, right here in the city of Chicago, than ever died during a cholera epidemic in any city in this country. It has destroyed many more lives in this city during the past year than small-pox has during the past twenty years, yet we do not observe any particular agitation about it. Typhoid fever is a moderately preventable disease, yet even in the face of its immense mortality rate, the municipality by no means excites itself over means of prevention. As for the dear public—why, it is hard to get people to boil their drinking water or even keep themselves clean!

"Small-pox! Cholera! Humph!—Measles and scarlet fever double-discount them in average frequency and mortality, yet there's no particular excitement about these latter diseases!

"Regarding contagious diseases, I wonder how long it will be before the authorities take steps to prevent the infection of the living by the dead. There should be a public crematory, at which the bodies of all persons dying of contagious affections might be destroyed. This should be com-

pulsory—the health department officially taking charge of every case as soon as death occurs.

"Inhumation is illogical, expensive, and disgusting in all cases. Aside from the opportunity of vulgar display, landscape gardening, mortuary sculpture, and beer and pretzels, 'when the hearse comes back,' there is nothing to commend it.

"Let us cremate the bodies of persons dead of infectious diseases, at any rate, and if we *must* cater to sentimentality, let us adopt the mausoleum method and emulate the ancient Egyptians—it can be done.

"What was it Charles Dickens wrote of the pump at the corner of St. Paul's? Oh, I remember! He said that the old pump 'squeaked and moaned as though the dead buried there,objected to being pumped up and used over again.'

"If every dead man could suffer the fate of Roger Williams and be taken up by the roots of an apple tree, that his descendants might eat him fresh from the boughs, or in the less romantic but none the less succulent pie, I would not quarrel with inhumation, or at least, might see some utility in it, if nothing more.

"Young man, a cemetery is a blot on the face of nature, and a slur on the intelligence of humanity—away with it!

"Speaking of public sanitation, I would be glad to know the relative mortality rate of alcoholic indulgence and epidemics of contagious diseases. I fancy a comparison would be interesting. Germs have slain their thousands—King Alcohol, his tens of thousands.

"Fellow-citizens, statesmen, honest politicians—have you ever tried to put down the liquor habit? The liquor—yea, the habit—nay! You have surrounded the enemy, yet verily you are his!

"The punch? Why, my boy, I told you it was mild—besides, it's an occasional recreation, not a habit. I must again remind you that doctors are the guide-posts on the road of life; they point out the way most steadfastly, but some of them— well, they don't travel much themselves.

"It would really be too bad if the profession did not have a little liberty—fortunately its monotony can be varied if one

be broad-gauge and not built like a jack-rabbit,—which, as the old darky said, is a 'sorter narrer gauge mule."

"Yes, my boy," said the doctor, leaning back in his comfortable easy chair, and gazing reflectively into the filmy wreaths of smoke that arose from his faithful companion—the oriental hookah, "a doctor's life is a good deal of a grind, but, after all, it is not all treadmill—there are lights and shades of both humor and sentiment, that not only relieve its monotony but serve as pleasant reminiscences.

"Will I tell you some more of my experiences? Well—I hardly feel that I am always capable of interesting you. We old doctors are a bit stuffy in our upper stories, and you, who are yet a student, might not appreciate some of my pet yarns, and I really couldn't stand that, you know. However, you are a versatile sort of fellow, and possibly may be able to adapt your bump of appreciation to my crude attempts at story telling."

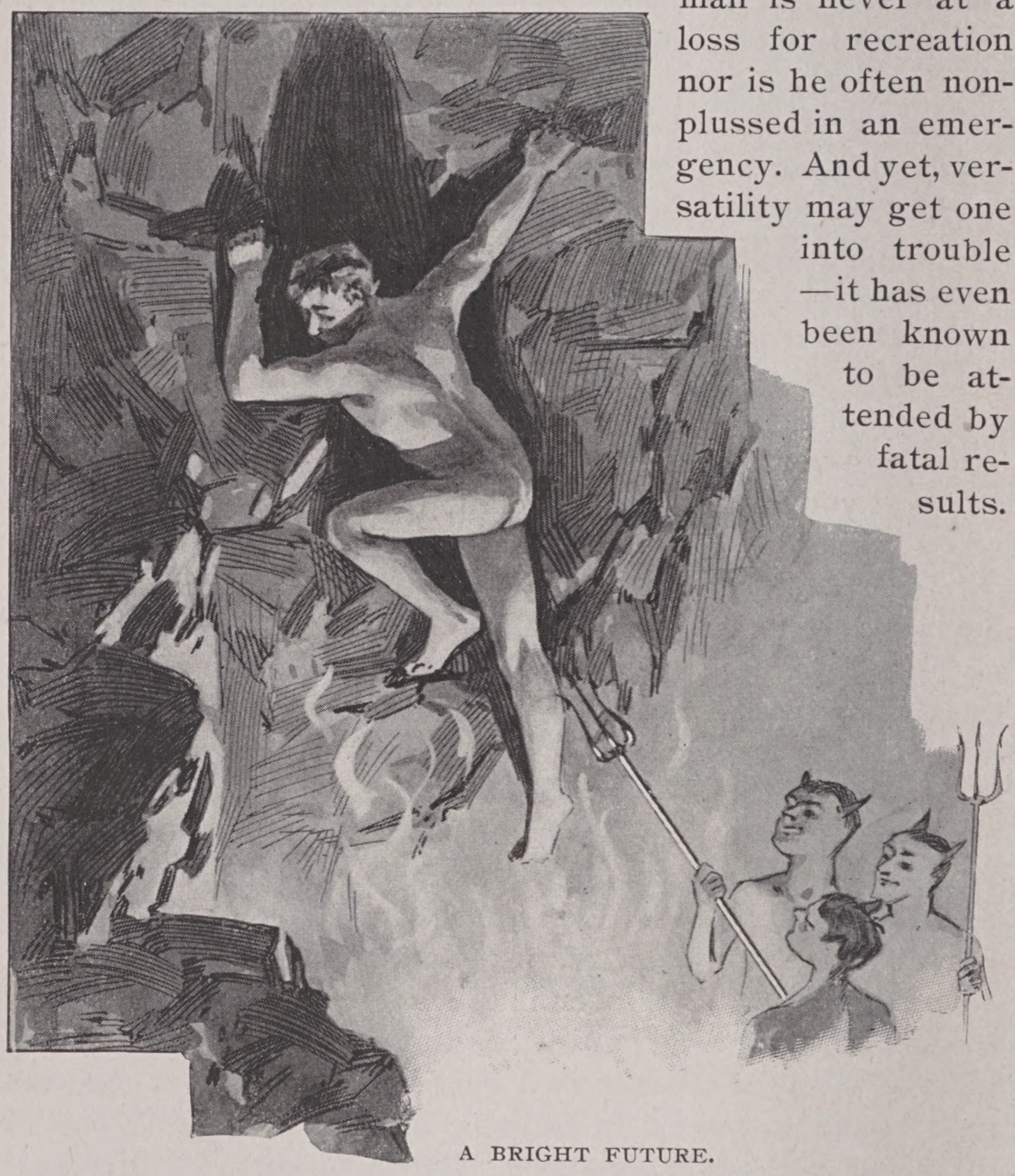
The doctor tapped the bell at his elbow as he spoke, and having ordered a glass of eloquence for himself and—well, an anæsthetic for me, settled down in his chair, and, with a suspicious twinkle in his eye, began unreeling himself:

"You see, my young friend, there are several ways of telling a story. There's Chauncey Depew, for instance. Why, that man has achieved world-wide fame as a *raconteur*, yet I venture to say that he never told an original yarn in his life. He is a walking, living, eloquent phonograph—with a parrot attachment. Why, he actually had the cheek to tell some big-wig or other over in Europe, a lot of old chestnuts from Joe Miller, as samples of American humor. He even went so far as to tell him that over-done yarn about the railroad conductor down in Indiana, who, at a certain point in the road, calls out, 'Kokomo! Thirty minutes for divorce!'

"But Chauncey is our idol nevertheless, and I cannot hope to rival him, tho' my stories are mostly fresh—some of them more so—and many of them so new that the price tags have not yet been removed.

"Speaking of versatility, my boy, I believe that the doctor, above all men, should possess it in plenty. Verily I say

unto you; get versatility, but remember that ignorance is bliss when thy professional rivals promulgate their opinions of you. Versatility is a veritable goddess of comfort, to the weary scholar and the plodding practitioner. The versatile man is never at a loss for recreation nor is he often nonplussed in an emergency. And yet, versatility may get one into trouble—it has even been known to be attended by fatal results.



A BRIGHT FUTURE.

"Apropos of this theme, I'll tell you the story of the sad fate of one of my friends, whom we will call Doctor Smith—because that was not his name. I will not say more in description, lest I make the same *faux pas* as did the old country clergyman, who called out in the midst of his sermon: 'If

that red-headed girl in the gallery doesn't keep still, I'll point her out to the congregation!'

"Smith was one of the most promising young men I have ever met—I have several of his promissory notes in my safe now. He began life under very favorable auspices. It was often said of him: 'He has a bright future.' As time went on, however, he found that his future was like that of a certain editor who lay dying, after some years of futile endeavor to live on the pumpkins and cordwood that he received in lieu of cash subscriptions. 'Cheer up, my dear friend,' said his kind clergyman to him; 'you have a bright future.' 'Yes, I know,' replied the dying man, 'that's just what troubles me—I can see it blazing now!'

"Practice came slowly to our young friend, and fees were not as thick as flies and cobwebs in his office. One evening as he sat, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up besides the noses of his fellow citizens, he was startled by the sudden entrance of a gentleman friend, who in his lucid intervals officiated as the sporting reporter of a daily paper, his moments of inebriety being devoted to society news.

"'Say, Doc,' he cried, 'I have a very sick patient for you a little outside of town, and I want you to come at once, as we must take the train in twenty minutes!'

"Promptness was young Smith's specialty, and it is needless to say that they were soon aboard the train.

"The doctor made little inquiry as to the nature of the case, for like all young practitioners he was capable of tackling anything. You see, young man, it is the young doctor, not the 'green Christmas,' that 'makes a fat graveyard.' Oh, well!—don't be annoyed, I was a youngster once myself.

"You know, my boy, there are none so confident as those who have had few opportunities to make mistakes. All young doctors are supplied with an abundance of self-assurance—this is as it should be, and is a conservative effort of nature to compensate the young practitioner for his superabundance of hair and deficiency of whiskers. Young Smith had more than the average amount of self-assurance, and whenever he

was called to attend a new case he was prepared for all possible emergencies—his satchel was supplied with all the implements necessary in the performance of any operation ever heard of.

"Fortunately for the average young doctor, he is rarely subjected to the criticism of an expert tribunal—the public is not a competent critic, though it may assume to be, and the recent graduate is safe in assuming the same position as did a certain darky down in Virginia:

"The southern negro is passionately fond of hanging about court rooms and picking up legal phrases—the big words and squabbling of the lawyers are meat and drink to him, unless he happens to be on trial himself, in which event he is a badly frightened individual indeed, and can see no features of attraction about matters of law.

"A police court or the 'hustings' court of a southern city during a criminal trial, are especially fascinating to the colored population, and during the progress of such cases a stranger would conclude that the negroes have no particular occupation—the colored population fairly over-run the court room.

"An old darky was arrested on some trifling charge, and brought before a police judge in a certain Virginia town. The officers who had arrested the old fellow, finished their testimony and the judge said—

"'Well, my colored friend, have you counsel?'

"'Has I got whut, sah?' asked the negro in some bewilderment.

"'Why, have you a lawyer?'

"'No sah, I ain' got no lawyer, sah.'

"'Well, what have you got to say for yourself?'

"'I ain' got nuffin 'tall ter say, sah—jes' nuffin 'tall, 'cep'n' ter jes' thow masef on de ignunce o' de cote, sah.'

"The judge was an old-timer, and appreciating the fact that the clemency and ignorance of some courts were quite liable to be confused even by an intelligent white man, to say nothing of a poor, unlettered negro, promptly discharged the prisoner.

"But to return to our young friend:

"The first thing our doctor noticed on entering the car, was that it was filled with a motley crowd of men who seemed to be out for a lark—possessing all the careless abandon of a Sunday school picnic. At the doctor's suggestion another car was tried, with a similar result. It soon transpired that the entire train was made up of smokers—not a woman was in sight. The passengers appeared to be well prepared for emergencies, and whisky flowed like the language in a college announcement. The result was a degree of hilarity that would have put a menagerie to the blush. The doctor had never heard such a racket since those halcyon days when he and his fellow students used to break up the furniture and 'pass 'em up' between lectures. There were upon an average, about six free-for-all fights to the minute!

"Being of a sensitive, modest, retiring disposition, our young friend was a bit flustrated by the dizzy whirl into which he had been thrown, but the sporting reporter reassured him by explaining that the majority of the passengers were 'respectable gentlemen from the Board of Trade—good fellows, you know, but a trifle gay.'

"This apology worked well until a well-known politician and gambler—since deceased, through the kindly offices of one 'Bad Jimmy' and his little pistol—mounted a car seat and proceeded to make a 'book' on a prize fight.

"Our medical innocent now smelled a rodent as large as an elephant, and inquired into the wherefore of the which. The reportorial rascal then confessed that the picnickers were on their way to Indiana, to settle a point of pugilistic honor between one 'Billy Fitzgibbons' and one 'Clinky Mulrooney.' He further said that 'being compelled (!) to take in the affair as the representative of the *Chicago Daily Buzzer*, and being subject to fits of heart disease, he desired to have his doctor with him.' Knowing the doctor's prejudices against sporting affairs, he had 'taken the liberty,' etc., etc.

"'Well,' said the doctor, with a composure and resignation that were somewhat suspicious; 'I suppose I must submit. There appears to be at the present moment, no favorable opportunity of escaping from the somewhat uncon-

genial environment which now surrounds me, and I presume that it will be incumbent upon me to remain, and accompany your somewhat hilarious companions to that portion of the great commonwealth of Indiana selected for the impending display of physical prowess. As a boy, I was passionately fond of descriptions of the ancient Greek games. Those contests in which Greek indeed met Greek, and in which they caused severe contusions upon each other's anatomy

"IS THE CESTUS EVER USED NOWADAYS?"

with the mighty cestus, were of especial interest to me. Tell me, is the cestus ever used nowadays?'

"The reporter fell over two seats, but finally revived enough to say, 'Naw, they don't use the cestus nowadays, but–if–you–spring–any–more–of–that–high–falutin–lingo–on–this–crowd, you're likely to get smitten on your jaw with a modern *mitt* loaded with *lead!* See?'

"The doctor said he thought he comprehended, but I fancy that 'Chimmie Fadden' would have grasped the situation a trifle better.

"The train finally drew up at a cattle-yard, just outside the sleepy little village of Jayville, and the crowd tip-toed through the mud and slush for about—well, the doctor claimed an hour later that he had waded fifteen miles. It was nearly midnight when that disreputable mob arrived at an old barn, which had been selected for the little affair of 'honor.' The necessary financial negotiations having been made, the doctor and his evil spirit found themselves within the modern amphitheatre where deeds of might and blood were so soon to be performed.

"I suppose I ought to say something about 'the startled bats,' the 'lowing kine,' and 'crowing chanticleer' at this point, but I forbear—candour compels me to state that there were no domestic animals within hearing. With an eye to the fitness of things, the management had selected a barn that had most recently done service as a brewery on a small scale.

"Our friends finally climbed on top of a suspicious looking barrel—a reserved seat, by the way—faced the 'squared circle' and awaited the coming of the aspirants for laurels —and dollars. Description is always fatiguing to me, so I will simply say that the over-trained, underfed, and microcephalic gentlemen, finally faced each other and began the tedious game of tag that is called pugilism—'Whose science it is to teach, the art of keeping quite out of reach.' Being renowned experts, their success in keeping out of harm's way was phenomenal. But the lamb-like game was not to go on without interruption:

"Just as the crowd had begun to wonder if either of the contestants would ever appreciate that he was not alone within the squared circle, and what was more important, demonstrate a desire to give them the worth of their admission fee, there was a great commotion at the door leading in to the alleged gladiatorial amphitheatre, with a still greater commotion upon the stairway leading up to it.

"'Stan' back thar!—in ther name of ther State of Injiany!' cried a stentorian voice.

"Being possessed of a due and proper appreciation of the potency of the aforesaid state, the awe-stricken crowd obediently fell back, and gave entrance to a gentleman who

vociferously announced himself as 'ther sheriff of this 'ere county!'

"Such a looking individual probably never upheld the dignity of any commonwealth! My powers of portrayal of the grotesque are incapable of doing that wonderful apparition full justice. He was a tall, lank, lean, sharp-visaged, long-haired Hoosier. The most conspicuous portion of his raiment was a pair of heavy cow-hide boots, into which his pants were tucked in uniformly hideous folds. His hat had evidently been surreptitiously filched from some convenient scare-crow on the way to the scene of the pugilistic encounter. Upon his manly breast, which was covered only by a hickory shirt, cold as the weather was, he wore the badge of his office—a star of as much greater magnitude than that of the Chicago policeman as is Jupiter compared with the earth. I do not know the material of which the star was composed, but it certainly must have been made of American tin—tariff off—because nothing else could have stood the incidental financial pressure, unless the wearer was a millionaire or the county extremely generous. In one hand he held a large yellow 'billy'—evidently a piece of solder covered with chamois leather—that resembled nothing so much as a ripe, golden ear of corn! In the other hand he flourished a six-shooter which must have seen service in the early Indian wars, and before which the crowd instinctively shrank in dread of its 'git thar' spontaneously, possibilities!

"Stepping onto the platform upon which the pugilistic heroes were pirouetting, our majestic dispenser of the law said, in a voice like a fog-horn, 'In ther name of ther commonwealth of Injiany, I order this 'ere prize fightin' ter quit!'

"In view of the facts in evidence up to the time our gallant sheriff broke into the arena, there was no particular difficulty in convincing the gentleman that no fighting was going on within his jurisdiction. A roll of bills mysteriously changed hands, and the chief supporting pillar of the dignity, grandeur, and law of the state of Indiana disappeared. Within a quarter of an hour, however, he returned, and in a condition which plainly demonstrated that he had made excellent use both of his time, and the 'arguments' that had

been advanced to induce him to keep out of the hall. He went through the same performance as before, with a similar result—another roll of bills changing hands.

"The alleged battle proceeded, but in about twenty minutes the audience was again electrified by the entrance of the distinguished representative of the commonwealth of Indiana. He was 'loaded' this time sure enough, and the way the crowd got away from his somewhat erratic gun, and dodged the wild flourishes of that queer-looking yellow club, was a caution! Mounting the platform again—although how he did it was a mystery—he wobbled to its center and said: 'Shentlemen, in ther name of ther—hic!—commonwealth of Injiany—hic!—I order this 'ere prize fightin' ter quit!'

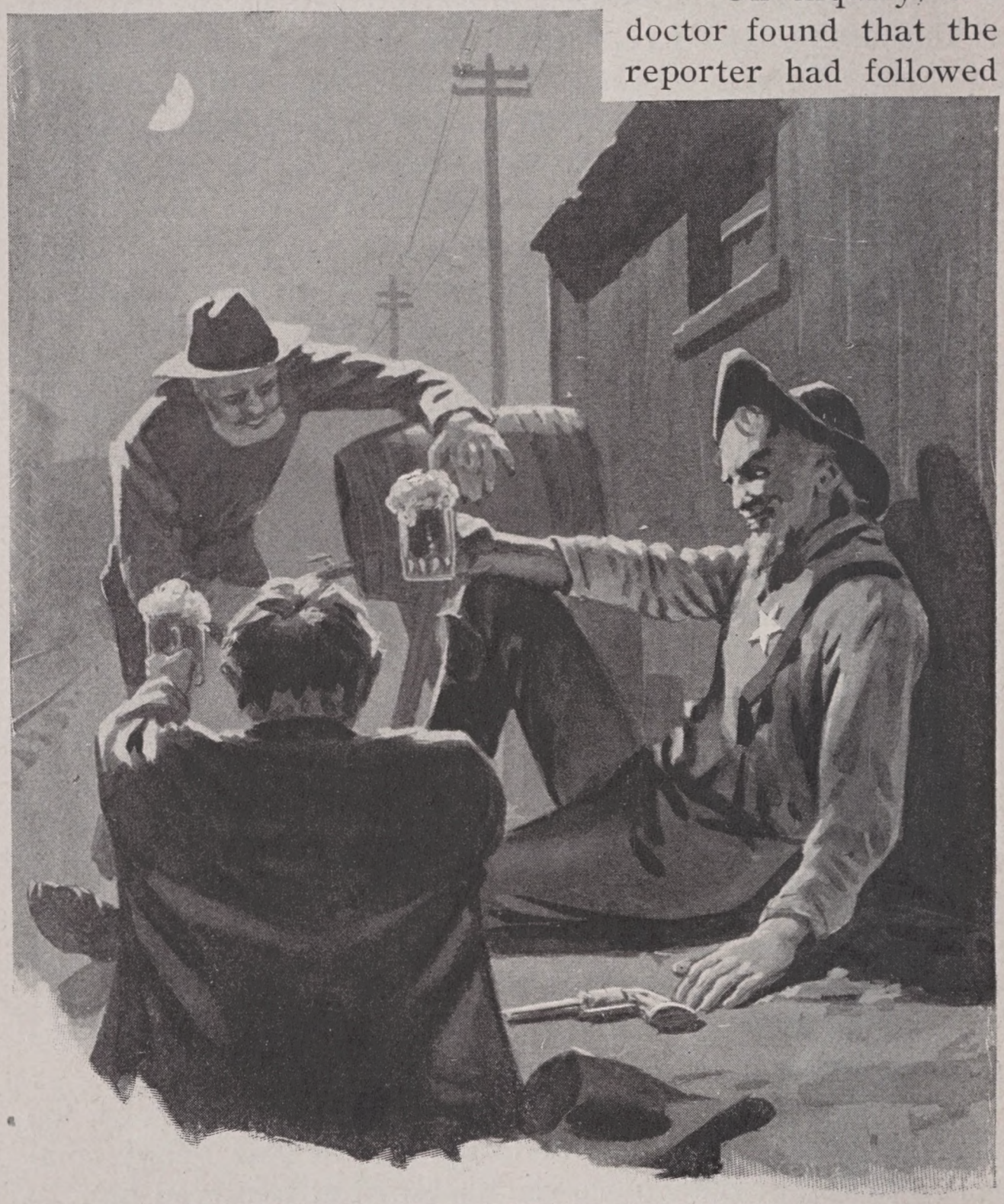
"This was the last straw of aggravation that broke the back of the pugilistic camel. A big 'shoulder-hitter' grabbed the State of Indiana, dignity, pistol, billy and all, and with a 'Catch him, boys!' threw him clear over the ropes! 'Pass him along!' cried somebody in the crowd, and he *was* passed along—the gun flying one way, the club another, and the State of Indiana whirling in four directions at once. Bumpety-bumpety-bump! down the stairs he went, and it was not until he was heard to strike 'ker-chunk!' at the bottom, that the crowd felt satisfied—as evidenced by the universal sigh of relief and contentment that pervaded the assemblage.

"Just at this juncture, our reportorial friend—who had meanwhile acquired a comfortable degree of imbecility, through the medium of a bottle that he had on his person and sundry drinks he had borrowed from the gentlemen standing by—turned to Doctor Smith and said, 'Scuze me, Doc, but would zyou mine 'portin'—hic!—zer resh of zis fight, while I go an' shee about m' fren' zhat fell downz shtairz?'

"The doctor protested, said he was 'inexperienced, too modest,' and all that sort of thing, but he was finally compelled to accept the reportorial assignment tendered him, to avoid becoming decidedly conspicuous through the turbulence of his newspaper friend. On asking for instructions as to the proper method of reporting prize fights, the reporter said to him, 'Put her in y'own perfesh'nal language, Doc—hic! Put in all zer—hic!—shientific points.'

"Having thus made the subject as muddled as possible for our doctor friend, the reporter disappeared, and did not turn up again until the following morning—at the termination of the alleged combat.

"On inquiry, the doctor found that the reporter had followed



UPHOLDING THE DIGNITY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

the dignity of the State of Indiana back into the village, where he succeeded in making that gentleman's acquaintance. This being accomplished, he suggested a game of draw poker, and, drunk as he was, fleeced the guileless sheriff out of what

money he had left from the 'arguments' advanced to him by the sports in charge of the festive scene he had so precipitately left. Having reduced the State of Indiana to penury and want, our reportorial scamp generously purchased a keg of beer, and planted the sheriff and a few of his boon companions at a safe distance beside the railroad track, to discuss the amber fluid, and incidentally, confer upon the best ways and means of upholding the somewhat ruffled dignity of the 'busted' commonwealth.

"It would be unfair to my lamented friend Smith, to omit his classical description of that prize fight, and the story would certainly lose its point, did I not repeat the translation of his notes as they appeared in *The Chicago Daily Buzzer* the next evening. Having been instructed to give an accurate and scientific report of the fight, round by round, our amateur reporter made use of his professional knowledge and applied the term 'scientific' as seemed most logical and convenient to himself. The result was as follows. His power of lucid description and chastely beautiful style are at once evident:

"'THE ATHLETES OF ANCIENT GREECE OUTDONE!

"'An Aesthetic and Beautiful Exhibition of Modern Gladiatorial Prowess! The Glory and Grandeur of Physical Man, upheld by Modern Personifications of Manly Grace and Beauty!—

"'Mr William Fitzgibbons of Chicago, practically annihilates and unquestionably routs the Honorable Clinky Mulrooney of St. Louis, in forty-seven somewhat hemorrhagic but strikingly elegant Delsartian periods—known in the language of the vulgar as "rounds!"—

"'(N. B.—The ring being square and the management crooked, I cannot understand, from my medical studies at least, why these intermittent, regularly periodic attacks with intervals of rest should be called "rounds.")

"'It is necessary to state that the terpsichorean gyrations of the gentlemen designated as "rounds," consumed a space of time of approximately three minutes' duration, while the intervals of quietude and repose would probably represent about two-thirds the same amount of time.

"'I believe I am justified in stating that the swellest event of the season in the fashionable circles of Indiana society—I presume that in accordance with the vernacular of the day, I should not say "society circles," but "society rings"—took place at Jayville this evening.

"'The Honorable William Fitzgibbons and the Honorable Clinky Mulrooney, of Chicago and St. Louis respectively, the champion heavy-weights of the gladiatorial disciples of Terpsichore, strove for physical supremacy for forty-seven consecutive periods of pugilistic time, the sum total of which represented two hours and forty minutes of the most unwearying attention to the minutest details of the various methods of escaping the slightest contact with each other, which could be designated by even the most aesthetic and sensitive individual as being in the slightest degree rude.

"'Mr. Fitzgibbons, it pains me to say, suffered a severe laceration of the right auricular appendage, which resulted in the almost complete destruction of that highly ornamental and more or less useful organ. He also received, by some unfortunate accident, certain contusions in the vicinity of his orbits, that resulted in more or less ecchymosis and œdema, with a consequent narrowing of the palpebral fissures which seriously interfered for the moment with his visual perception.

"'Mr. Mulrooney received, I regret to say, a compound comminuted fracture of the left side of his inferior maxilla, and, through the indiscretion of surreptitiously introducing his left thumb into the oral cavity of his associate in the gladiatorial contest, without considering the masticatory capacity of the latter, he lost that somewhat useful digit.

"'It would be too much of a trial of the patience of the readers of this excellent paper, to even attempt a minute description of this most beautiful and aesthetic exhibition of terpsichorean and gladiatorial proclivities, period by period, during the progress of the struggle. My report, however, embraces as fully as is necessary, all the essential features of this interesting event. I will state, however, that the hero of the occasion seemed for some reason, unknown to me, to be Mr. Mulrooney, who, it was claimed, won the contest on what a gentleman whom they called the "referee"

designated a "fowl," although why it should be so termed I do not know, as there was nothing suggestive of any form of feathered creature, so far as I could observe, throughout the entire ceremony. On reflection, however, I *do* recall the fact that during one of his particularly graceful gyrations, in which he fairly flew at his colleague, one of Mr. Fitzgibbons's friends exclaimed, "Oh! ain't Fitzy a bird?"—What justified this somewhat remarkable observation I cannot say. It was certainly ungrammatical, to say the least, and displayed a pitiful ignorance of both ornithology and anthropology.

"'It is necessary to state that Mr. Mulrooney, at the time the decision was rendered, was in a comatose condition, approximating those states of suspension of cerebral activity so frequently seen as a result of *commotio cerebri*, produced by violent traumatism of the cranium.

"'I beg leave to state in conclusion, that a considerable interchange of currency and collateral of various kinds occurred at the close of the exhibition. It is stated that Mr. Fitzgibbons's friends have not all returned home yet, because of the disagreeable state of the highways between Chicago and Indiana. This, however, I am not prepared to verify by actual observation.'"

"Doctor Smith had just concluded his obituary of the late Mr. Mulrooney, when his good little devil the reporter returned—in a somewhat steadier condition than when he left his job in the doctor's hands. He took the report, wobbled his eye over it, guessed it 'would—hic! do,' and then made a bee-line for the telegraph office to send in his 'stuff.'

"Well, the doctor got home all right, and as he reflected on the events of the previous night, his chest probably swelled with pride at the thought that he had at last written a contribution which would be accepted for publication—his literary ambition was at last to be gratified! We can only imagine with what frantic haste he must have bought and opened the paper for which his report had been written—*The Daily Buzzer.*"

"Late that evening, one of Doctor Smith's friends called at his office, and, finding the door of the consultation room

open, entered. As he did so, he stumbled over the body of a man! Hastily striking a light, he found to his consternation that it was poor Smith!

"There he lay, stone dead, his eyes wide open, staring with unspeakable, terrified despair at a newspaper that was clenched tightly in his hand! His horror-stricken friend freed the paper from the stiffened fingers and glanced through it, but, not being a Sherlock Holmes, he saw nothing to explain the doctor's sudden death. You, who have followed the story, would have better understood the situation, for there upon the first page, was the following translation, by the sporting editor, of the unfortunate doctor's gladiatorial report:

"'*Bruising Battle at Jayville, Indiana! Mulrooney now the Cock of the Walk! Forty-seven bloody rounds!*

(Special to *The Chicago Daily Buzzer.*)

"'The long expected mill between Billy Fitzgibbons and Clinky Mulrooney, for the heavy-weight championship, was pulled off in this razzle-dazzle town last night. The dispute was settled in forty-seven rounds—in two hours and forty minutes. It was a very swell affair. The swell points were good and plenty. Fitzy lost his right ear and had both eyes smashed shut. Clinky had his left thumb chewed off and his jaw busted. The scrap was won by Clinky on a foul, in the forty-seventh round. By rounds the fight was as follows:

"'First round: Clinky landed on Fitzy's jaw; got a hot one on the paunch in return!—Fitzy finally tapped Clinky's tank!—First blood for Fitzy!

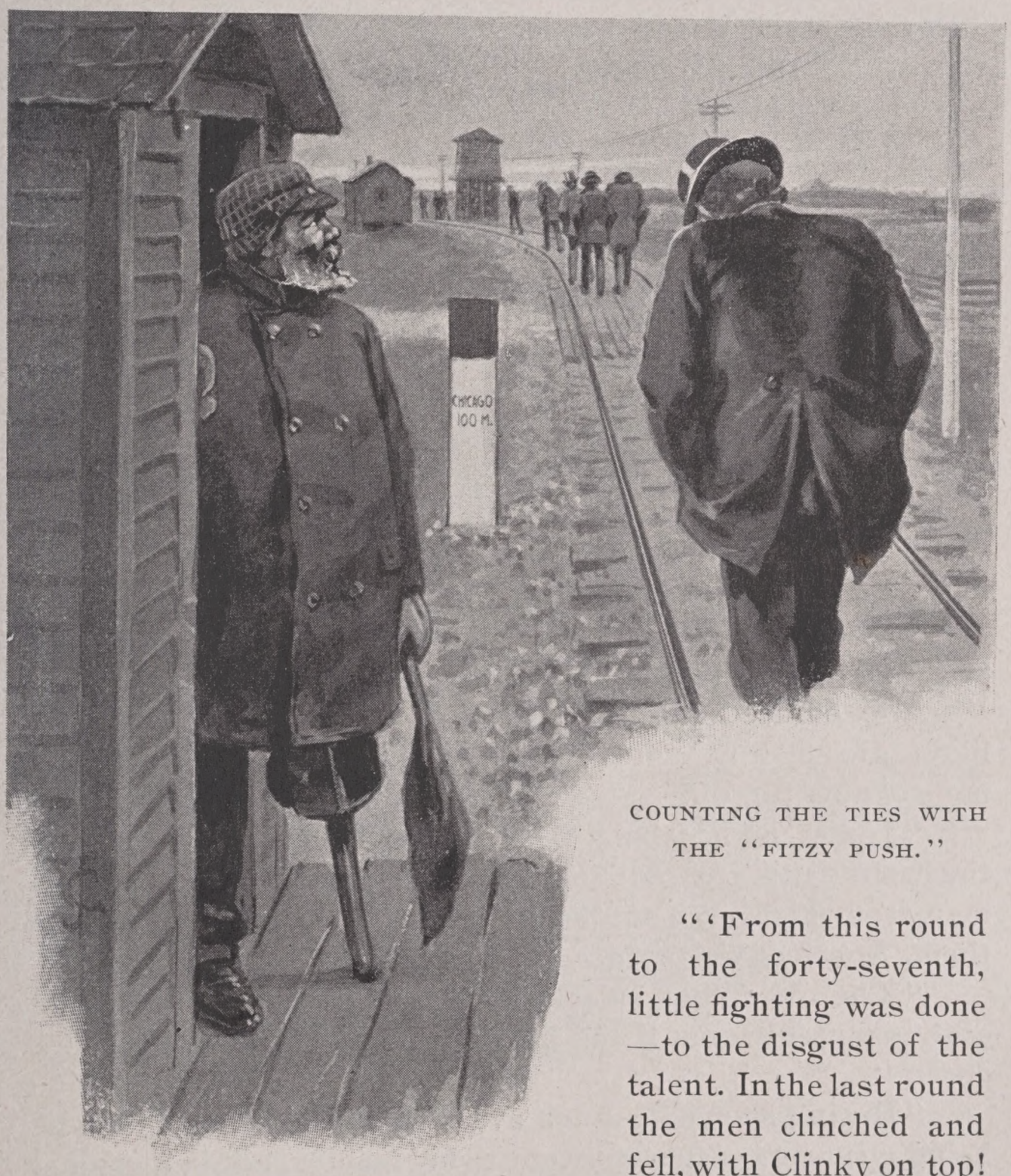
"'Second round: Both men pumping wind; Clinky a little the freshest!—Fitzy led for Clinky's bread-basket and was cross-countered on the short ribs!—Clinky got a hot one on his right listener in return!

"'Third round: Clinky led a straight left for Fitzy's right lamp, but fell short and landed on his hash foundry!—Fitzy a little groggy, but still in the ring!—Great excitement among the Fitzy push!

"'Fourth round: Clinky's right found Fitzy's left peeper, and landed beautifully, closing the optic!—Fitzy got

Clinky's thumb in his mouth and chewed it off!—Foul claimed but not allowed! (N. B.—Everything goes in Indiana!)

"'Fifth round: Both men sparring for wind.—Audience shouting, "Play ball!"



COUNTING THE TIES WITH THE "FITZY PUSH."

"'From this round to the forty-seventh, little fighting was done—to the disgust of the talent. In the last round the men clinched and fell, with Clinky on top!—Fitzy had ten ribs broken but was dead game, and as soon as he got loose, kicked Clinky in the jaw and broke it!—A foul was claimed for Clinky and allowed.

"'The bruised and battered hero received the plaudits of the large and fashionable gathering, with becoming

modesty. (He was insensible by the way.) Quite a jag of the "long green," changed hands on the result.

"'(N. B.—The push that came down with Fitzy, is now counting the ties toward Chicago!)

"'Among the *élite* who were present were Doc Smith, Jim O'Farrell, Patsy Dillon, "Dirty Shirt" Jones, "Get-there" Eli, Duke Marlborough of England, and "His Whiskers" McWhorter, of the Board of Trade!'"

"Doctor Smith's familiarity with the vernacular of the ring, was about equal to the knowledge of natural history possessed by a certain darky down South:

"Absalom, a faithful old Virginia slave in the family of my friend Mr. Polk Miller, now of Richmond, accompanied his master to the war. At Yorktown, he saw, for the first time in his life, soft-shell crabs. Much to his surprise, he also saw the soldiers eating them. The old man went to his master and said:

"'Marse Kunn'l, whut in de name er Gawd is dese yeh white folks er eatin'?'

"'Why, those are crabs,' said the Colonel, 'and they are fine, too, haven't you eaten any of them yet?'

"'No 'ndeed sah, dat I aint! Dey done looks too much like craw-feesh an' spidahs fo' dis chile, an' I ain' gwine eat none o' dem tings!'

"'After he had been there a few days, however, seeing the crabs daily, and noticing that the most aristocratic gentlemen from his old neighborhood were eating and enjoying them, Absalom was induced to taste one.

"The old fellow smacked his lips, saying, 'Dis yeh ole crab is pintedly good!' and finally wound up by eating half a dozen.

"Having shown so much aversion to the crabs, and now being a convert, Absalom went to his master, but in a shame-faced manner, and said—

"'Marse Kunn'l, I done et one o' dem tings!'

"'Well, how did you like it?'

"'Well sah, 'twuz mos' de bes' ting dat ebbah I tasted!'

"'I told you so, you old fool!'

"'Well, sah, I didn't hab no idee dey wuz so bery good, ontell I taste 'em. Look yeh, Marse Kunn'l, de sojers done tell me dat ef yo' ties er chicken leg on er string an' drap it down inter de water, dem ole tings 'll bite at it, and ef yo'

"HE DONE RETCH ROUN' AN' BITE ME WID EBERY FOOT HE HAB!"

doan' need me fo' a hour er two, I tink I'll go down ter de ribbah an' ketch some o' dem ole fellers fo' suppah!

"'All right, go ahead,' replied the Colonel, 'but look out and don't let them bite you.'

"'No sah, dey doan bite dis niggah—he! he! I'se gwine ter keep ma eye on he mouf!'—and off to the river he went.

"In a few minutes the Colonel heard the old man crying, 'Oh, lordy! Oh, lordy! Lemme go! Lemme go!' and went out to see what had happened to him.

"'What on earth are you making all this noise for, sir?'

"'Dis yeh ole debble ting done bite me, sah!'

"'Didn't I tell you to look out or they would bite you, you everlasting old fool!'

"'Yaas, sah, I knows yo' did, an' I didn' fo'git it, sah, but he didn' bite me wid he mouf! I jes' drapped de chicken leg down in de water, an' befo' it done bin down dar er minute, dat ole ting done kotched holt of it. I drawed 'im out, an' he done jump off o' de chicken leg an' started ter run back in de ribbah. I slap my foot on 'im an' helt 'im down, an' den I 'zamined 'im close ter see whar' he mouf wuz, an' jes' ez soon ez I see whar' he mouf wuz, I retched down an' picked 'im up in ma hands. Fust ting I knowed, fo' Gawd, Marse Kunnel—he done retch roun' an' bite me wid ebery foot he hab!'"

"By the way, my boy, do you know that I have come to the conclusion that the every-day experience of doctors in general practice, affords more comical situations and more exhibitions of the absurdities of human nature than that of any other class of men?

"I observed a very amusing illustration of this a short time since:

"In a certain semi-tough district on the North Side, lives a well-known Irish politician, whom we will call Mike O'Fallon for short. O'Fallon was once as honest and industrious a young Irishman as you would care to meet, but politics has degenerated him in a marked degree. Among other effects of his recent election to an important office, has been a very aggravated case of 'swelled-head,' resulting in the acquirement of certain lofty ideals that the wife of his previously honest and faithful bosom did not quite fulfil. It was the old story, you know—dissatisfaction with the woman who did not grace what he considered an exalted station in life, whisky in large quantity, and brutal abuse of the woman he

had sworn to cherish and protect. Being his family physician, I naturally became cognizant of these somewhat delicate matters.

"Just around the corner from Mike's residence, lives his mother-in-law—Mrs. McFadden—whose family physician I also have the honor to be.

"It so happened that the old lady fell ill the other day, and I was sent for, in hot haste. I found her suffering from an attack of acute dysentery, prescribed for her, and was about to leave, when my attention was attracted by a very excited conversation in the adjoining kitchen that caused me to delay my departure.

"Mike,it seems, had been at his old tricks that morning, and had given Mrs. O'Fallon a terrible whipping! Like all abused women she had fled to the safe harbor of her mother's sheltering wing—which, poor though it was, she never should have left—poor girl!

"Pat McFadden, the young woman's brother, had come home full of bad whisky, found her at his mother's house, made suitable inquiry and learned of the latest outrage upon his unfortunate sister.

"Overcome by brotherly indignation and fired by the worst of Kinzie street 'barrel house' liquor, Pat was inspired by but one thought—revenge!

"Bursting into his mother's sick chamber, he howled:

"'Say, mother, that dom'd brute Moike, hez bin whuppin' Mary agin, an' be Jasus, Oi'm goin' over there an' bate the loife out o' the doorty dog! Oi'll sthomp the liver out av him, that's pfwat Oi'll do! Oi'll show 'im that he'll not be afther lickin' *my* sister!—the dom'd Oirish pup!'

"Stopping just long enough to put on his coat, wrong-side out, he tore out of the door, despite the efforts of the women folks to detain him.

"Now,I was familiar with Mike O'Fallon's reputation for physical prowess, and while I had heard very little of Pat's ability as a fighter, I imagined I knew just about what was likely to occur—if the lusty, irascible Mike happened to be in when his brother-in-law called on his ill-advised volunteer errand of family regulation.

"As Mike's home was only a short distance away, and I was pretty certain Pat would not be detained long, I made an excuse to look at the old lady's tongue and investigate her aches and pains again, sat down beside my patient with my fingers on her pulse, and—waited.

"As I anticipated, I didn't have to wait long. A few minutes later there was a commotion at the back door, followed by a noise like a riot in the kitchen, and in came a couple of wild Irishmen, supporting the Honorable Pat McFadden—or the remnants thereof!

"Pat's nose was broken, his eyes closed and his lip cut and bleeding! Upon his scalp was a wound that looked suspiciously boot-heel shaped! His clothes were in tatters, and taken all-in-all he was the worst looking wreck I ever saw!

"'Oi say, Pat,' said Mrs. McFadden, faintly—apparently not comprehending the pitiful spectacle.

"'Yis, mother,' mumbled the self-appointed family regulator.

"'Did yez find him, me bye?'

"'Faith, an' Oi did that!' said Pat, whose Irish wit had evidently returned to him—the visit to Mike having sobered him.

"'Sure, an' was he at home, Pat?' asked the old lady.

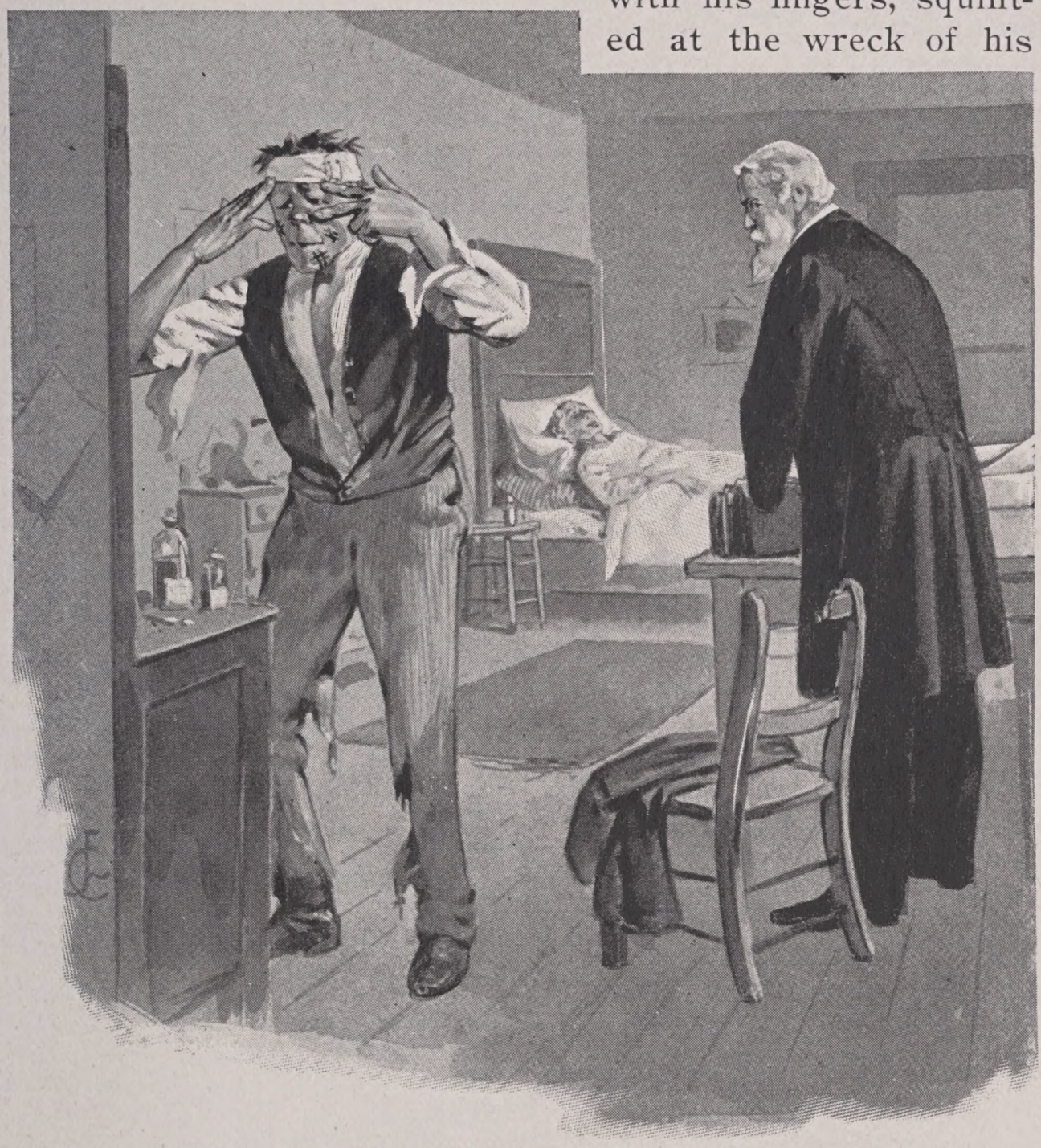
"'Was he at home, mother! Was—he—at—home! Jist luk at me, begorra, an' tell me whither Moike was at home or was afther lavin' a cyclone ter kape house fer him! Well—Oi—shud—shmoile!'

"'An' pfwat did ye do to him, me bye?' asked the mother, whose poor old eyes had evidently not yet appreciated the situation.

"'Be Jasus, mother, Oi played fut ball wid 'im!'"

"'Mike was indeed at home!—He had clubbed Pat over the head with a revolver, kicked him when he was down, thrown him down two flights of stairs and rolled him in the gutter, in the quickest time on record!—Pat *had* played foot-ball with Mike, but he had enacted the rôle of ball to an uncomfortable extent!

"I patched Pat up as well as I could, but I am free to say that he was by no means a prize beauty when the job was done. He made no remarks, however, until I had finished, when he staggered up to a looking-glass, pried his lids open with his fingers, squinted at the wreck of his



"AINT MOIKE A DAISY?"

former self and said, enthusiastically—'Be Jasus, docthor! Aint—Moike—a—daisy?'

"Pat was evidently proud of his brother-in-law! 'Tis thus that family pride oft allays the pangs of ungratified personal ambition.—

"I fear, my boy, that you may think me quite reckless in my story-telling. You know a fellow is liable to blaze away

with his stories, shot-gun fashion, very much as some of the citizens of my old California town used to mix in other people's quarrels.

"A row would start, usually in some saloon, and for a few minutes things would be mighty lively—even for a mining town. The good citizen who happened by that way, would hear the row, stop long enough to locate it, go home after a shot gun, return to the door of the saloon, fire both barrels with their pint of buckshot into the crowd within, and —go happily on about his business, with a clear conscience!

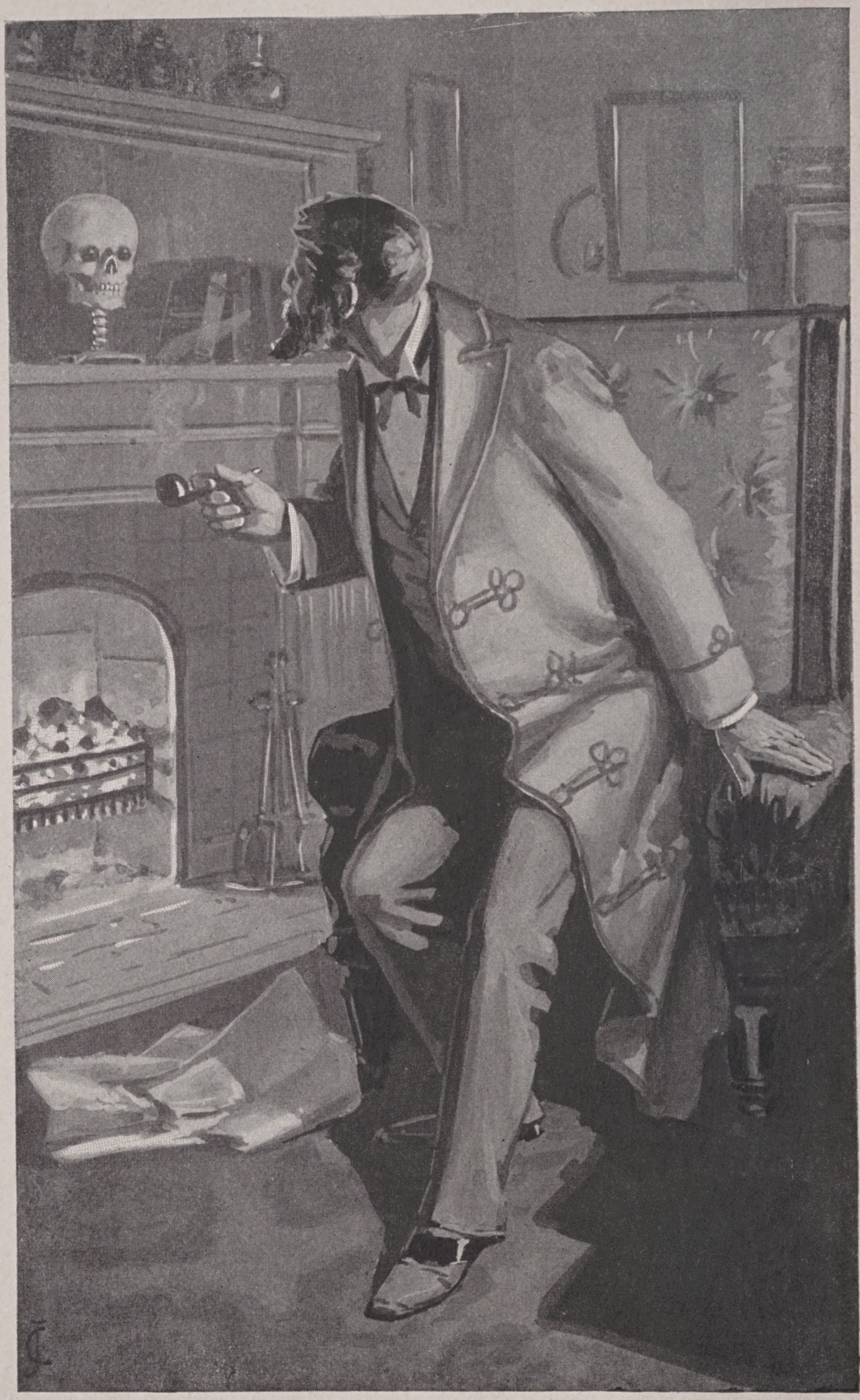
"What, you're not going! Good gracious! you young chaps seem to have no staying powers! Oh, a quiz in the morning, eh? Anatomy, did you say? For goodness' sake, lad, hustle! You'll come in again next week I hope—I want to say something real serious to you. Confound this hookah! it's as dead as a door-nail! Guess I'll go to bed myself, as I'm out of tobacco.

"'Good night, my boy, and fair visions to you."

THE RHODOMONTADE OF A SOCIABLE SKULL.

I.

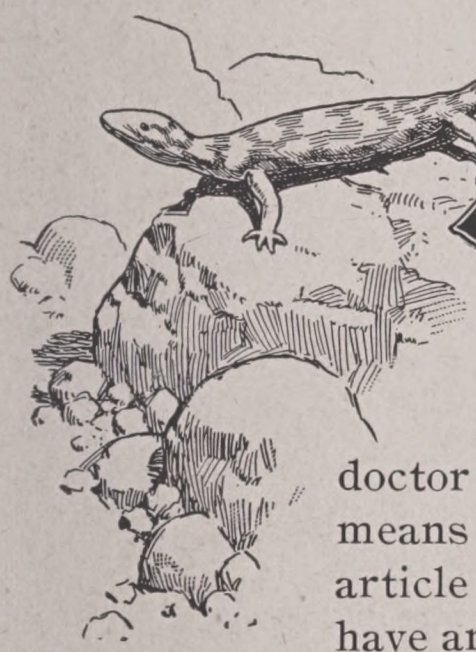
VER their evening pipe, some
good people find,
Freedom from care, content-
ment for the mind.
Others, with troubled con-
science brought to book,
Dream of devils, foul fiend
or horrid spook.
Whilst I, e'en tho' the smoke
my spirit lull,
Spurn fancies sweet and—
gossip with a skull.



"AHEM! GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR."

THE RHODOMONTADE OF A SOCIABLE SKULL.

I.



STANDING in an out-of-the-way corner of the doctor's cosy library, was a large glass and mahogany cabinet, devoted to *curios* and specimens of various kinds.

Many of these treasures—for the doctor set great store by them—were by no means extraordinary *per se*, but there was no article in the entire collection, that did not have an interesting history.

I will not undertake to recite the many interesting things the doctor told me at various times, about those souvenirs of his experience and travels—time would not permit it, even though I could remember all he said—which is certainly doubtful.

On one shelf were a number of queer-looking snakes and lizards, shining through the glass bottles in which they were confined like a lot of weird, unsavory, and disgusting preserves and pickles. In one corner of this shelf was a jar containing a huge, hairy tarantula—shrivelled, it is true, but still a very Goliath of his kind. The fuzzy-looking monster had been in pickle thirty-five years. As the doctor facetiously remarked, the alcohol in which that spider was pickled, was "the finest, oldest, and primest 'tarantula juice' in America!"

In the center of the shelf was a specimen of a Cyclops—an infantile monstrosity that had been born to fame—and death

—and had escaped all those trials and tribulations which well-formed infants are pre-destined to undergo. Like his mythical prototype, the little monster gazed out upon the world with a hideous leer—his single fishy orb appearing to search for victims, with dimly-lighted vision but malevolent fixity of purpose. But this miniature Cyclops had already met

"WE ARE WITH YOU IN SPIRIT."

his doom; he needed not to await the coming of an Odysseus. Yet the impotent little wretch was monarch of all he surveyed—in that cabinet. The very semblance of humanity in which he masqueraded, made him ruler of the shelf whereon he stood. Unlike some potentates, he could justly claim that most of his subjects were with him "in spirit."

Upon one side of the cabinet was a "Monster of the Gila"—one of those disgusting reptiles of which so many horrible and blood-curdling stories are told for the edification of the uninitiated. Like many another demon, this speckled gentleman from the gloomy canons of the southwest country, is not so black as he is painted, but, nevertheless, the particular specimen of the breed under consideration was not fair to gaze upon. He had an uncanny look of everlasting crawl about him, that gave one such eerie, creepy feelings up and down one's spine! But the doctor said the beast was "a perfect beauty," and I did not dispute him—our standards might have varied.

Intermingled in repulsive profusion with the articles I have described, were some bottled pathological specimens, a disorderly array of geological relics, and an assortment of odd-looking sea shells; here and there, could be seen the tarnished outlines of some discarded surgical instrument.

Above all this nerve-disturbing, emotion-stirring collection of *curios* and surgical dead lumber—no facetiousness intended—was another shelf on which stood a number of curious and ghastly-looking skulls—each with a history, pathological or romantic, or both. Skulls that told tales of mis-spent lives, skulls that betrayed the sins of parental life and taints of parental blood, skulls that showed—well, anything but good points and symmetry of conformation. These skulls were the doctor's special pride, and it was positively dangerous to allude to them—unless one were prepared to listen to a scientific disquisition as comprehensive as the Encyclopædia Britannica.

It seemed that the doctor's collection of crania was just one too many for the cabinet—one had been crowded out and was holding an overflow meeting all by himself on the very top and outside of that receptacle. I had frequently observed this particular skull as it stood there, as it were, on a pinnacle of pride, flocking alone like Dundreary's bird, far above his less fortunate—and less dusty--fellows. Many a time, while sitting in the doctor's library, I had studied that grinning, staring mass of ossified egotism, and marveled at its strange form and rather impudent expression. I felt sure it had a

history—for which of the doctor's specimens had not?—and I had on several occasions been greatly tempted to ask the doctor about it. The opportunity of doing so finally came about in this way:

I had been reading an account of a trial, in which the plea of insanity had been urged in defense of a man who had murdered, in cold blood, one of our most prominent citizens. There was some fanciful pretext of a grievance suffered by the assassin at the hands of his victim, which imaginary injury he had most cruelly and summarily avenged. The most careful investigation, however, failed to show any logical reason for the crime—any reason at least, that could be logically accepted by a person of sound mind as an excuse for the murder. The plea of insanity being advanced, "experts" were summoned upon each side, to testify as to the prisoner's sanity at the time of the commission of the crime.

It is probable that the average layman could not appreciate the serio-comic display presented by that trial. There were "experts" galore—scientific experts, hired experts, political experts, "job-lot" experts, and omniscient experts—these latter preponderated—and other things too numerous to mention, but they hung the poor devil of a lunatic just the same.

Some of the evidence advanced by the defense showed that unworthy arguments are sometimes brought to bear in behalf of a worthy cause—*an attempt was made to prove the prisoner's insanity by the irregular and malformed development of his head and face, and particularly his jaw.*

Now, I am only a student of medicine and almost necessarily a *dilettante* in such matters, but to my mind, this evidence, or abortive attempt at evidence, seemed absurd. I firmly believed, from what I knew of the crime and the testimony brought out at the trial, that the prisoner was insane—common sense, it seemed to me, should have dictated such a conclusion—but I must acknowledge that the peculiar and conflicting character of the evidence was very puzzling to me.

I am sure it is not presumptuous on my part—although I do not pretend to understand the subject very thoroughly

—to express the opinion that some of the expert testimony was a howling farce. Take, for example, the testimony of one gentleman, who endeavored to establish the prisoner's insanity upon what he called "stigmata of degeneracy" as shown in aberrant development of the skull, and especially of the jaw. Why, not only had that "expert" never treated a case of insanity, but he had never practiced medicine a day in his life!

Well, I am but a senior student, and have much to learn, yet I doubt whether I shall ever acquire much faith in the intuitive "expertness" of some dabblers in arts they cannot understand.

If a novice might be permitted to offer a suggestion, let us go back into scriptural history for our insanity experts. Let us subpœna, not Balaam—but his next friend.

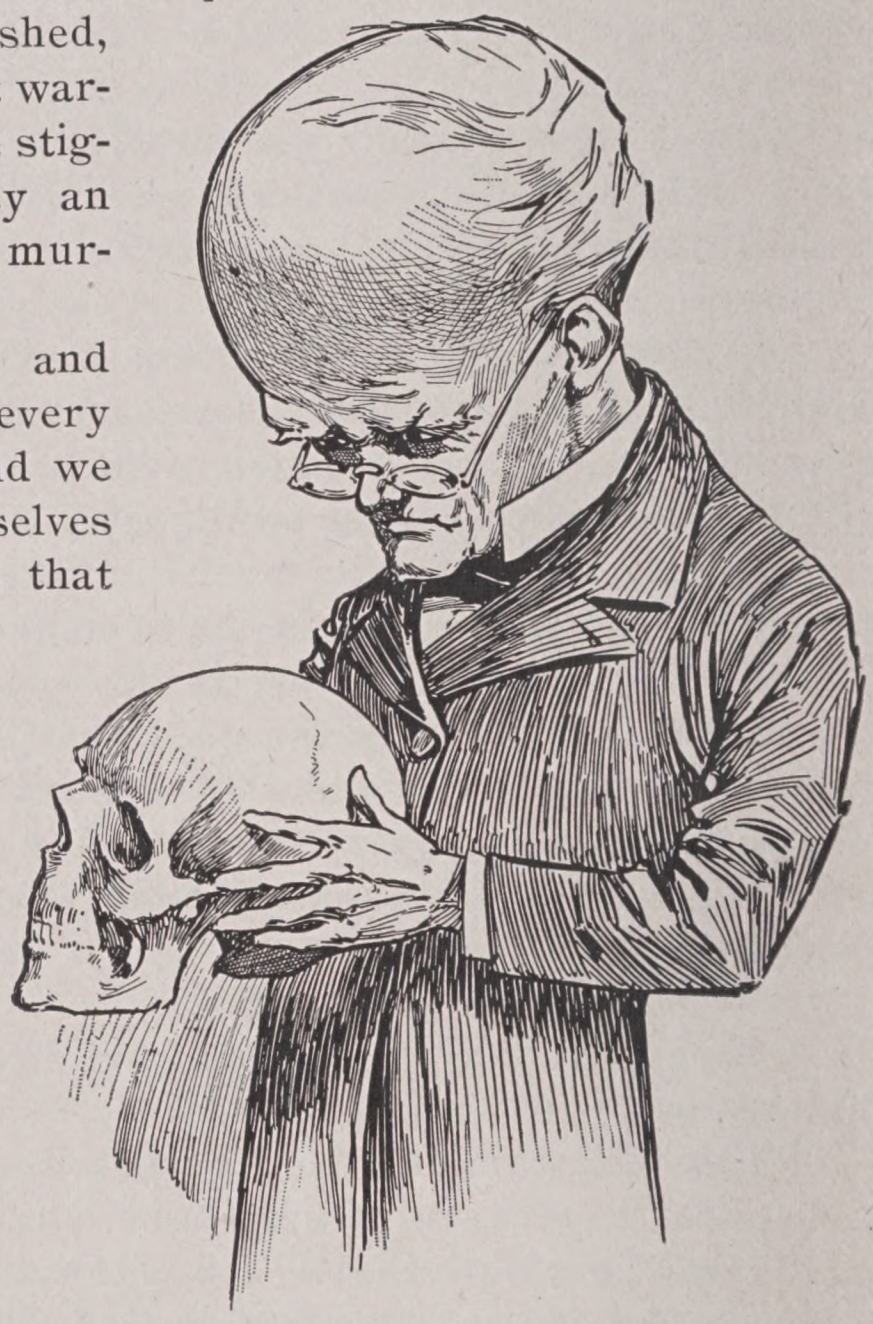
The absurdities of the testimony in the trial I have mentioned, were still fresh in my mind when I called upon my friend Doctor Weymouth in the evening, and knowing that he was interested in criminal anthropology, I determined to ask for some light upon the questions involved in the case that had excited my interest. I shall always be glad I followed this inclination, for it resulted in a most entertaining and amusing story from the doctor—who happened to be in excellent humor.

"So, my young friend, you have become interested in that deplorable case.

"I do not wonder you were disgusted and puzzled by some of the expert evidence in that trial.

"I was not aware that so many insanity experts existed, as have been put upon the stand in that *cause célèbre.* Really, there have been several 'expert' witnesses in the case whom I was compelled to look up in the medical directory, to ascertain where they were from. I have been gratified to learn that the mental health of this community is being cared for by so many scientific specialists. I was under the impression that insanity and nervous diseases were rather difficult branches of medicine, but I see I was wrong—they must be simple, else why so popular as specialties?

"You are right, my boy—such testimony *is* absurd and brings true science into disrepute. The study of abnormal humanity as comprehended by the science of criminal anthropology, makes no such ridiculous claims as would be inferred from that testimony. The modern school of criminal anthropology has accomplished much, but it does not claim to have established, as yet, any data that warrant our making the stigmata of degeneracy an important issue in murder trials.



AN "EXPERT" IN DEGENERACY.

"But dabblers and pretenders infest every art and science, and we must console ourselves with the reflection that such persons by no means represent scientific thought—they are experts in much the same fashion that a bull in a china shop is a judge of the wares contained therein.

"The worst feature of such notoriety-seeking fellows, is that they drag 'star-eyed science' in the mire and make it an object of ridicule and distrust. Even truth suffers when under suspicion. We should do nothing by which we may lose the confidence of those who are looking to us for light—the buzzard of quackery may foul its own nest, but the eagle of science, never!

"The so-called science of phrenology, absurd as it is, was never half so ridiculous as the sham science that certain

camp followers in the field of criminal anthropology and the study of abnormal man, are endeavoring to set up.

"Modern science holds, not that certain peculiarities of development necessarily indicate a particular type, or indeed, any type, of insanity or criminality, but that the criminal and the insane are characterized on the average, by aberrations of cranial development and certain other departures from the normal average standard, that we term stigmata of degeneracy—a wide distinction and a still wider difference.

"To be sure, there are extreme types of atypical cranial development that are associated with certain peculiar mental attributes, but not with sufficient frequency to form a basis for dogmatic expert evidence.

"In speaking of this particular point, I recall that the head of Bichat, the celebrated anatomist, was so distorted that it looked as though two mis-fit halves of different skulls had been spliced together. The symmetrical head often encloses a vicious brain, while a crooked one may conceal either the mighty intellect of a philosopher or the morals of a saint.

"I do not deny that there is something suggestive in cranial conformation—we hope there may yet be more—but it is best to be very conservative in our judgment upon this point. Lombroso and his school have taught us much, but let us not claim more than our masters. Science sometimes has need to cry, 'Save, oh save me from my friends!'"

"Oh, ho! my young diplomatist—you have been leading up to the consideration of that particular skull, have you? I was wondering why you were gazing at it so curiously. Yes, it is indeed a queer-looking specimen.

"Will I give you its history?

"Well, now, young man, that is a subject on which I am a little sensitive. That skull *has* a history, and a very queer one, but I have never told it to anyone. I hesitate to tell it, even to you, for, although I like fun as well as most men, I do not like to run the risk of being ridiculed.—

"Well, your persistency is commendable, to say the least I suppose you will not be content unless I tell you the story, so I may as well surrender at once.

"I am going to relate something that may strike you as rather singular—the autobiography of a skull. I, myself, have never heard of another, and I propose to give it to you as circumstantially as I received it—or as nearly so as my memory will permit.

"About ten years ago, it was my fortune to be serving on the staff of one of our public hospitals. The patients in the institution were drawn from all walks in life—the pauperized aristocrat and the pauper who was to the manner born, met there on common ground—often to come together later on still commoner ground in the Potter's field.

"Among our charges we very often had a number of sailors—those rollicking, rough-and-ready, improvident fellows, that form a class as distinct from the rest of mankind as does the soldier—the sailor's *frater* in the struggle of existence.

"I was always greatly interested in the sailor boys, the more especially as there were many among them who had sailed old ocean, long before they became fresh water tars. Such men, when intelligent, are always very entertaining.

"During the severe winter that prevailed in 18—— our supply of sailors was unusually large, and several of them proved to be men who had travelled widely and gathered much information by the wayside. I spent many a pleasant half-hour in profitable conversation with them.

"By far the brightest of these sick, but still jolly tars, was a queer old Englishman who had seen long and hard service at sea. He had served in Her Majesty's navy and also in the Confederate navy during the late war. During the interim between his naval services, he had been an 'able-bodied seaman' in the Pacific mail service, his last experience having been on a vessel plying between San Francisco and Canton, China.

"The old man had been induced to leave the salt water, and, as he expressed it, had turned 'land-lubber' on a modest competence. He had withstood the sharks of the Pacific, but the land sharks were too much for him, and, having lost his modest little hoard, he had entered the service of one of our lake transportation companies."

"John York, A. B., as he signed himself, became very much attached to me, and when he left the hospital expressed his gratitude and devotion as only an honest sailor can.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'ye've been very kind to th' old man, an' he'll not forgit ye, sir. If ye don't mind, I wants to give ye a present. I've got somethin' what I brung from China, that I've been carryin' 'round a good many years, an' I'm goin' to give it to you, coz I know ye'll appreciate it. Would ye mind tellin' me where I can find ye, sir?'

"Thinking to humor the old fellow, and without the faintest idea that I should ever see him again, outside of the hospital, I gave him my residence address.

"A few evenings later, there was a ring at my door-bell, and immediately thereafter, Bob, my black servant, came into the library, rolling his eyes until they looked like animated white marbles, and informed me that a suspicious-looking old man with a bundle wished to see me at the door.

"Much to my surprise, I found that the doubtful character was my old sailor man, but I did not recall, for the moment, the promise to which I was indebted for the honor of his visit.

"I ushered the old fellow into the library, where he deposited his evidently precious bundle upon my study table.

"'Axin' yer pardon, sir,' said he, 'd'ye remember the promise I made ye when I left the 'orspital?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I do, now that you remind me of it, but I confess it had slipped my mind—indeed, I had not thought of it since.'

"'Well,' he said, with, I fancied, something of an injured air, 'I didn't forgit it, sir, an' here it is,' laying his hand on the mysterious package as he spoke.

"I looked at the round, paper-wrapped bundle, with some curiosity.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'It's a head, sir,' he replied, 'an' a right queer one.'

"'A head!' I exclaimed, 'what do you mean—the head of a human being?'

"'Jesso, sir. It's not a fresh one'—and he grinned widely —'it's real old, but it's worth its weight in gold, an' I wouldn't give it to nobody else, sir.'

"While he was speaking, he carefully unwrapped the bundle and disclosed a coarse gunny sack, from which he extracted the most remarkable-looking object I had ever seen—the mummified head of a man!

"The head was indeed a *curio*. It had been dried in the sun with the skin and flesh still upon it. The cranium was still surmounted by a mass of black, curly hair. The lips were retracted, and tightly, weirdly drawn over a set of time-stained but perfectly formed teeth, making a most perfect sneer of disdain—an expression of frozen contempt that was absolutely startling!

"But the most peculiar and striking feature of the head, was the dome-like shape of the cranium. It towered up like a huge sugar loaf, showing a vertical expanse of forehead that suggested the existence of a most gigantic intellect in times past. You may verify the accuracy of my description by inspecting the skull itself.

"'Well, John,' I said, 'you are very kind, I am sure, but it is fortunate that you gave your present to one who is not nervous. The sight of that thing would frighten the average man into an epileptic fit. Where on earth did you get it?'

"'I brung it with me from China, sir, an' to tell the truth, I stole it out o' one o' them heathen temples over there. I took it jes' for a lark, an' after I got it, I didn't know what to do with it. I didn't dare try to put it back agin, so I jes' kep' it.'

"'Why did you not throw it overboard, when you got aboard your vessel again?' I asked.

"'Because,' he replied, 'I afterwards found out that the head was a wonderful thing, sir.'

"'Wonderful?'—'In what way, John?'

"'Why, sir, that head is one o' them talkin' heads that the Chinese priests keep for the'r religious mummeries!' he answered.

"I could not help laughing at the poor old man—he was so thoroughly in earnest.

"'Now, see here, my friend,' I said, 'it will never do to have that chap around here. He'll create a disturbance, and perhaps get to making love to the cook!'

SOME OF "THEM TALKIN' HEADS."

"The old man took this bit of facetiousness on my part, in all seriousness.

"'Oh no, sir! He'll not trouble ye a bit. Ye don't need to tell nobody else how to make him talk, an' ye needn't have him talk to *you*, only when ye wants to!'

"'Ah!—so there's a key necessary to unlock his tongue, eh?'

"'Not 'zackly a key, sir, but ye've got to use a sort o' paste like, that they make over in India. There's where the Chinese priests get it from.'

"'Well, then,' I said, 'I suppose I will have to forego the pleasure of a conversation with our distinguished friend, until I can get over to India.'

"'Not much,' replied the old sailor, 'I've got a hull box of it for ye,' and he handed me a small, round, curiously carved wooden box, covered with queer-looking figures and hieroglyphics.

"On opening it, I found that it contained an oily, greenish-golden substance, of a pasty consistency and a pungent, not unpleasant odor, that quickly filled the entire apartment and lingered about for days afterward.

"The affair was really growing quite interesting.—

"'Do you happen to know how to use this stuff, John?' I asked.

"Oh yes, sir, I found out all that over in Canton. Whenever ye wants the thing to talk, ye jest rolls up two little pills o' the paste about as big as a pea, an' ye puts one of 'em inter the mouth of the head, an'—'

"'What shall I do with the other?'

"'Well, as I was goin' to say, ye swallers the other yerself.'

"'But *I* can talk at any time,' I said, 'so why is it necessary for me to take some of the stuff also?'

"'I dunno, sir,' he replied, gravely, 'but that's the way the priests does it, an' 'twont work no other way.'

"'Did you ever try to make the head talk, John?'

"'Oh no, sir, I wudn't do such a thing for all the world! It's not for the likes o' me, to be foolin' 'round with such deviltry as that! But *you* have a eddication, sir, an' that's a diff'rent thing entirely. If I hadn't met you, sir, an' ye hadn't been so kind to th' old man, I'd never ha' given the head nor the secret to nobody at all.'

"'I'm obliged to you for the compliment,' I said, 'and to demonstrate my appreciation, I will keep the head.'

"'An' the paste, sir?'

"'Ye-yes, and the paste too. I will not promise that I I will ever use it, but it may come in handy.'

"I gave my sailor friend a hot toddy and a havana, and after wishing me all kinds of good luck, he bade me good-bye. I afterward regretted that I had not asked him whose head the specimen was reputed to have been. It might have been interesting to know the old fellow's views of the matter.

"That, my boy, is the way I came into possession of the relic which has so interested you.—

"Oh yes, it *is* a skull now, isn't it? Well, after a few months, I got tired of that everlasting, petrified grin which the thing had—it seemed to be gazing upon me with an expression of ineffable superiority whenever I looked at it. I desired to keep the specimen, but I determined to give it at least an appearance of respectability, so I boiled the mummified flesh off one fine day.

"Did I ever induce the head to talk? Come, come, sir! Don't hurry me or I'll begin to think my story *is* a good one. We'll get to that part of our programme directly."

"After the process of boiling to which I subjected it, the old sailor's present became much more tolerable—indeed, its society grew to be positively agreeable. I have a habit of communing with objects of interest that happen to be about me, and after my friend, the head, had become merely an osseous ornament for my mantel—for I had no cabinet, nor had I collected any other skulls at that time—I occasionally manifested a certain degree of friendliness toward the relic.

"With those dry, shriveled, sneering lips gone, there was no longer any disdainful quality to the expression of the skull. As you may have observed, the features are still wreathed in smiles, but there is nothing sardonic about them; indeed, they rather express an expansive and hearty air of sociability and benevolence than otherwise.

"I became somewhat kindly disposed toward the skull, and used to talk to it occasionally, about various matters.

I have even told it secrets of importance, and I must say that my confidence has never been betrayed.

"I finally became quite familiar with my bony companion —I even went so far as to name it—or rather *him.* I called him 'Skully,' a highly respectable cognomen, expressive both of his rather Hibernian cast of features and the preponderance of cranial development that he possesses. There is also a frank, hearty, confidentially familiar quality to the name, that appealed to my instinct of good-fellowship.

"My friend Skully has participated in much of my scientific labor, and has proven a wise counsellor on many occasions —the best I ever had in fact. He has ever been given to calm and philosophic reflection—so different from most men, in the flesh, who are creatures of impulse.—

> "Bewail not death—'tis thus the poet sings,
> For death, and death alone, true wisdom brings.
> He who groping sees dimly here below,
> Beyond the grave alone may nature know.
> The unknown world is peopled by the wise,
> And knowledge has its throne in Paradise.

"Ah! my boy, such friends are hard to find!

"One evening, while pensively smoking my usual allowance of Turkish, a meditative mood took possession of me and it so happened that I fell to thinking of the many excellent qualities of my friend, the skull.

"'Ah!' I mused, as the fragrant rings of delicately blue smoke curled upward from my pipe—'there are few friends like Skully, yonder. Always steadfast, ever interested, never bored, perpetually pleasant of expression, reliable as fate—how pleasant and true a comrade he is, to be sure. Why, I always know just where to find him!—He is a friend indeed!

"'And how discreet he is! He has never betrayed any of the numerous confidences I have reposed in him. He has even suggested ideas to me and has never gone around bragging about it. I never knew of his saying—

"'Seen that article of Weymouth's on ossification of the third ventricle?—Well, *I* suggested that to him.—Oh yes, I was glad to give him a lift, you know.—Not at all, not at all; you see I have lots of material, and besides, William is such a

promising fellow—I don't mind giving such men a helping hand,' etc., etc.

"'Wow! Skully, my boy, you are more than human!' I exclaimed. 'But, after all, perhaps if you could talk—'

"'By Jove! if! if!'—I sprang to my feet in an ecstacy of sudden and interesting recollection. I recalled for the first time since the original head came into my possession, the chimerical story of my sailor friend. I had listened to John York, with the patronizing and tolerant indulgence of the good-natured skeptic who feels that superiority to the supernatural which a liberal education alone imparts. I had laid the oriental paste away and promptly forgotten its mysterious and wonderful properties, and having soon thereafter boiled the head, it was quite natural that I should not have recalled the old sailor's story until my thoughts happened to take the direction already mentioned, and brought the circumstances surrounding the presentation of the head vividly before me.

"'Supposing the sailor was right!' I thought.

"'Pshaw! William, my friend,' I reasoned, 'you are a physician, with presumably a fair amount of common sense—not a silly old woman! But then,' I said to myself, 'what would be the harm in following the sailor's directions and thus indulging the kind-hearted old fellow's fantastic notions to the utmost! It was certainly unkind of me to have forgotten him all this while, and it is possibly my duty to make amends.'

"The notion was as amusing as it was novel, and upon the impulse of the moment I yielded to it. After some rummaging about in my desk, I managed to find the queer little box of oriental paste.

"With a smile of derision at my own whimsical impulse, I proceeded to prepare a couple of boluses according to John York's formula. Being a regular practitioner and, therefore, inclined to full doses, I measured out a good quantity—I resolved that there should be no reservation in following directions.

"The pellets having been rolled, I placed one between the jaws of my friend Skully, saying facetiously, 'Have one

with me, my boy,' and with a 'Here's looking at you, sir,' swallowed the other myself.

"Hardly had I completed what I intended as the indulgence of a facetious whim, when I received a telephone message requesting me to call on a patient a short distance from my house. I responded to the call, found myself in the midst of a case of uraemic convulsions, and did not return home for at least an hour.

"Meanwhile, as you may imagine, I had no thought of anything but my patient—such cases give no time for other matters.

"When I finally found myself back in my library and seated in my comfortable chair, I had completely forgotten the skull—paste and all.

"As I sat smoking, and pondering over the case I had just left, I became conscious of a delightful sense of well-being such as I had never before experienced. While working over my latest patient, I had a feeling of exaltation which on any other occasion would have especially attracted my attention, but I was then so preoccupied that I did not notice it particularly. It was not until my mind was free from the responsibility of the case, that I took cognizance of my own sensations, and even then, I gave my tobacco credit for their charm. You know, my boy—

> "Under tobacco's wonderful spell,
> Trouble flies and the world goes well—
> Sweet visions of hope flit through the brain
> And all is joy and peace again.
> Under tobacco's wonderful spell,
> Happiness comes; the world goes well—
> The skies are peopled with angels fair;
> Back to hell flies the demon, Care!

"Never before had the fumes of my pipe seemed so dreamily delicious. The smoke curled upwards into beautiful designs, through which, as in a fleecy frame, lovely, angelic faces appeared; bright and bewitching eyes seemed to gleam upon me from somewhere, away out in space; I heard the sound of beautiful, aye, heavenly music. I gave myself over to my new sensations completely, with little power and absolutely no inclination, to resist them.

"I was in the seventh heaven of ecstatic, ineffable bliss; the world was one great panorama of beauty, in which *couleur de rose* predominated—neutral tints there were none. I had but one wish—that so my soul might go on and on forever. Life was a vision of delight—a pleasurable emotion as large as the universe. I was king of the realms of sentiment, and levying taxes galore on my faithful subjects, when I was brought back to earth by the most discordant noise that could possibly have intruded itself into the bright and beautiful paradise of my imagination—a human voice!

"'Ahem! Good evening, doctor.'

"I turned abruptly in my chair—for I confess I was startled—and looked expectantly toward the library door, supposing, of course, that the voice came from some visitor who had entered unannounced.

"To my surprise, I saw no one!

"After a moment's reflection, I concluded the voice was a product of the fantastic though delightful reverie in which I had been revelling. I turned again to my desk and resumed smoking.—

"'Ah! my dear doctor, *you* evidently know what comfort means!'

"This time there could be no mistake—I had certainly heard a voice, and from the vicinity of the mantel!

"I looked in that direction, and much to my amazement, I found the speaker to be—my friend, the skull!

"There he stood, smiling like a jack o' lantern, and winking at me as familiarly as though friendly and sociable skulls were an everyday affair!

"'Great Hippocrates!' I exclaimed, with rising hair, 'was that you who spoke?'

"'Why, certainly it was I—didn't you invite me to speak, and didn't you give me some of the magic paste?'

"The astonishing truth flashed upon me—my sailor friend was right! What I had believed to be an inconsistent chimera of an ignorant old man's brain, was a startling reality!

"'I must say, doctor, that you do not seem overjoyed at my interruption of what was evidently a pleasant reverie over your evening pipe.'

"'Goodness gracious!' I exclaimed, 'You can't expect one to be dumbfounded with amazement, and cordial at the same time! What do you mean, anyhow, by scaring a fellow half to death, and then complaining that you are coolly received? You might at least defer your criticisms until I get over my surprise.'

"'Why, doctor, I supposed of course that you—that is, you expected me to talk, did you not? You seemed to know exactly what you were about when you gave me the magic pill, and I am sure you must have taken one yourself, else I never could have intruded upon you, even had I wished to do so.'

"'You are right, sir,' I replied, 'but, to be perfectly honest with you, I will acknowledge that I went through that performance more in a spirit of fun than because I expected anything to come of it.'

"'Ah!' said the skull, 'that explains something! I have often wondered why you were so unsociable. So, you did not believe what old man York told you, eh? Well, my dear friend, you would have experienced stranger things than conversation with skulls, had you lived a few hundred years ago—when *I* was in the zenith of my fame.'

"'Very likely,' I said,somewhat sarcastically, 'but please remember that this is the nineteenth century, and although we have many things nowadays which, I fancy, would astonish even you; a *conversazione* with a skull is—well, it is hardly *fin de siècle*, you'll admit. I suppose a fellow *might* get used to it, but the effect upon one's nerves is, at the outset, rather disturbing.'

"'Perhaps you are right, doctor,' said the skull; 'I confess I had not thought of that, but one becomes so familiar with the manners, customs, and natural phenomena of his own time, that he is likely to forget that there are—well, as I heard one of your lady patients say the other day, "there are others." By the way, I wish you would thank her for that valuable addition to my stock of terse and elegant expressions. I do not know the lady's name, but she is the one with the blonde hair and brunette eyebrows, who wears a big hat with gaudy dead birds in it. You know, doctor, the one who is always chewing something.'

"'Ahem! Oh yes! certainly, certainly!' I replied, meanwhile wondering what the deuce the fellow meant, and mentally resolving not to leave any of that paste around where my wife could get hold of it. I, of course, knew that Skully was talking through his—no, that couldn't be, could it? But then, you see, I didn't care to take any chances, even though I felt sure that I knew no one corresponding to his description.

"Fortunately, the skull did not notice my confusion—he might have misinterpreted it, you know.

"'During the somewhat brief period of our acquaintance,' continued the skull, 'I have often thought how pleasant it would be to know each other better. Our strictly professional relations have oftentimes been somewhat irksome, and I have frequently wished I might introduce myself. But there were several reasons why it was necessary that you should make the first advances. In the first place, I am rather reserved than otherwise, and in the second place—*you* had the paste.

"'Again, while I have been quite democratic since I left my own family and took "pot luck" with yours, I have never forgotten the dignity and pride of my social station—that is, the social station I once occupied.'

"I think the skull realized that I was somewhat embarrassed, for he hastened to add—

"'I did not mean to offend you, my dear sir, by the expression "pot luck," I used it in the popular sense and not as a *double entendre.* I had forgotten, for the moment, the horrible stew you got me into some months ago. I was somewhat irritated at the time, 'tis true; indeed, to be frank with you, I was absolutely boiling for a few moments, but then, I soon cooled off—the incident was, after all, a pleasant holiday compared with some things I have had to bear during the last few centuries.'

"'Introducing oneself is always an embarrassing procedure, but I feel that in justice to us both, it should be done.'

"'I assure you, doctor, that I am worthy of your friendship—by birth, breeding, and education. I, alas! cannot say that I am "of poor but honest parents." I don't wonder you look surprised—it does make an unusual beginning for an

autobiography, doesn't it? Still, I must acknowledge with a due sense of modesty, that I, sir, am of the bluest of blue blood—Don't smile, doctor, I know there's not much evidence of blood of any color about me now. Yes, my friend, I am descended from one of the best known and most aristocratic families of Europe!'

"The skull paused, and I remarked, drily—

"'Come to think of it, sir, I have often observed an aristocratic air about you. Indeed, now that I look at you more closely, I fancy I can trace the family resemblance—you remind me strongly of some of the "bony parts."'

"The skull sneered, quite perceptibly, and said, cuttingly—

"'Now, see here, doctor, I may be a little dry and stiff, and perhaps lacking in the finer shades of emotional expression, but I still have *some* feeling—the loss of my fifth cranial nerve has by no means case-hardened me. I am not one of those "self-made men" of whom people talk so much nowadays, or I wouldn't have any feelings at all, but the fact remains that I can't stand everything, so you must have some regard for such little sensibility as may still be left me. And now, let me give you some advice sir—I have had an excellent opportunity to study you for some months, and if I am any judge, I am justified in the conclusion that humor is *not* where you particularly shine.'

"'Not even dry humor on grave subjects, eh?' I interrupted.

"I fancied there was a shade of contempt in the voice of the skull as he continued, without commenting on my interruption—

"'You are clever in some directions, I'll admit—oh, don't blush; I am not flattering you, doctor, you *do* cut a boil gracefully—but the other kind of humor is not the particular field in which you are likely to achieve immortality.

"'Besides, my dear sir, that "bony part" business, is an old, time-worn chestnut anyway. Old age makes some things respectable, but that ridiculous joke has grown more and more obnoxious as time has rolled away. It used to

disgust me many years ago, but since I was—ah, boiled, I can't endure it.'

"'But what is more enduring and immortal than a joke?' I asked.

"'You are thinking of Joe Miller, I suppose,' replied my osseous friend, 'but *he* was a humorous phenomenon. Like the works of Hippocrates, the book of the inspired Joseph will be found to contain everything in his line—ancient and modern. To be sure, it may require careful search to discover it, but even amateur iconoclasts seem to be successful in finding the origin of every new thing that is said or done nowadays.

"'No, doctor, joking is not your forte—don't ever try to be funny again—it isn't becoming.'

"'Well, I like that!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes, I know, some people do, but tastes vary,' replied my juiceless friend. 'Personally, I don't like joking. If any of these funny fellows ever come gyrating around here, and mouthing such wormy old gags as that "Behold this ruin—'tis a skull!" business, they'll find out that *I'm* not that kind of a ruin, else their faces will have to be harder than mine!

"'I might remark *en passant*,' continued the skull, that, aside from my unexceptionable social position, there is another and stronger reason why we should meet upon terms of equality—I was a practitioner of medicine for many years, during the latter part of my momentous existence. In fact, my dear sir, I was in active practice up to the time I died.'

"'Why, sir,' I replied, 'you both surprise and please me. I cannot express my gratification at learning of the fraternal bond that exists between us. I assure you, doctor—'

"'Pardon me, sir,' said the skull, interrupting, 'but I wish you would not address me by that particular title. I am not in practice at the present time, and as there are consequently no business reasons for desiring the application of the term to myself, I prefer that you should not do so.'

"'And pray, what shall I call you?' I asked.

"'Oh,' replied the skull, 'anything you like, providing you don't call me "doctor". In my day, the appellation was

an honorable one, but in this degenerate age, it is so loosely applied that it has neither honor nor significance. What with your drug store doctors, horse doctors, theological doctors, electric tooth doctors, Christian science doctors, patent medicine doctors, and mountebanks, to say nothing of musical, spiritualistic and faith doctors, the term is so besmirched with vulgarity and ignorance, that I, as a self-respecting skull of a once genteel physician, positively will not permit its application to myself.'

"'Well, then, sir,' I said, 'if you will pardon the familiarity, I will call you by the name under which you have become best known to me. Sometime ago I dubbed you, "Skully".

" The skull was evidently somewhat startled, and, I fancied, a trifle disconcerted.

"'Why', he said, with some acerbity of inflection, 'do I look like an Irishman?'

"'Not at all, not at all,' I said, 'but you talk like one. There is an honest ring to your voice that pleases me?

"'As far as the name Skully is concerned, it is an old and honored one. With slight modification—merely the substitution of the letter c for k—the name is one that has acquired great renown. Indeed, the happy majority of the possessors of the name "Scully," have occupied positions of honor and trust in this country for years, and years. What would American politics do without the Scullys? Where would our police force be without them? Why, my friend, did you but properly appreciate it, you would thank me for the honor I have paid you.'

" The skull actually smiled, as though well satisfied with himself!

"'By Jove! are we all vain?' I asked myself.

"' You are a fluent talker, at any rate,' I continued, 'and that's another reason for suspecting you are of Celtic origin.'

"' Yes,' replied Skully, 'but there are varying degrees of fluency, and several kinds of fluent talkers. *I* am the kind that has control of several languages—not one of those benighted and miserable creatures whose language has control of *them*. With this understanding, I have no objection to

being termed "fluent." I am, however, not Irish—I was never within many miles of the Blarney Stone.'

"'You may never have visited the Blarney Stone,' I said, 'but it is very evident that you are a gentleman of culture, education, and vast experience—you have doubtless traveled much and had many strange adventures.'

"'Ah!' he exclaimed, somewhat sadly, it seemed to me, 'You are right, doctor, I have indeed had a momentous career! If you doctors of to-day were not so jealous of your time—well, I only wish I might have the opportunity of telling you the story of my life. To be sure, "Time was made for slaves," as one of your modern writers expresses it, but nevertheless I—'

"'My dear friend!' I exclaimed eagerly, 'what is the value of time, even to a busy doctor, compared with the pleasure of listening to such an autobiography as yours must be? Why, sir, I would have a scoop! a regular—'

"'I beg your pardon,' interrupted Skully, 'a what?'

"'Pray excuse me,' I answered, in some confusion, 'There are some words, you know, which are so pregnant with meaning that we acquire the habit of using them without due regard for our audience. The term "scoop" is one I borrowed from my newspaper friends.'

"'Oh, yes!' cried the skull, 'I remember having heard my friend Seymour, of the *Chronicle*, use the expression. It has some reference to sugar, has it not?'

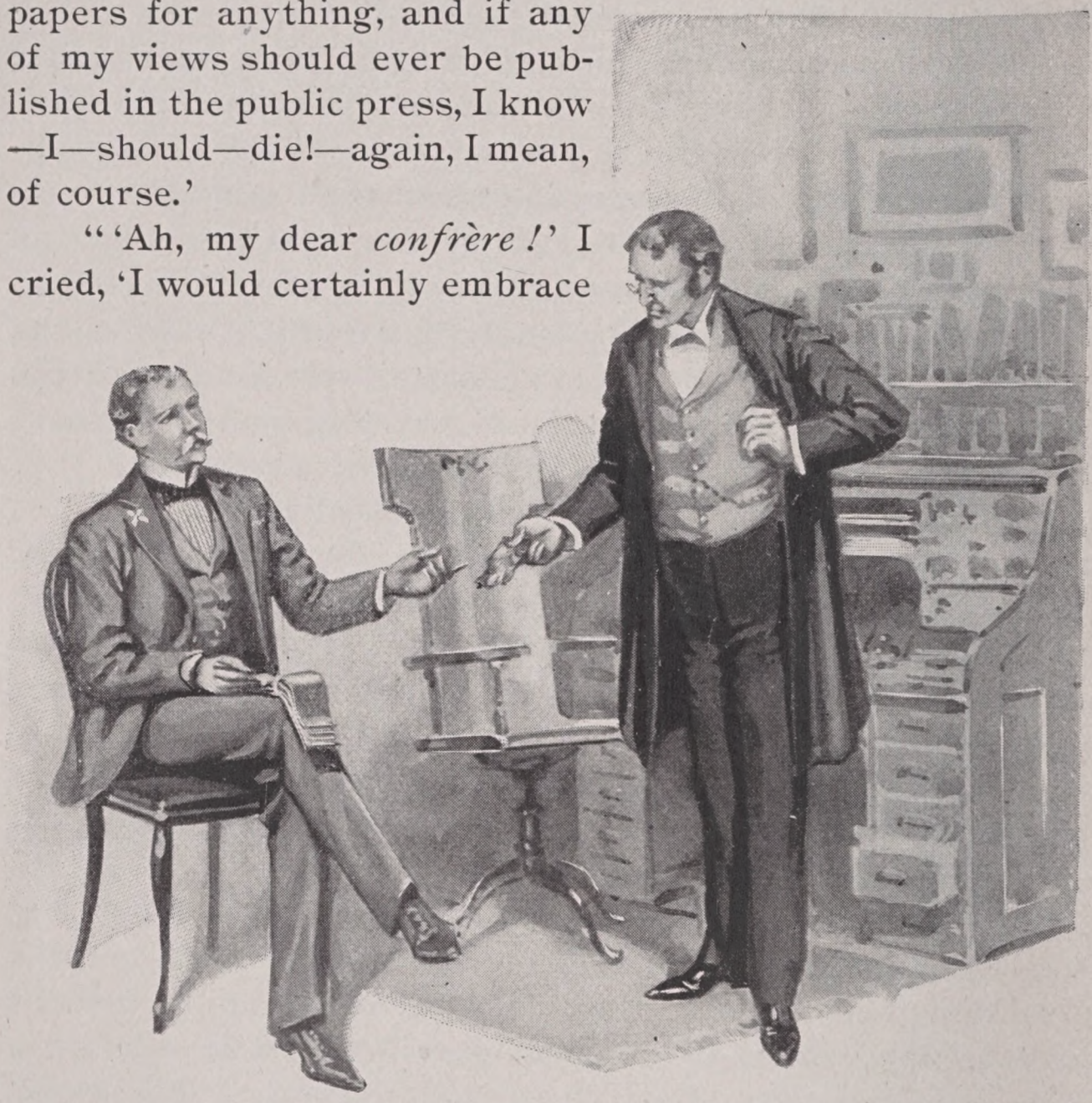
"'Well, hardly,' I replied—at the same time wondering how he happened to know Seymour—'unless bearing upon the question of compensation, which, I believe, is at the present day hardly worthy of sufficient consideration to warrant a special appellation. But call it what we may, I should consider myself one of the most favored of mortals, could I but listen to your history.'

"'Well, doctor,' said Skully, 'I am sure your request is not inspired by mere vulgar curiosity, and I will do the best I can to entertain you—granting that you consider my conversation entertaining. I will do so, however, only upon one condition.'

"'Name it!' I cried, determined to hear the story on any terms.

"'Oh, it is a condition easily fulfilled,' said my friend, 'I merely wish it to be plainly understood, that what I am about to say is most emphatically *not* for publication. I am too experienced a doctor, to run any risk of my remarks getting into the newspapers. I wouldn't have my name appear in the papers for anything, and if any of my views should ever be published in the public press, I know —I—should—die!—again, I mean, of course.'

"'Ah, my dear *confrère!*' I cried, 'I would certainly embrace you, were it physically possible! Why, sir, your views of ethics are actually up to date!'



"THIS IS NOT FOR PUBLICATION."

"'Oh, I dare say,' he answered, 'Ethics used to be my strong point. Why, doctor, I never consulted with a homeopath—for less than ten dollars—nor bled a patient less than a quart, in the whole course of my practice! I believe I may say, in all modesty, that *I* was a model practitioner.'

"'You were, indeed, the beau ideal of "regularity,"' I replied, 'but it is really too bad that you will not permit me to publish your history. You could disavow all knowledge of the way it got into the papers, and thus protect your ethical standing.'

"'Young man,' said Skully, 'didn't you notice the "not for publication" wink, that I gave you, when I began imposing my conditions upon you?'

"Ignoring the patronizing reflection upon my comparative youth as viewed by the bony old veteran, I confessed that the wink had escaped my observation, at the same time marvelling that the lapse of centuries should have made so little change in physicians.—

"'To be perfectly frank with you,' continued "Modestus," 'my principal objection to the publication of my history, is that the newspapers might make capital of it. I have thought of entering politics, you know. The socialistic labor party is without a head, and some influence has been brought to bear upon me to represent it in the next election. Should the papers make capital of my history, my political aspirations would be nipped in the bud—the mere suspicion of the possession of capital would ruin me. Capitalists are somewhat unpopular with my party, you know. Then, too, the manifestation of the possession of a certain degree of intelligence would be against my political success.'

"'Well,' I answered, 'I will be very careful not to betray you. There is one possible contingency, however, that might compel me to reveal the secret of your extraordinary intellectual capacity. Your appearance is so suggestive of the opposite condition, that you are liable to be drawn for jury duty at any time, and nothing but positive proof of the possession of at least a brain pan, would enable you to escape it.'

"'You forget,' said Skully, 'I am a doctor, and cannot be drawn for jury duty.'

"'And now for my story:'

"'I was first born in India, about five hundred years ago—'

"'Excuse me, I said, in some bewilderment, 'but did you say "*first* born"?'

"'Yes, that's precisely what I said,' replied the skull, 'you see, I'm a Buddhist. I have been on earth twice.'—

"'As I said, I was first born in India. My primary earthly career was not of great interest, I believe. The only information I ever had upon the subject, however, was gleaned from certain remarks made by the priests, in whose society I spent some years of my life—no, I mean death.

"'You will perhaps understand that while I have had two earthly existences, my present individuality really began with the last one, and I must therefore confine my narrative to it. Why, I don't even know what I died of, or anything like that, regarding my first time on earth! The post-mortem revealed nothing.'

"'How unfortunate—and how familiar a tale!' I exclaimed.

"'Possibly,' replied Skully, 'but it is not an unmixed evil—I will consume less of your time in the narration of my autobiography.

"'My second advent occurred in Europe, several hundred years later. I will not give the exact place of my birth, as I do not wish to distress my descendants; some of whom are doubtless still living and worrying about the fate of their remote ancestor—as one's descendants always do.

"'My boyhood was uneventful, and gave no promise of future greatness. Like most scions of aristocratic families, I was badly pampered and spoiled—'

"'Why,' I said, interrupting, 'do you know, I fancied I noticed when I boiled—'

"'Come, come, doctor! no sarcasm, please; that is another field in which you will never win laurels!' said my friend, severely.

"'It was not until I was quite a young man,' he continued, 'that I discovered I had been born under an unlucky star—I found that I possessed versatility!'

"'Why,' I asked, with some surprise, 'was not versatility appreciated in those days? I am aware that it is at a discount at the present time—specialism has done away with it—but I was under the impression that, in the good old times, the versatile genius was quite highly regarded.'

"'Oh, no,' replied Skully, 'far from it. In my own case the possession of versatility was a positive disaster—indeed, it proved my ruin. Possibly I might have coped successfully with the popular prejudice, had not my work been so far in advance of the times. I was at least a thousand years ahead of the mediocre geniuses of my day!'

"'Ah, indeed!' I exclaimed, 'and in what particular direction, did your brilliantly scintillating genius endeavor to guide a stupid and unappreciative world?'

"Pray, do not hurry me, doctor,' replied Skully, 'Allow me to proceed in my own way and you shall have my entire history.'—

"'I was first attracted to literature, as the field that promised most for my budding genius.

"'Boy though I was, I yet produced material which, even to-day, stands unequalled. Most authors struggle into full development by slow and painful effort, but *my* genius blossomed forth into full maturity as blooms the rose. 'Twas as though the bud of a century-plant of the intellect, that had lain dormant for an hundred benighted years, had burst forth into perfect fruition in the middle of the literary night! Originality, audacity, and fearlessness in the cause of truth, showed in every line of my work.

"'The literary world stood amazed! And then came my battle with the critics.—

"'At first, they laughed at me, yes, sir, they actually laughed at me! They then added insult to injury, by claiming that I had departed from the truth!—that my work was "over-drawn, inaccurate, preposterous!" I, the model of veracity, had written—lies! Ye gods!—how did I ever stand it?'

"'But my ardent, progressive spirit could not be quenched—I went on with my glorious work, even while smarting under the lash of asinine and vituperative criticism.

"'Essay after essay, volume after volume, reeled from my pen! I struck blow after blow, at the dense, soulless, adamantine wall of ignorant public opinion!

"'Time rolled on, and the public stopped to listen—it finally said, "Well done!" The victory was fairly won, and

had it not been for the malevolence of the critics, who followed me like bloodhounds, the name of—ahem! *my* name would have become immortal.

"'Ah! my dear doctor—how bitter is the reflection that our life-work has but served as a firm foundation for other and undeserving men to build their unearned fame and unmerited fortune upon!

"'My work was stolen! stolen, sir!—stolen!'

"'You may imagine the bitterness with which I to-day see my wonderful work attributed to others! And such a variety of work! Philosophy, religion, science, letters, the drama, poetry—all owe their very life-blood to me—to me, doctor, to me!'

"'Pray, be calm,' I said, 'you are actually working yourself into a rage. Remember, Skully, that your cutaneous and other excretory areas are not active, and the toxins of anger are dangerous.'

"'Toxins!' he exclaimed, 'what are toxins?'

"'Oh, I'll explain them to you some time—if they don't go out of fashion before I get around to it. It looks as though they would hold water, but—well, you have yourself practiced medicine and you know how fashions change. But you seem calmer now—go on with your story, and remember that I, at least, appreciate you.'

"'It is not the lack of appreciation altogether, that disgusts me,' he resumed, 'but I do despise literary pretenders and thieves! See the reputation Cervantes acquired through Don Quixote—*my* creation, sir, mine! Where did Le Sage get his character of Doctor Sangrado? From one of *my* essays—by the great Confucius! Who wrote Junius' Letters?—*I* did! Who wrote Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy?—*I* did! Who wrote the immortal plays attributed to that pot-house actor and all-around loafer—Shakespeare?—*I* did, sir!

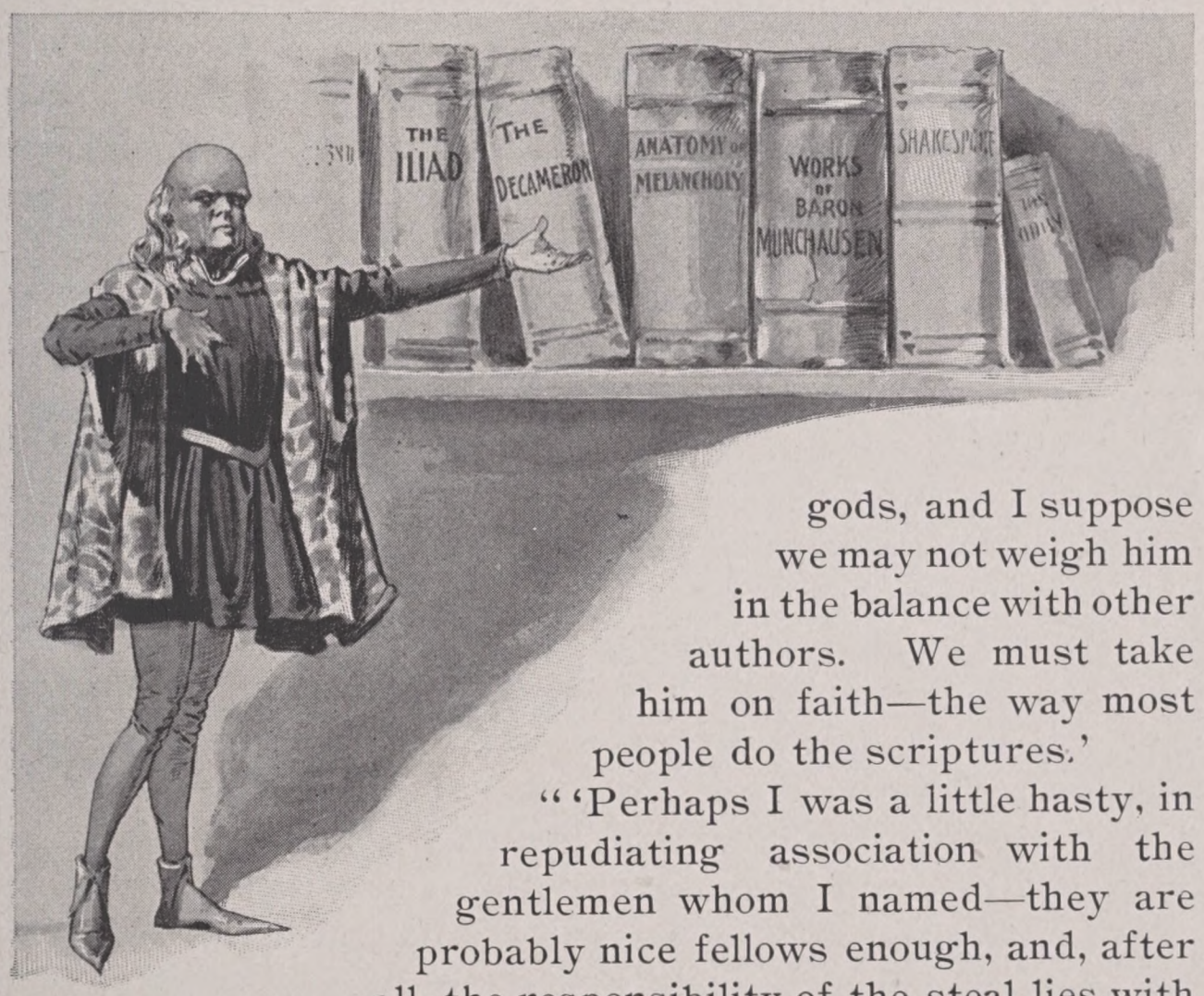
"'Do you wonder that my blood—I mean, my temper—boils?'

"'Excuse me, Skully,' I said, 'I have expressed my confidence in you, it is true, but you mustn't impose on good nature too far. I suppose it is fair enough for you to claim

the authorship of Junius' Letters, and even dear old Burton —nobody knows who really did write those immortal works— but we moderns have had a surfeit of pretenders to the writings of Shakespeare.'

"'Why, I hope you do not class *me* with such men as Ignatius Donnelly and Orville Owen, do you?' asked the skull.

"'Oh, well,' I replied, 'they are not half-bad company, after all. I believe they have given excellent reasons for their views. Shakespeare, however, is one of our household



gods, and I suppose we may not weigh him in the balance with other authors. We must take him on faith—the way most people do the scriptures.'

"'Perhaps I was a little hasty, in repudiating association with the gentlemen whom I named—they are probably nice fellows enough, and, after all, the responsibility of the steal lies with that literary buccaneer, Lord Bacon. But, when a fellow is excited he is apt to hit the nearest head. Pray, don't apply the rule to me, however,' said Skully, smilingly. 'It is natural that Bacon, of all men, should have grabbed every literary and philosophic plum in sight. From what I hear of the fellow, he was always regarded as a bit of a hog, by those who knew him best.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'it is at least by no means surprising that Bacon should be claimed to be the author of some of the

plays so familiarly known as Shakespeare's. There is a decided flavor of similarity to Bacon's style in some of them. Now, for example, there's Ham—'

"A severe look from the skull, warned me that I was on dangerous ground, and actually frightened all the satire out of me for the moment.

"'Is it not strange,' continued Skully, 'how misfortunes run in families? My father, before me, was a literary man, and, although of such high and noble birth, was one of the ablest writers of fiction of his day. Like his unhappy son, however, he was robbed of the honor to which he was justly entitled. My father, sir, wrote the Pentateuch, but that arrogant old fellow, Moses, cribbed the whole thing bodily! You moderns may well congratulate yourselves on the protection afforded by the copyright law.'

"'But,' I said, in astonishment, 'do you really mean to assert that your father wrote the Pentateuch? There is a confusion of dates somewhere.'

"'Not at all, doctor, not at all,' replied the genial Skully, 'my father was also a Buddhist—my *first* father I mean. Besides, the Pentateuch isn't so awfully old as some would have us believe.'

"'Oh, I see,' I replied—though I didn't see a little bit—and the skull went on with his story.—

"'I finally grew disgusted with general literature, and determined to give it up—for a time at least.

"'During the course of my literary labors, my attention was directed to natural history from time to time. I finally conceived a liking for the study, and when I decided to cease writing on general topics for the time being, I very naturally concluded to indulge my *penchant* for natural history in a practical manner, by travel, and observation of the *fauna* and *flora* of foreign countries.

"'During the progress of my labors, I developed some facts and theories that some of your modern scientists have greedily appropriated, without the slightest allusion to the real discoverer of the scientific facts they claim as their own. It has not surprised me so much, that my general literary work has been stolen, but scientific men should be above

suspicion, and I am astonished at the effrontery and dishonesty of some of them.

"'Is it not surprising, that such men as Darwin and Wallace, should coolly steal my thunder?

"'What!' I cried, 'do you mean to say that those grand, immortal scientists have—'

"'I—mean—just—what—I—said—sir,' replied the skull, with a fine show of dignity, '*I* was the originator of the modern theory of evolution. The first primitive suggestion of its possibility was originated by a Hindee philosopher, in the thirteenth century, or thereabouts, and was developed by myself.

"'Darwin, forsooth! Why, doctor, he hadn't the faintest idea of the true character of the missing link! I discovered, not one link, but a thousand. 'Twas I, who discovered the Caudate men of Africa.'*

"'Caudate men!' I exclaimed, greatly interested. 'You astonish me! Would it be asking too much to request you to describe them to me? I really must bring the subject up at the Academy of Sciences—provided you will give me the data.'

"'With pleasure, my dear doctor, if you will but excuse brevity.

"'The "Fakees," as I called them, or human caudates, were, as I have said, inhabitants of Africa. I entered their country in the spring of 1700, and the first village that I saw in the wild, unbroken forest, greatly surprised me. There was only one habitation, which was in the form of a queer-looking tunnel, about one-hundred and fifty feet long, made of sticks meeting at the top like the sides of the letter A, and covered with dried leaves and twigs. This tunnel was a little more than three feet high, six or seven feet wide at the base of the triangle, and was open at each end.

"'Some wild, hairy children, who were playing outside this queer-looking structure, raised a terrified howl as soon as they saw the strange man and his party, and at once some wild-looking creatures rushed out of their tunnel and scampered away into the woods like so many monkeys.

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* With a humble apology to M. D'Enjoy, the real (?) discoverer of the "human caudates." —AUTHOR.

"'These Fakee tribes are very likely the alleged "monkeys," whose terrific battles with the gods are described in the sacred book of India.

"'One of the wild men was up a large tree, engaged in gathering honey. He was greatly alarmed by the flight of his companions, and came down as fast as he could, stepping on pegs of wood that had been driven into the tree, until he was about fifteen feet from the ground, when he sprang down and tried, with head lowered like a bull, to break through the circle of men who had surrounded the tree; but he was captured after a desperate struggle.

"'After a while I induced him to talk to me. He was a tall, well-made, handsome fellow with vigorous, hairy limbs, and looked like a bronze statue. His ankle bones were enormous, like those of his friends, and, wonderful to relate, he had an unmistakable tail!

"'This amazing discovery startled me. I approached him, and to be certain that I was not the victim of an illusion, I felt with my hand his caudal appendage. I convinced myself in this manner that the vertebral column of the Fakee was prolonged beyond his body by six or seven small vertebræ so as to form a little tail like that of a deer.

"'When I spoke to the prisoner about his caudal appendage, its fortunate and apparently proud possessor drew himself up to his full height as he remarked, that all the Fakees had tails. The tail, he said, was the sign of the pure Fakee race, and it was becoming rarer with every succeeding generation. There was a time when the Fakee kings had tails that were three cubits in length, but the tribes had been driven away from the rich and fertile plains of their fathers, into the wild region where I had found the captured man, and, in the later degenerate age, the nation's pride, the tail, had been gradually disappearing.

"'The statement of the captured Fakee explains why no one has found the species of recent years.

"'The man whom I captured was much taken with me—as well as by me—and led me to his village. It seemed that he was chief of the tribe. To my astonishment, I found in the village, a population of over one thousand persons, each

with a handsome tail. You will understand that I was compelled to take for granted, the existence of a caudal appendage in the Fakee women—they were very modest and refined ladies.'

"'How on earth did you manage to converse with them?' I asked.

"Skully smiled pityingly, and said, 'Why, my dear sir, I ante-dated Professor Garner in the study of the monkey

OF THE FAKEE BLOOD ROYAL.

language, by some hundreds of years. The Fakees spoke the ancestral anthropoid tongue in all its simplicity.—

"'As you will readily understand, doctor, after having been told my discoveries, the modern school of evolutionists makes me very weary.'

"'You are certainly a most remarkable man—I mean skull,' I said, wonderingly.

"'You compliment me, sir,' replied Skully, 'I flatter myself however, that my extraordinary cranial contour would suggest, even to the superficial observer, that I am no ordin-

ary anatomical preparation. You will confess that you have never met another individual like myself.'

"'I should say not, most emphatically!' I replied, marvelling meanwhile at my friend's innate and somewhat freakish egotism.

"'It would consume entirely too much of your valuable time, and might necessitate another social pill of the magic paste,' continued Skully, 'were I to tell you *all* of my adventures in my various tours of travel, observation and scientific study.

"'My experiences have been little short of marvellous, though to be sure, I cannot claim to have had such remarkable adventures as have been described by Jules Verne and others —more literary freebooters by the way. In the words of Peter Pindar—

> '"Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
> Kill half a cow, then send the rest to grass."

"'On my return to Europe, I published a number of volumes in which I furnished a new and scientific classification of plants and animals, based upon my exhaustive researches.'

"'I am very glad to hear that, friend Skully,' I said, 'it was high time you were appreciated, and scientific men must have flocked to your standard with the wildest enthusiasm.'

"There was an expression of martyr-like resignation on the classic features of the skull, as he answered—

"'Alas! your inference is born of your sincerity and candour! It shows the simple honesty and conscientiousness of the true modern scientist. Unfortunately, however, so-called men of science flocked to my standard, *not* to applaud and uphold it, but seeking whatsoever they might steal.

"'Ah! my dear boy—for you are but a child compared with myself—you know not how it galled me to have my work ignored, misrepresented and pilfered! And the miserable thefts have gone on and on! In somewhat recent years, Linnæus, the Darwins, Wallace, Huxley, Tyndall and Spencer, have hoodwinked the public and gained immortality for themselves by facts and theories which they have stolen—yes sir, stolen like the ordinary vulgar thieves that they are, from

my work.' As he spoke, a mass of modest, liquefying osteophytes trickled slowly down my friend's by no means tender cheek.

"'The situation was becoming somewhat embarrassing. Desiring to divert the current of his thoughts from the persecutions to which he had been subjected during life, it occurred to me to appeal to his memory of tender sentiment —if he ever had any, and I said—

"'By the way, Skully, your autobiography, though fascinating indeed, is yet incomplete. It has no tinge of romance. Were you ever married?'

"My friend stopped weeping and glared at me furiously.

"'Married!' he shrieked, 'was—*I*—ever—married? Behold this ruin! There I go—I'll be saying "'tis a skull!" myself, next, if I'm not careful! Married!—Well, I should remark! Look at me sir! *Just look at me!* But, my dear friend, I mustn't discuss that subject. You are happy enough in your matrimonial relations, as the world goes, while I—well every dog has its day and I have had several days. Doctor, 'tis a painful memory! Why, *I* have done time in the treadmill of domestic bliss! Don't ever ask me about that particular phase of my career again. Whenever you want to know the true status of my opinions on love and marriage—look at my occiput. There you will find a little inscription that one of your young lady friends wrote upon my hairless, scalpless cranium the other day.

"I turned the skull around and read—

"'And woman's love is a bitter fruit,
And howe'er he bite it or sip,
There's many a man has lived to curse
The taste of that fruit on his lip.'

"'Why,' I said, 'what inspired that sentiment? There is nothing striking about it, and I am sure it is not original.' Then, as a horrible suspicion flashed through my mind, I exclaimed—

"'Great heavens, Skully! you were not *talking* to that young woman, I hope?'

"The skull looked at me quizzically and replied, 'No—I *couldn't*, as you well know. I suppose the sweet young thing

divined at once, that I was the relic of an extraordinary man, and as her reading has led her to the conclusion that love is the only thing that kills such people, she quite naturally inferred that *that* was what killed *me*—hence her quotation. And she was not far from right, it *did* almost kill me—as I have said; I served my time in the matrimonial state.'"

"Well, my boy, here we are at our old tricks again—playing the night owl! I fancy we had better leave our friend Skully at this point. I can assure you that he will be with us again at our next meeting, and, from his sleepy expression, I am convinced that he is perfectly willing to be excused for to-night. Good night, boy, and pray do not dream of our *bon camarade*—Skully."

THE RHODOMONTADE OF A SOCIABLE SKULL.

II.

THE magic cup—the glowing wine
Hath naught of mystic spell like thine,
The Circe drug from Orient,
Ne'er to my dreams such pleasure lent
As thou, oh leaf of wond'rous pow'r—
Thou makest fair the passing hour.

WORKING A SOAP MINE.

THE RHODOMONTADE OF A SOCIABLE SKULL.

II.

AS I strolled toward the doctor's comfortable home, I was contrasting the life of the prosperous physician with that of the average medical student. It occurred to me that the latter, during his college days, earns all the comfort he may eventually acquire.

The medical student is, of all men, the one who ought to be compensated in after-life for the hardships and annoyances that he almost always suffers during his student days—unless he lives at home, and the fellow who does, is a mere counterfeit student.

Was there ever anything more distinctively *sui generis* than a medical student's boarding-house?

The landlady is usually a widow of uncertain age—a lady of striking peculiarities and manifold talents. She is a woman who never hides her light under a bushel—her measures do not run so large, nor does she have light to spare.

The widow has had a husband, sometime or other—I had supposed this was usually the case with widow ladies, until I heard my landlady discuss the subject several times, when I

concluded that husbands were a special dispensation of Providence in the past lives of *some* widows.

The husband, in the case of Mrs. Jenkyns, *must* have been a dispensation of Providence—unless he was blind. Indeed, Providence must have taken great interest in the comfort of Mrs. Jenkyns' husband, for he died soon after "our youngest" was born—which shows how a kind Providence sometimes rectifies mistakes. How sweet to die, and feel that our change must surely be for the better!

Life still seems to hold fair hopes for the dear old lady! Can it be that she aspires to a second baptism in the divine fire? Is yet another blind man destined to cavort around in the widow's comedy-drama of life? Heaven pity the blind—their woes appear to have no end?

Mrs. Jenkyns has certain de-appetizing characteristics that should be highly profitable to her. Her hair is of that hard-to-find-in-the-hash shade, which is so disquieting to one of fastidious tastes and delicate appetite. Her complexion is of that shiny type, so suggestive of the cosmetic effects of second-hand bacon rind—it is oozy, perspiry and slippery to the eye, the struggles of the cutaneous transpiration to free its scattered droplets from the imprisoning grease, being all too painfully evident.

The one feature of the landlady's face that is bewilderingly uniform, all the world over—in character if not in outline—is her nose. There is a "snooping," insinuating, wonder-what-he's-doing air about it, that is very exasperating to one who enjoys privacy.

And the nose is by no means of a retiring and modest disposition—it is habited in *couleur de*—well, "*couleur de brick*," I should say—that makes the generalized dusky-red of her greasy, shiny face, pale, delicate pink by contrast.

One would not mind these various attributes of the old girl's proboscis, if it were not constantly so sneezy, snivelly, ozaenically moist.

Many a time, as the ancient dame has bustled about her kitchen, washing dishes or baking pies, still oftener when she has gracefully bowed her lovely head over my plate as she handed me my soup at dinner, I have felt like a con-

demned criminal, standing in the shadow of the gallows-tree, hopeless, despairing and thoroughly miserable, waiting in dreadful expectation for—but I forbear.

And her eyes! What student does not remember his landlady's eyes? Even now, as I sit speculating on my chances of getting fees enough to settle for my commutation ticket, at the little restaurant kept by "Italian John" around the corner, I recall with swelling, overwhelming emotion, my landlady's eyes. With what a stony stare did they gaze upon me, when I was behind-hand with my board and asked for a second helping of "blind robins," otherwise known as dried herring, at breakfast, or another cut—not piece—of pie at dinner!

Those bleary, watery, cadaveric eyes! those windows of a soul that had been shrouded in Cimmerian gloom ever since Josh'way, her husband, escaped—no, I mean died! Peer not hitherward at me, oh cold, fishy, and unsympathetic orbs! Shadows of the leaden past—the days of my digestive martyrdom—roll not away, but envelop the vision of my memory in thy protecting, all obscuring folds!

Some one has said that a truly refined woman has a flavor of personality about her; an odor peculiar to herself; a balm of Araby, that is neither violet, jasmine, musk nor oil of rose, but a scent as of a sweet zephyr, wafted from the gardens of an ever-blooming, fragrant, flowery paradise, and laden with the essence of a thousand beautiful exotic blossoms. To me, it is suggestive of witchery, of oriental balm, of languorous bliss and dreamy emotions; it is—well, it is she, the one perfect being of whom every man dreams, in very self.

By what standard shall I gauge the olfactory impressions conveyed by my landlady? Who can describe that subtle aroma of soap-suds, sebum, perspiration and the pensive, dreamy onion of old Spain? Is it indeed a sweet-scented breeze from far-away Old Castile—or is it some other and more "sudsey" brand? *Quien Sabe?*

The children, of whom there are always two—and who knows why there should invariably be this exact number?—are also *sui generis*.

The eldest is a daughter, of course. She is generally a blonde, of the peroxide type, with a voice that perpetually stands as a target for the family regret of poverty—a voice that would have made her famous, had mamma possessed "means to cultivate it!" And then, when you suggest consulting the Department of Agriculture at Washington—mamma gets real mad.

Sapphira is nothing if not bewitching—she has a *penchant* for young students who have never been away from home before—young fellows who don't know a hawk from a handsaw and to whom the society of ladies is an unknown world. Before their first college term is over, Sapphira has the scalps of a dozen of these callow youths dangling at her belt. They would all propose to her at once, if they knew how, and had the nerve.

And Sapphira longs for the second term, when the boys shall be older and more self-confident. Meanwhile, the summer vacation comes and they spend a few weeks in the city—and get experience.

The opening of their second college course arrives all too soon, and the boys return to their old places at Sapphira's mamma's never gay and seldom festive board.

There's no use trying to change boarding places—a fellow always finds that the new one is just a little worse than the old.

Sapphira gazes at the boys in gloating exultation. They are more manly, bolder; some of them are bewhiskered; all are evidently more experienced—but they don't propose!—not any.

No more do those wary boys linger in the parlor after supper, listening to the soul-stirring tones of Sapphira's voice and the clickety-clack of her piano accompaniment, as she sings, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" No more will they beat time to the rataplan of the "Turkish Patrol," which, as she renders it, is so suggestive of "bones" at the minstrels! No more will the boys swear at each other under their breaths and fight imaginary duels among themselves, for the yearned-for favor of Sapphira's smiles!

Sapphira has had her wish—the boys have developed a nerve like Greenland's icy mountains—but alas! things are not coming the fair maiden's way! And so the sweet young thing must begin all over again, and nurse the bubbling emotions and tender affections of another batch of "juniors."

But, "never yet, was goose so gray but soon or late"—Sapphira finally lands her man, or rather, boy. Sooner or

"WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TO-NIGHT?"

later, one of those vapid imbeciles whose parents have foolishly sent him to a medical college, instead of placing him in an institution for the feeble-minded, strolls into the fair Sapphira's net and—all is over.

The landlady's other child is a boy—and make no mistake about the sex. His mother says he is "just like his lamented pa"—an assertion which, I am sorry to say, is not precisely true, for "pa" is very dead—or absent. I will state

in passing, that there are theories regarding pa, which do not perfectly agree with the landlady's historical mortuary account of the absence of that interesting "has-been." No, the boy is not like his pa, for, drat him! he is alive, healthy, and very much in evidence—and, in addition, he is the most unmitigated nuisance the world ever saw!

"Sammy," as Mrs. Jenkyns calls her hopeful, is a boy of iron constitution and unquenchable, insatiable curiosity. Only the combination of these qualities could ever have preserved his life, on several occasions. His escapes from death have been absolutely miraculous. You can't kill him, I'll swear to that, for, well, to be honest, *I have tried it and failed!* and what a student of medicine, with a taste for amateur prescribing and drug experimentation cannot kill, the same shall not be killed! I have even laid traps for Sammy, leaving poisonous drugs about, where his infernal curiosity was sure to lead him into dangerous investigation, but it was no use, and I finally gave it up as a bad job—and an expensive one.

Never did Sammy get the worst of it but once. The little demon is very fond of pie. It has ever been the students' boast that that boy can out-do any "pie biter" in the county. We have perfect confidence in his ability to eat seventeen pies, providing a plate be not rung in on him—and we are not so sure about the plate.

Seeing that the boarders were somewhat jealous of Sammy's large and numerous helpings of pastry, the old lady finally baked a small pie separate from the rest, especially for the little *gourmand*.

The old girl was in the habit of paring and quartering her choicest apples and laying them aside for Sammy's pretty little pie. One of our boys, who was a bit of a practical joker and inordinately fond of pie himself, observed this maneuver on the old lady's part, and resolved to have revenge.

Slipping into the kitchen one day, when the landlady had left the room for a moment, our student abstracted a bar of hard soap from a box that stood beside the pan in which the specially prepared apples were kept. With his jack-knife, he whittled from the soap an artistic model of a quarter-section

of apple; he then put the counterfeit into the pan among the real articles, and made his escape.

Mrs. Jenkyns was very near sighted—she couldn't see beyond the end of her nose, for more reasons than one, perhaps. She sliced up the counterfeit piece of apple, placed it in Sammy's pie, and having finished it *a la mode*, proceeded to bake it as usual.

As might be supposed, we had been apprised of the treat in store for us—and for Sammy—and were on the *qui vive* for developments.

Sammy got his pie according to programme, and with his customary expression of hellish satisfaction, proceeded to devour it.

Now, Sammy was not the most graceful eater in the world—he was given to huge mouthfuls, and capacious swallows of imperfectly masticated food. On this occasion, he did himself proud—he had swallowed quite a quantity of the saponaceous pie, before his all-too-tardy taste warned him of trouble.

Sammy was sick—indeed, he was very sick! He actually frothed at the mouth. We boys said he was "poisoned;" one young gentleman, however, inquired very particularly whether our victim had been bitten by a dog lately. The old lady fairly begged us to use a stomach pump—*and we did!*

Revenge is sweet, they say, but pumping that soap factory out of Sammy's stomach was more than sweet—'twas bliss, exalted and ineffable bliss!

The memory of the mysteries of my landlady's *cuisine* recalls a feature of her table which is even now productive of *dègout.*—

'Tis an unappetizing recollection!

If there was a single day, aye, a single meal, when our dessert was not flanked by a large dish of stewed prunes, I do not now recall it. Prunes! prunes! prunes! morning noon and night—and especially at noon! Whenever the landlady's exchequer was running low—as it did sometimes when our remittances from home were delayed—we were gently reminded of her necessities, by a strictly prune diet at

luncheon. It required but a few days of this sort of thing to properly humble the delinquent students and bring them to a realizing sense of their obligations. The most intrepid spirit quailed under that regimen—which by the way, was the nearest approach to quail that I ever experienced during my college career.

I have often regretted that my landlady surfeited me with a fruit that others seem to enjoy. Since my college days, the gay and festive prune has had no fascination for me. I still cling to it as an occasional therapeutic resource, but as a titillator of the palate it is to me a failure; it is no longer a source of gastronomic joy.

"Hallo dar, Marse Frank! Reckon yo's kummin' hyar ain't yo'? 'Pears like yo's absen' minded sah; yo' wuz jes' gwine right erlong pas' de house. De doctah iz er waitin' fo' yo' in de library an' he done tole me ter leff de do' open fo' yo' 'all.'

'Well, young man," said the doctor, "you seem good natured and happy to-night. I don't know but I had better let you do the entertaining and devote my own attention to my faithful hookah.

"You can't tell stories! Well, I doubt that assertion sir, and if I ever get the opportunity, I shall certainly try to draw you out. But we have the autobiography of yonder modest skull under consideration, and as it is already later than we usually begin our story-telling, we will have a glass of punch and continue the narrative of my friend Skully."

"'To one who does not understand the spirit of industry which characterizes the genius—and especially the versatile genius,' said Skully continuing, 'it might seem remarkable that I should have struggled on and on, seeking for recognition and laurels by developing discoveries beneficial to my fellow man. I will not say that even *I* was not tempted at times to retire from the world and sequester my wonderful talent in humble retirement, but my impulses in this direction were ever momentary and fleeting. The thirst for knowledge was

too strong within me—I could not waste my marvelous intellectuality and allow the fair fields of my knowledge to lie fallow—I had, moreover, too much philanthropy for that.

"'Tiring of the ceaseless pillaging to which so-called "scientists" had subjected the results of my researches in natural history, I resolved to enter a different line of study, and turned my hand to applied chemistry and mechanical invention.'

"'Ah, indeed!' I exclaimed, 'you must have startled your compatriots, when your remarkable inventive genius got fairly under way!'

"'Well, to tell you the truth, doctor, I *did* stir them up a little, yet none of my discoveries were ever accredited to me, and the best of them were never published, even obscurely.

"'Since I have had the opportunity of cultivating your society, my dear doctor, I have, on several occasions, been forcibly reminded of some of my wonderful discoveries. Why, sir, when I see you slaving away with your books, papers and patients, trying to live and let live, and think of the position you might be in, were you possessed of *my* knowledge in certain directions, my heart—or rather, my head—aches for you.

"'Supposing, for example, that you were familiar with my process of making diamonds—you could make yourself rich in a single day.'

"'What!' I cried in astonishment, 'do you mean to assert that *you* ever made diamonds?'

"'I most certainly do,' he replied, 'I long ago proved the possibility of their manufacture beyond all peradventure of doubt. I never published the process, because, had it become known, diamonds would have been cheaper than coal.'

"'You astonish me!' I said. 'It is true that diamonds can be made artificially, even now-a-days, but they are mere microscopic specks, and it is quite unlikely that we will ever make them large enough to appreciably disturb the diamond market. Can it be possible that you ever made them of sufficient size to be of real value, save as curiosities?'

"'You may be sure I did,' replied Skully, 'nor do I think the feat was anything remarkable. Your scientists now-a-

days, are away behind the times. The basis of their process of diamond making, like many another of your modern inventions, is entirely too artificial. Now, I developed *my* process along perfectly natural lines, by imitating the method by which diamonds were originally produced in nature—as you will observe, if you will extend me the courtesy of listening to a brief description of the principles involved in my process.'

"'To say that I was all attention, would convey but a faint impression of the effect the words of the skull had upon me. To supply myself with pencil and paper, required but a moment—I then awaited the pleasure of the skull, with as much patience as I could summon—which was little enough I assure you.

"After a few moments of reflective deliberation, Skully said:—

"'While I was traveling in Africa, several centuries ago, I chanced to be thrown into the society of a queer old Zulu priest—a believer in fetiches too numerous to mention; a man who believed that the discordant "plong! plong!" of the "tom-tom" and the wild, weird music of the African fiddle with one string, were "fetich" for all sorts and conditions of "voodoo" spells and pernicious influences.

"'With the characteristic egotism of the European, I had thought but little of the intelligence of the African negro—especially in his wild state. My Zulu friend soon corrected this erroneous belief, by demonstrating that we Caucasians were far behind the negro savages in many branches of knowledge.

"'Among other interesting and instructive things, he confided to me a crude outline of a method that his remote ancestors used in the manufacture of diamonds. He also gave me my first definite idea of the way in which the precious bits of brilliant beauty were originally formed in Nature. Guided by the hints received from my old Zulu friend, I finally formulated a logical explanation of the natural process of diamond formation, upon which I based my own improved method of manufacturing the gems—the revival, in a new and scientific form, of a lost art as old as the original negro father,

Ham, who is reputed to have been the progenitor of the ebon-hued Africans.

"'Diamonds large enough to pay for the making, my dear doctor, can be made only in one way—by the action of heat and pressure upon water, in combination with liquid carbon.'—

"The skull paused, for effect, I fancied, while I began taking notes at a furious rate. Not until I had written down the skull's first proposition did its absurdity strike me.

"'Excuse me, Skully,' I said, 'but you are making a bad beginning. How in the world can you crystallize carbon and water by heat and pressure?'

"'Why, doctor, how stupid you are! How do you moderns liquefy gases and crystallize liquids?'

"'By cold and pressure,' I replied.

"'Heat and cold are essentially the same thing, are they not, and within certain limits produce the same effect upon matter?' he asked.

"I was forced to admit that the two agents did differ in degree, rather than kind.

"'Very well, then, I use two fluids, both with an inherent tendency to crystallization, and by heat and pressure I condense the liquid carbon into—the diamond.'

"'But what becomes of the water?' I asked.

"'Why, sir,' replied the skull, 'I thought you modern doctors were up in chemistry and physics! Didn't you ever hear of the water of crystallization?'

"'Of course, I know all about that,' I answered, 'even a junior student understands such things.'

"'Then you should know that nowhere is the water of crystallization so abundant as in the diamond. Are you not familiar with the term, "diamond of the first water?" That tells the story plainly enough. The fact that water was an important factor in the original formation of the diamond, was well known to the ancient Zulus and East Indians—it was from them that the term descended. Do you grasp the idea?'

"'Ye—yes, I believe I do,' I hesitatingly replied, 'but, come to think of it, friend Skully, there is no liquid carbon in

nature now-a-days. Where did you get the stuff? The nearest approach we have to it is that infernal, foul-smelling bi-sulphide of carbon that we use in the laboratory—which is a mighty poor apology for it,I can tell you.'

"'I was coming to that, sir,' said my bony friend, impatiently. The original supply came from the sun. That center of all activity and energy, is nothing but a mass of semi-solid carbon in a state of combustion. It's rays—'

"'But,' I interposed, 'the spectroscope—!'

"'Oh, confound your spectroscope!' cried the skull. 'I'd much rather peep into a kaleidoscope any day! It's ten times as pretty, and a blamed sight more accurate and reliable! You doctors now-a-days are like a lot of children—you go crazy over every new toy. Now in my day—'

"'Pardon me,' I said, 'but about the liquid carbon and the sun?'

"'Oh yes, where was I? I remember—I was speaking of the origin of liquid carbon in nature:

"'Well, the sun's rays, when submitted to ultimate analysis, are composed of carbon in a concentrated yet partially soluble form. As the original vapor that surrounded the globe, gradually condensed and collected upon its surface during the process of cooling, it brought down with it, molecules of carbon in a state of semi-solution. The relatively high specific gravity of the carbon, served to sink it to the bottom of the universal watery envelope that finally covered the earth, where, under the pressure of the water, it formed a thin layer at the bottom of the various depressions in the earth's surface. Bye and bye, volcanic action produced temporary fissures in the surface of the globe. Through these gigantic cracks, water rushed in tremendous volume into the bowels of the earth, carrying with it the liquid carbon. The intense heat converted both carbon and water into gases, the rents in the earth's crust suddenly closed, and under the combined effects of heat, the pressure afforded by the shrinkage of the earth's surface and the expansive force of the suddenly-formed gases, the carbon was crystallized into diamonds. The original atmospheric conditions favoring the formation of liquid carbon, have never since recurred, and

the precious stuff is not believed to be found in nature at the present time. I happen to know, however, that it does exist at the bottom of the deep seas—I have often asserted its existence, and, while I cannot prove it, no one has thus far successfully contradicted me.'

"'But,' I said, 'how is all this going to benefit me, if there is no more liquid carbon to be found? Where shall I obtain that most essential feature of your process of diamond making?'

"'Manufacture it, you silly fellow!' Skully replied, with a pitying smile. 'The process is a very simple one. Take a cut-glass bowl—which is preferable to an ordinary glass vessel on account of its superior brilliancy—and fill it two-thirds full of *aqua volcanæ*, which is the most powerful known absorbent of the sun's rays.'

"'Yes,' I said eagerly, meanwhile writing away in my note book for dear life.—

"'You now stand the bowl in the sun for six hours, taking care to get the benefit of the meridian rays. You then pour the fluid carbon into glass-stoppered bottles and set it in a cool place until you are ready to use it.'

"'I'm greatly obliged to you, Skully, I'm sure,' I said, as I gleefully closed my note book.

"'Pray, don't mention it!' he replied, warmly.

"Alas! Why did I not ask my learned friend what *aqua volcanæ* was? I supposed that the didactic lecture which he gave me, was like all other scientific lectures, and I could look up all the big words afterwards!

"Ah! my boy, a little knowledge is at least a disquieting thing.—

"'By the way, Skully,' I said, 'before you leave the subject of diamond making, I should like to ask you a question. Why are diamonds found almost altogether in certain localities, such as India, South Africa and Brazil?'

"'Oh,' he replied, 'that is easily explained; those regions are so near Hades, you know. It was in such localities that volcanic action in prehistoric times, was most marked, and consequently, 'twas in such localities that the heat and pres-

sure elements necessary to the formation of the diamond were most favorable.'

"'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'the intimate relation existing between Hell and the diamond, explains some very queer things!'"

"'I have been greatly amused of recent years,' said the skull, 'by the conceit of some of your modern inventors. You brag about the achievements of Edison, as though he were a demigod. He, a great inventor? Save the mark! I mention Edison, merely because he is a fair sample of your up-to-date inventors—I have no especial antipathy toward him.'

"'Well,' I retorted, with some irritation, '*conceit* does not seem to be a modern institution altogether—unless, of course, you can show that *yours* is of recent acquirement.'

"'Now, doctor,' replied Skully, 'must I include *repartee* in the list of accomplishments, which, in you, are chiefly distinguished by their absence? Your sarcastic remark was entirely uncalled for. You will please remember sir, that I am not relating my history for my own edification—alas! it is only too familiar to me—but for your information and entertainment.'

"'Pardon me, my dear friend,' I said, 'I *was* discourteous, I'll admit. But, you know, you have given me so many surprises this evening, that you mustn't mind if I state frankly, that my credulity has been submitted to a very severe strain. I will try and control myself better,however, and demonstrate my hearty appreciation of your courtesy and talent, by the exhibition of a little more tact and self-control.'

"'If you will stop to consider for a moment,' the skull continued, 'you will agree with me in the view that modern inventors are greatly over-rated. What contributions have they made to the solution of the problem of perpetual motion? Where are your flying machines? Where are your—'

"I sprang to my feet in spite of myself.

"'And have you ever solved the problem of perpetual motion, or constructed a satisfactory and practical flying machine?' I asked.

"'Why, doctor, you seem astonished. I will inform you, sir, that I not only succeeded in accomplishing those feats—which you seem to think quite remarkable—but they were among the simplest problems I ever undertook to solve. As you seem so surprised, and I do not wish to strain your credulity without some attempt at explanatory detail, I will take the liberty of expatiating upon them.—

"'Like many other things that are now-a-days considered wonderful, perpetual motion was well known to the ancients. The Hindees had at least a theoretical knowledge of the subject, several thousand years ago, as you will find by reading some of their old manuscripts.'

"'But I do not read Sanskrit,' I said.

"'No? You surprise me, sir!—still, the modern doctor is so superficial and—'

"'You were saying that the ancient Hindees knew all about perpetual motion,' I interrupted, not caring to discuss the weaknesses of modern medicine with my friend the skull.

"'Oh, yes, and the Parsees were still more familiar with it in ancient times. It is probable that civilization was more advanced among the ancient Parsees than modern historians believe. It is my own opinion that their fire worship, and especially their profound veneration for the sun, was based upon an appreciation of the practical principles of physics, chemistry and electricity involved in the development of perpetual motion. The Parsee of the olden time was a practical fellow, and worshipped the thing that was most useful to him here on earth. He considered his future state as a religious luxury—a useful principle was really the backbone of his faith.

"'The sun, as you are well aware, is the source of all the heat, life, and energy with which this little sphere of ours is endowed. Scientists were a long time in discovering this fundamental truth—with which ancient so-called "heathen" philosophers were so familiar.

"'The source of all energy must be the source of all motion, and as you can readily understand, all that was necessary to the solution of the problem of perpetual motion, was to so utilize the store of energy eternally present in the

sun, as to secure a constant supply of it at some given point upon the earth's surface. To accomplish this, I followed a very simple procedure.—

"'Having satisfied myself that heat, light, motion and electricity were co-related and inter-convertible—a fact which later scientists finally accepted—I determined to construct a machine that should not only combine these different yet similar agents, but gather them from the very fountain-head of life itself—the sun.

"'Acting upon this idea, I constructed some powerful copper-coil-wrapped magnets, and exposed them to the rays of the sun. Realizing that much light and heat was lost because of the relatively small area upon which the sun's rays fell, I arranged a series of reflectors and condensers that enabled me to obtain the heat and light in large quantity—not intensity, mind you, for the magnets would have melted. I succeeded in this way in getting a degree of illumination so powerful, that it was possible to project the rays through solid and apparently hopelessly opaque substances. I might remark, incidentally, that the principle which I discovered was utilized in medicine and surgery for diagnostic purposes. With my light, it was possible to so illuminate the human body that it was perfectly diaphanous at the point of contact of the rays. The way in which the coffin nails showed up in the cirrhotic liver, was a marvel to the old timers.*

"'I understand that some German *savant* has recently been playing with a toy which he claims has properties similar to my invention, but I assure you it will be a signal failure—he has no mechanism by which the distance of projection of the rays can be either measured or controlled. As a consequence of this defect, the rays from *his* apparatus will so penetrate the very objects he desires to discover, that the body will be a mass of homogeneous transparency—objects beyond the body may be seen, but objects within it, never.'

"I was about to argue this point with my somewhat pedantic and monumentally conceited friend, but he went on with

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* Curiously enough, Skully's remarks do not seem so wildly absurd as at the time the above was written.—AUTHOR.

his rhodomontade so rapidly that the opportunity did not present itself. This was just as well, perhaps, for a knowledge of the fallacy of his criticism of the Roentgen ray, might have wounded his vanity, besides, Skully probably knew nothing about bullets and such things. I therefore held my peace and he continued his remarkable narrative.—*

"'My invention was also utilized by the police. I constructed a dark lantern, which, when suddenly flashed upon a malefactor, enabled the officer to read a culprit's inmost thoughts. It also afforded a delicate method for searching the clothing for concealed property, incriminating evidence and deadly weapons. This property of the machine was afterward monopolized by the revenue service—for the especial benefit of lady smugglers.

"'The energy which I condensed in my magnets, so intensified their quality of induction, that an enormous quantity of latent electricity was stored up in the multitudinous coils of the apparatus—indeed, so great was the quantity that it was practically inexhaustible after a single exposure, although, to make assurance doubly sure, I used to expose the thermo-electric magneto-condensers to the sun's rays about twice a month.

"'All that was necessary to utilize the power of the machine, was an arrangement of smooth, wire-bearing copper plates, which were placed at convenient distances around the apparatus. By a series of small reflectors, the electrical energy was made to impinge in the desired quantity, directly upon the plates at the ends of the distributing wires.

"'By a special arrangement of the receiving plates, and a duplication of wires, our patrons—I started a company you know—could be supplied with heat, light, power, or plain electricity.'

"'Yes, but how about the perpetual motion?' I asked.

"'Well, you see, our contracts with subscribers did not call for that—we reserved the right to cut off their supply whenever their remittances were in default. As for the

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*This qualification was necessitated by the discovery of the "X ray," nearly two months after the skull's claims were set forth. The skull's "ridiculous" rhodomontade was presented to several eminent gentlemen in the Chicago profession at that time. I had in mind the modern experiments in "electro-gastroscopy."—AUTHOR.

principle of perpetual motion, we kept that in operation and on exhibition, at the central source of supply. It consisted of an immense vibrator, something like that little buzzer on the modern battery.'

"'You mean the Faradic rheotome,' I suggested.

"'Yes, I suppose I do, though I'm somewhat rusty on electrical nomenclature,' replied the skull.

"'Well, Skully,' I said, 'your plan is certainly reasonable—which is more than I can say of my gas and coal bills—and I shall take it into serious consideration. I may conclude to form a stock company, which, if you will consent to accept its presidency, will, I am sure, surpass any other soulless corporation on the face of the earth. Personally, I shall be glad to throw my own gas meter into the street—it's a fast little creature anyhow, and unfit for association with modest, refined people. I might remark in passing, my dear friend, that if your scheme for perpetual motion surpasses my gas meter, the problem is solved beyond peradventure of doubt.'

"'It may be somewhat hazardous to claim so *much* for my machine, doctor, but I really feel confident it will even bear comparison with your gas meter. You see, my apparatus has this advantage; it is self regenerating, and when not in use, is storing up energy, without expense, while your gas meter, though gaining ground all the time, is nevertheless losing its benefits to the consumer, even when the supply is not in use.'

"'Skully,' I cried, 'you have a great head for mechanics and things!'

"The skull bowed, with the prettiest pretense of blushing confusion imaginable.

"'By the way, Skully,' I said, 'a question occurs to me. Your machine must wear out in time. What then becomes of the "perpetual" feature of the motion it supplies?'

"'You silly fellow!' exclaimed the skull, 'of course the machine wears out, but that doesn't affect the principle in the least! Any interruption is then the fault of the machine. I did not say that I had invented an indestructible, eternally-lasting *machine*—I simply claimed to have solved the problem of perpetual motion. Don't you understand?'

"'Um—ah—I think I do,' I replied, with a vague impression that my friend the skull had evaded the issue."

"'Now, as to flying machines,' said the skull, blandly, 'they are mere child's play.'

"'Yes, so I have always regarded them,' I replied.

"Skully glanced at me sharply, and said—

"'I hardly think you caught my meaning, sir—I meant that their construction is a matter easy of accomplishment.'

"'Ah, indeed!' I answered, 'I evidently did not quite grasp the idea your expression was intended to convey. So, flying machines are easy to construct, are they? How plentiful they must have been in your day!'

"'Plentiful!—I should say they were!' replied the skull. 'They were as numerous and popular as are bicycles in this effete age. Everybody had his own machine, and a fellow was not considered high-toned and in the swim unless he owned one.'

"'How interesting!' I said. 'You seem to consider that the invention of a practical flying machine was a trifling thing, but I assure you that boundless fame and fortune await the man who shall invent one in this day and generation. It is a very difficult matter to obtain a material for their construction that combines lightness and strength in the necessary proportions. Of what did you make your machine?'

"'We made them of a high metal—gold,' replied Skully, suavely.

"'Of gold!' I exclaimed; 'why, the specific gravity of gold is'—

"'Your scientific knowledge blinds you to some practical facts,' said the skull, hastily interrupting. 'There's nothing that flies like gold. Now, if you will observe the United States treasury for a while'—

"'That will do, Skully, that will do!' I interposed, 'I may be spoiling a good thing, but it is high time I called your attention to the fact that you, yourself, are much wiser than witty. It is hardly necessary for you to expatiate further upon the *construction* of flying machines. You, of course,

have had considerable experience with them and are familiar with the technique of their operation and management.—'

A GONDOLA OF THE AIR.

"'Oh, yes,' replied the skull; 'I used one in making my calls, both professional and social. You cannot imagine how

convenient it was, when I desired to call upon my lady fair, to get into my aerial *coupé* and fly to her, as 'twere on wings of love!'

"'There, there, that will do, Skully! Just limit yourself to practical matters for the present,' I said, fearing lest the accuracy of my friend's narrative might be disturbed by his sentimental recollections—I had not forgotten his emotional excitement when I alluded to matrimony.

"With a look of injured pride, he resumed—

"'I have often wondered how folks get along without flying machines now-a-days. Suppose, for example, that on a rainy, muddy night, you wish to take your wife to a reception. You slop back and forth to your carriage; your wife gets her feathers wet and her skirts bedraggled; your patent leathers are covered with mud, and your temper aroused to an indecent pitch—where's the comfort in that? I presume that, like most men, you give vent to your emotions by quarreling with your wife, all the way to and from the entertainment,' and the skull looked at me rather quizzically.

"'Now, in my day, we did things differently. Cordelia waited at the attic window until her swain's air-ship arrived, stepped into it without her dear little foot ever touching the ground, and away they went.'

"'Yes, but supposing that, as you suggested, it was not only muddy, but actually raining?' I asked.

"'Oh, that necessitated a little different arrangement,' said Skully. Every house had an elevator for use on rainy days. The flying machines used to stop at the top of the elevators, and make their aerial voyages above the clouds. They were a great convenience, I assure you, my dear doctor. It was a pleasant reflection when one had purchased tickets to the theatre, to know that his sweetheart need not be disappointed, because of a nasty, miserable rainstorm.'

"'Why, did you have theatres in your time?' I inquired.

"'Yes indeed,' replied Skully, 'and by the way, theatres were *theatres* in those days I can tell you.'

"'I am glad to learn that,' I said; 'theatres are theatres only on week days in this town. They are *churches* on Sunday. It must have been nice to know just where to place

them. You probably drew the lines more closely than we do. Why, if you should happen to miscalculate and enter one of our theatres at the wrong time, you'd never know what kind of a performance you had found. The acting is good in any case, but a fellow gets confused you know. Texts, lectures, dramatic effects and stage reading are so jumbled together now-a-days, that I am often puzzled to know just where I am.'

"'Poor fellow!' said the skull, sympathizingly, 'that explains why you sleep so late on Sunday mornings!—

"'But you didn't quite grasp my meaning about the theatres of my time. What I meant was, that our plays amounted to something. Our histrionic artists were realists, I assure you. Now, at the present time, the shallow artifices and transparent pretense of your actors is very disconcerting. Too much is expected of the imagination, when one is asked to enjoy the counterfeit presentment of human affairs on the stage. Why, do you know, doctor? We actually had real marriages and real deaths on the stage!'

"'You astonish me, sir!' I said. 'Your story is but little short of marvellous, and had I not the greatest confidence in your veracity I could not accept your statements—even *cum grano salis*. How on earth did you manage to be so realistic in your dramatic effects?'

"'Easily enough, my friend, easily enough,' replied Skully—rather patronizingly, I thought. 'Your modern theatrical manager, with all his shrewdness, does not utilize the material he has at hand. He is adept enough in convincing the public that he has something of value, by trickery, but he allows his most brilliant opportunities for the presentation of realism to escape him.

"'Your modern players are marrying and giving themselves away—in marriage—getting divorced, and remarrying all the time—off the stage. Now, we ordered things differently—we utilized all that raw material, and made the matrimonial machine and divorce mill work, not behind the scenes, but on the stage in plain sight. And we never ran short of material.

"'How ingenious!' I cried. 'But could you really get people to so time themselves as to die upon the stage?'

"'No, not exactly,' replied Skully. 'Actors are always marrying, while they seldom die, and when they *do* it is not like their marriages—there are no encores. We couldn't have secured material enough in that way, and besides, sick people can't act. They must be strong and hearty up to a certain point—until their stage time comes, you know. But we utilized healthy actors—people who didn't feel as bad as they acted.'

"'So, you had real deaths on the stage? What a pity we couldn't have such things nowadays! We have so many players whom we might just as well utilize for dying scenes. But you must have used up your stock of material very fast, especially if you allowed your really first-class actors to die. Battle scenes must have been easy to arrange—two-dollar "supes" were probably plentiful—but stars must have been scarce, if your times were anything like the present.'

"Skully smiled indulgently as he answered—

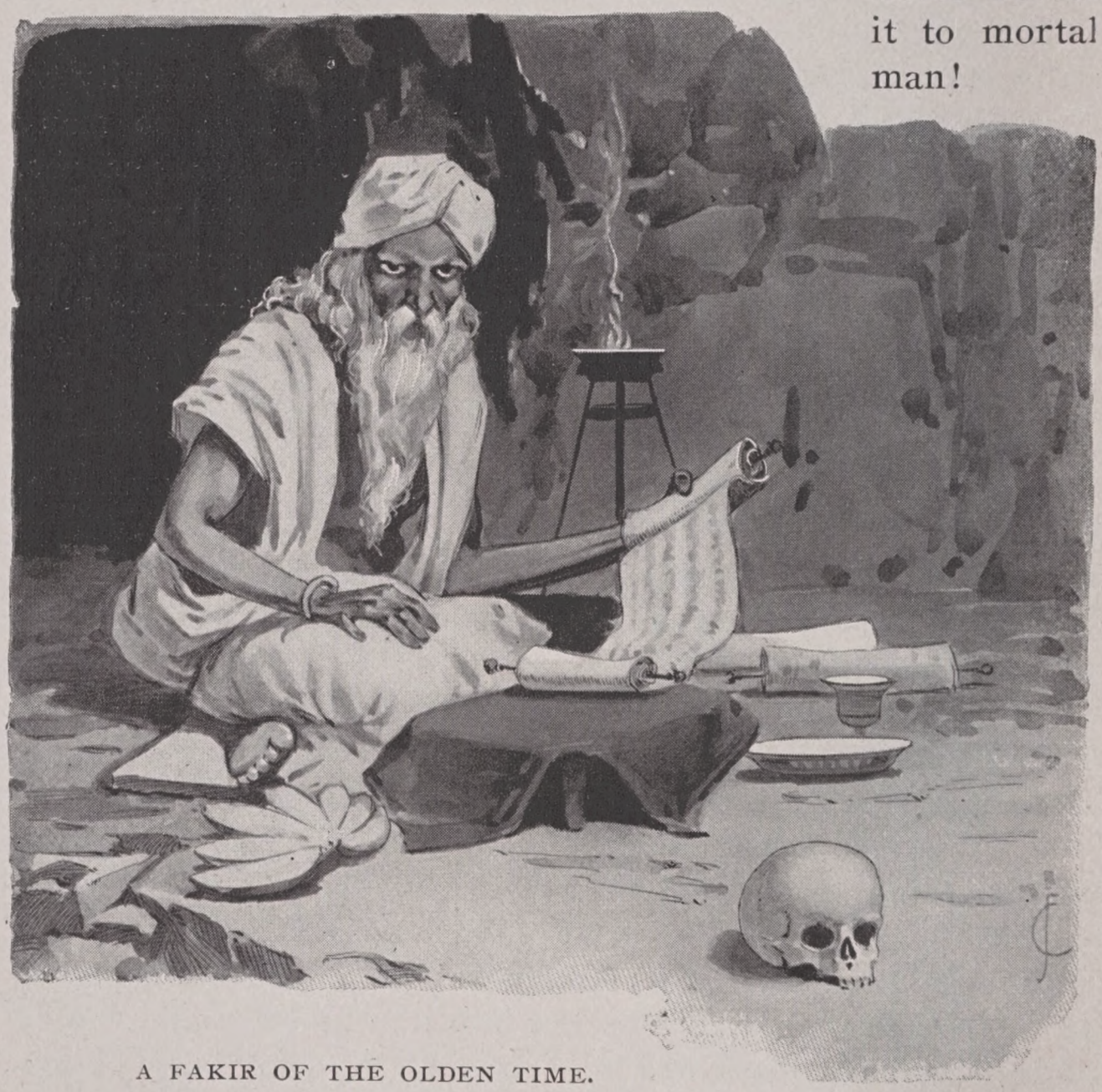
"'The stage was indebted to me, sir, for the wonderful discovery which enabled the tragedies of that time, to assume a reality never before attained. Ten drops of my wonderful elixir of life poured down a dead actor's throat, revived him almost instantly.'

"'Then *you* invented an elixir of life, eh?' I asked. 'I had supposed that a distinguished French *savant*, recently deceased, was the pioneer in that particular field.'

"'I presume you mean the late Brown Séquard,' said the skull. 'Poor devil!—he meant well, but he was a victim of a delusion. The frolicsome glee of the little lambkin gambolling away his innocent, almost ephemeral life on the sunny slopes of *la belle* France, was a hollow mockery and a snare. Why didn't Séquard think of the tortoise?'—and my bony philosopher sighed, as though in sympathy with the motive, even though contemptuous of the results, of the lamented ornament to medical science.

"'Your *elixir vitæ* must indeed have been wonderful,' I said, 'and I hope I may prevail upon you to give me its formula—some day when we have leisure to enter into the mysteries of its composition and manufacture with sufficient thoroughness.'

"'Ah! my dear doctor, you know not what you ask!' exclaimed my interesting friend. 'The ancient fakir, who, in the midst of the self-imposed solitude of his weird and gloomy cave among those sacred mountains where rises the holy Ganges, imparted the secret of its manufacture to me, exacted a solemn, terrible and inviolable oath, that I would never reveal it to mortal man!



A FAKIR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

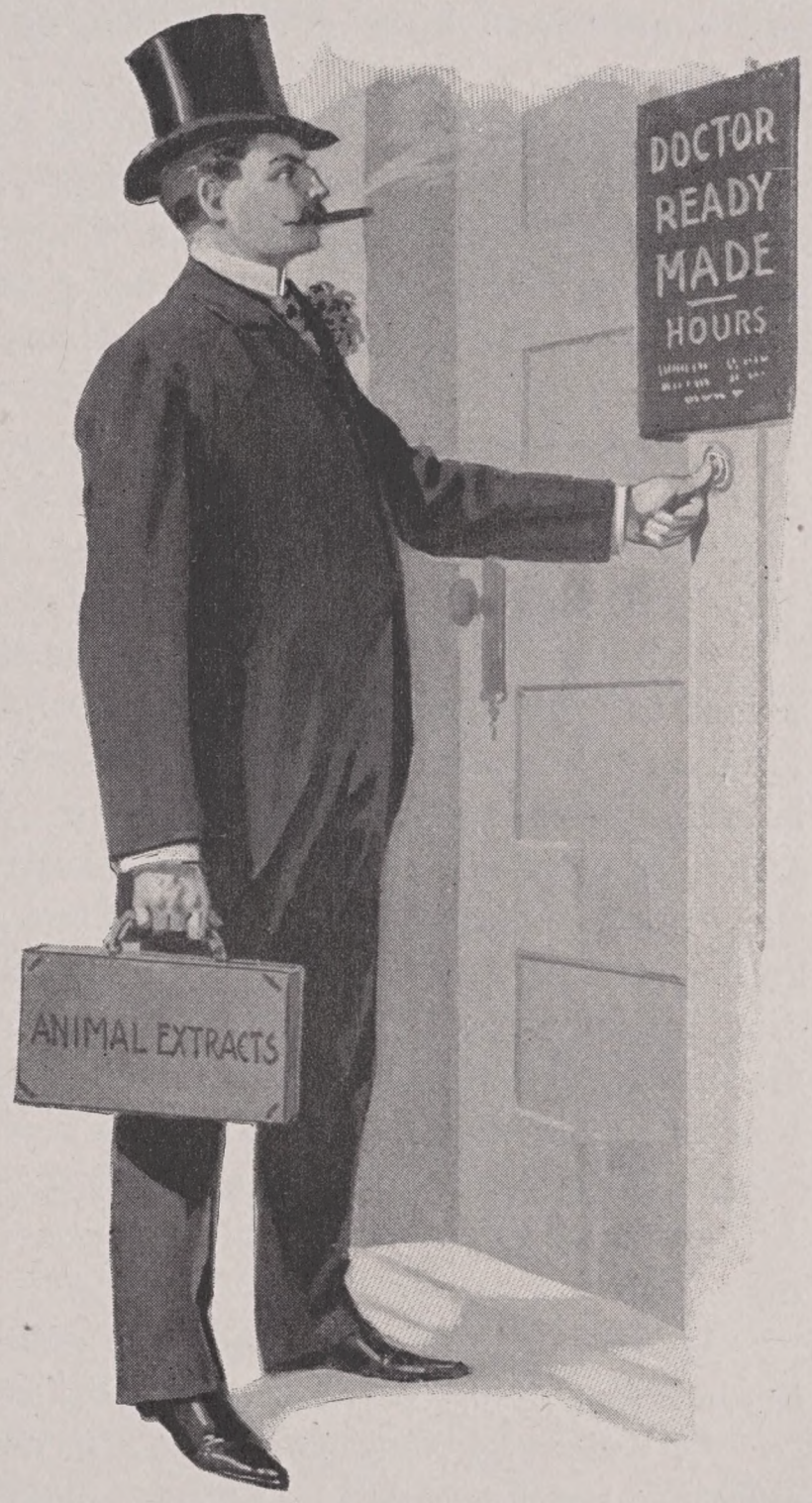
"'The venerable fakir is long since dead, and wrapped in the holy embrace of Brahma. But perchance he might even yet, invoke the wrath of the mighty gods, Siva and Durga, upon the defenseless and hairless head of yours truly. I do not fancy my soul being placed under a juggernaut. Doctor, I am not coy, but conservative. Even though I dared to give you the formula, I should be compelled to

write it out for you, and when written 'twould be useless. Those ancient hieroglyphs which I found on the walls of the sacred temple of Vishnu at the holy city of Benares, would be unintelligible to you, and besides, you say you do not read Sanskrit.'

"'Did I understand you to say that you got the secret from a fakir?' I inquired, being not in the least awestricken by the origin of the wonderful elixir.

"'Yes, from an Indian fakir,' he replied.

"'Well then, old fellow, I guess you need not trouble yourself to give me the formula. I don't believe that fakirs have changed much in the last few hundred years. We have some that are practicing medicine at the present time, who are great on elixirs and such things. Now, in Washington, for instance—'



YE MODERN FAKIR.

"Skully made a most profound and reverential salaam, and whispered in terrified accents—

"'For the love of Buddha, mention not that awful name! He is the king of all the fakirs, and thou shalt not take his name in vain! Not on your—well, not on your life! My

elixir, 'tis true, was the secret, magic drop of the ancient kings of Egypt; it was the source of the ancient miracles of raising the dead, but it must not be mentioned in the same breath, with the wonderful discoveries of that mighty and omniscient king who sitteth on his royal throne in Washington!'

"It was decidedly my turn to be patronizing:

"'Oh, well,' I said, sympathizingly, 'all is not yet lost. I, too, have a secret, and as you have been so kind as to give me so much valuable information, I will give you the lost arcana—the secret of the royal elixir. Give me your ear—no, I mean your aural aperture.'—

"As he leaned toward me I whispered the magic word—

"'Nitro-glycerin!'

"'Well, I'll—be—blowed!' cried the skull."

"'There's one thing in medicine that has somewhat surprised me, Skully,' I said. 'We have as yet no accurate test for death. We modern doctors have often entertained the horrible suspicion that burial alive is not so uncommon as some suppose. Our patients even, are often tormented with the dread of that horrible fate. Now, there is one old lady among my patients who worries me almost to the verge of distraction, by her fears of a living burial. When she drives me into a corner, and asks me whether I have any infallible test to prove that life no longer exists in supposedly dead people, I have hard work to hold my own in the discussion. As you have practiced medicine, possibly you can enlighten me.'

"I fancied the skull had a somewhat sarcastic gleam in his ball-less orbits as he replied—

"'You are giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary worry, my dear friend. You are perfectly safe in assuring the poor old lady that *your* patients are *never* buried alive. I am sure that you are quite as expert as was I, in my day, and I will wager anything you like, that such an accident never happened in *my* practice. You mustn't take things so seriously to heart, doctor. Be calm and placid like myself, and you'll live longer and be much happier. Of course, I cannot

take life as easy—well, as easy as I did when I was a doctor, but I get along fairly well.'

"And my bony *confrère* never cracked a smile. So serious did he look, that I did not dare ask him what he meant, though I was wondering all the while what the deuce he did mean."

"'I suppose that your inventive genius was very valuable to you, and also to the profession,' I said, after I had recovered from the mental haziness into which Skully's last remarks had thrown me.

"'You may well believe they *were* valuable, my dear doctor. It would take entirely too long to tell you all of the wonderful additions I made to medical and surgical science. I assure you, however, that some of your so-called "advanced" notions of the treatment of disease are really the legitimate offspring of my own prodigious brain.

"'Take, for instance, the modern treatment of tuberculosis. Why, sir, I used to curette the lungs and pack the diseased cavities with antiseptic gauze three hundred years ago! And I did not open the chest either; I operated via the trachea and bronchial tubes!'

"'Oh, see here, Skully!' I exclaimed, impatiently, 'you are going too far!'

"'Am I, indeed?' he retorted. 'Let me ask you a few questions, sir:

"'Is curetting and packing tuberculous cavities good treatment?'

"'It is,' I replied.

"'And do you believe in evolution?'

"'I do, most certainly.'

"'Very well, then. What is there inconsistent, chimerical, or illogical about my method? Do you know anything about the capacity of the human trachea and bronchi in those days, or any of the peculiarities of the people of my *clientèle?*'

"I was forced to admit that I did not.

"'Then,' said the skull, 'as you are not in a position to criticise, you had best reserve your discussion of my method until you have secured some data upon the subject. Pray do

not forget, sir, that I am a "Has-been"—and a very remote one at that,'

"'Well,' I said, 'you are frank and honest, to say the least, which is more than I can say of some of our *modern* "Has-beens." They claim fully as much skill and knowledge as you do, but without equal reason. But you are unlike them in one particular that is even more important. You have been dead for many years and know it—indeed, you honestly confess it. For this, I commend and respect you. How different is the profession of to-day! Why, I know some fellows who have been dead for years, and years, and either do not know it, or, what is worse, will not acknowledge it!'

"'And do they show evidences of death at the top, like me?'

"'They do,' I replied.

"'And is it from those "Has-been" fellows, who won't "fess up," that the modern term "dead head" is derived?'

"'No, I believe not,' I answered, laughing in spite of myself, 'There's another word that is now quite generally used—we call them "Nestors."'

"'Why, we used that term, too,' replied the skull, 'but in my day it meant a wise man. I believe Homer sang about a sage of that name long before my second advent.'

"'Well,' I retorted, 'you seem to have done a great many things better in your day than we moderns do. You complained of our careless use of the old and honorable title of "doctor," but if you could see some of the "Has-beens" of science and letters to whom we apply the term "Nestor," your heart— I mean your head, would break.'"

———

"'Speaking of the treatment of tuberculosis of the lungs,' I remarked, 'we have a brand-new treatment that bids fair to become quite popular.'

"'Popular? Yes, and it's likely to prove successful, too, for, if I am not mistaken, you refer to the treatment by injection of immunized horse serum, or something like that. If my memory serves me correctly, I heard you discussing the method with Dr. M—— the other evening. Well, doctor,

I regret to say that I must also prick *that* bubble—so far as its originality is concerned. Paquin is a bright fellow enough, and the treatment is likely to prove a success, even in his hands, but it's a revival of an old method of mine, just the same.'

"'Well, sir,' I exclaimed, 'go right on with your monopolizing! You'll claim to have built Noah's ark next.'

"'Oh, no,' he replied, 'my recollection does not go back quite so far as that. You'll have to ask your friend, Dr. K——, about the ark.'

"'And what does K—— know about it?'

"'Why, don't—you—know?' asked Skully, amazedly, 'K—— was *there.* You might know that from the large assortment of ancient, mummified dates he carries about with him.'

"'How the deuce do you know K——, anyhow?' I asked, with some impatience, 'he's no Buddhist.'

"'True, he's no Buddhist—nobody knows just *what* he is from that standpoint, so far as I know, but if you will listen carefully to his scientific and historical data, you'll find evidence enough to prove that he, too, belongs to the "Second-Time-on-Earth" club'—and Skully bowed in respect for that wonderful man whose data extend so far back into the dim and musty past, that the memory of none of the "immortals" of the Academy e'er runneth to the contrary.*

"'But, with reference to the horse-serum treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis,' I said, 'you were saying—'

"'Regarding the horse-serum treatment, I was about to remark, that it is to be hoped the doctors of to-day will have better luck with the method than I did.'

"'Was it, then, unsuccessful in your hands?' I asked.

"'On the contrary, it was successful beyond my wildest dreams—in fact, it was too successful, and that proved to be the chief objection to it.'

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*I ask the indulgence of those readers who have never attended the sessions of the Chicago Academy of Medicine. To the initiated, it is hardly necessary to introduce the authority to whom the skull referred Doctor Weymouth. Be it remarked that a sincere and well deserved compliment to Dr. K—— is really implied by the dialogue between Skully and the story-teller. Should Dr. K—— resent the personality indulged in, he must remember that even a walking encyclopædia cannot hope to escape the vengeance of those whom he has routed from their fortresses of self-conceit. I believe that K—— will acknowledge himself treed—for once.—AUTHOR.

"'Why, how could that be? You must have been a queer sort of a doctor,' said I. 'We are only too well pleased, in these modern days, to find remedies for disease that will stand the test of time and experience.'

"'So it was with us, my dear doctor,' replied Skully, with a queer, satirical expression illuminating his face, and finally ending in a curious wrinkling of the bony plates about his temporal regions. 'The trouble was not with my remedy, but with my selection of cases, and original modifications of the method.'

"'I made the interesting discovery, that the personal characteristics of the animal from whom the curative serum

AN ALIENATOR OF THE AFFECTIONS.

was taken, seriously modified the result in the subject inoculated. I did not discover this fact, however, until I had made several mistakes, that would have been ludicrous, had they not been so serious.

"'When I first began the serum treatment, I was under the impression that any animal related to the equine species would answer as the donor of the serum. I even went so far as to believe that the mule—that sad-eyed, pensive, half-brother of the horse, would answer the purpose.

"'I changed my mind, however, after I had a few malpractice suits on my hands. I shall never forget one annoying case, in which a woman brought suit against me for having alienated her husband's affections by filling his veins full of mule serum. I don't know exactly how that confounded

mule sap acted, but the old lady made things mighty lively for me for awhile. She claimed her husband had become so stubborn that she could no longer manage him, to say nothing of his tendency to bray on badly selected occasions. He was like that deluded cat who swallowed the canary bird—he fondly fancied he could sing.'

"'Well,' I said, in great amusement, 'if your method acted as a disturber of the domestic happiness of your *clientèle* I am not at all surprised that you got yourself in trouble. Still, the same principle that acted so unfortunately in the case you have mentioned, should have been invaluable in properly selected cases, and with the proper kind of serum.'

"'Exactly,' replied Skully; 'I made the same practical deduction from my clinical experiments, and followed the treatment along the lines suggested, but, alas! like many another pioneer in science, I fell a victim to my own enthusiasm.

"'It so happened that my practice was to a great extent limited to people of the upper class—real aristocrats, you know.

"'Among my *clientèle* was a noble family whose practice was not only valuable to me, but whose patronage gave me unbounded social prestige and great influence in court and church circles.

"'The only son and heir of this family, the young duke of X——, was, as might be surmised, the pride of his parents. Upon him they had built their hopes of the succession and future glory of their noble house.

"'But alas! the bacillus tuberculosis is ever on the alert for noble prey, and, in an evil hour, it seized upon the young duke!

"'To say I was embarrassed at the necessity of informing the family of the presence of the dread monster in the lungs of their darling son, would barely express the emotions that agitated my tender bosom after the discovery of the disease in my noble patient!'

"'But, my dear Skully,' I said, 'the bacillus tuberculosis is a *modern* discovery. Koch'—

"'Great heavens, doctor! Will you never be done with your skepticism? Pray do not mention that impudent, noisy humbug, Koch, in my presence again! He is an impostor, pure and simple. Tuberculo-bugology was known a hundred years before Confucius. It was really against the terrible tubercle bacillus that the Chinese "stink-pot" was first employed.'

"'Really!' I exclaimed, 'I understand now, why iodoform'—

"'Precisely so; you see at once the absurdity of some of your *fin de siècle* notions of scientific originality.

"'But, to return to my noble patient:

"'I assured his parents, that, while I did not desire to underrate the importance of the case, and realized perfectly that it would inevitably prove fatal in other and less skillful hands than my own, I felt certain that under my treatment their dear son would recover.'

"'Of course,' I remarked, 'you congratulated them upon their judicious selection of a physician, and complimented them on their good fortune in escaping the nets of the other prominent physicians of your locality. You doubtless also explained to them the diagnostic stupidity and therapeutical incapacity of your alleged competitors.'

"'Well, I'll—be—trephined!' exclaimed Skully, 'Doctor, are you a mind reader?'

"'By no means, sir,' I modestly replied, 'but you were so thoroughly up to date in your practice, that I quite natururally anticipated the ethical points you were about to make. But go on with your clinical report, my dear Skully, and pardon the interruption.'

"'It is hardly necessary to state that the parents of the young duke gladly availed themselves of my wonderful skill, and expressed their willingness to submit him to any plan of treatment I might suggest. As a matter of course, any other treatment than my horse-serum method was not to be thought of. I therefore requested that my distinguished patient be sent to my private sanatarium, where I could personally supervise the treatment.

"'With that intuitive sense of danger of the taint of plebeian blood which the born aristocrat always possesses, the mother of the patient objected to my using serum drawn from the veins of an ordinary horse. To pacify the haughty dame, I volunteered to prepare an animal of the highest birth and breeding, especially for her son's case.

"'I chanced to be something of a horse fancier myself, and was the proud possessor of some fine, blooded animals. Among them was a trotter that had a record of two-five-and-a-quarter—'

"'Hold on there, Skully!' I cried, 'not so fast, please—did you say two-five-and-a-quarter?'

"'That's what I said, doctor,' answered Skully with some embarrassment. 'I acknowledge that his record might have been better, but he was faster than any other doctor's horse in my town, and was really as good as I could afford to keep. Indeed, he was too fast, as the sequel proved.—

"'I determined to immunize my favorite steed, and submitted my plan to the duke's parents. They were well satisfied with my charger's pedigree—which I had traced back to the proto-hippus of the pliocene era—and seemed delighted by the interest I took in their son's case.

"'The young man went through his course of treatment without the slightest unfavorable symptom, and returned to his parents apparently perfectly cured.'

"'Well, you surely couldn't ask more than that!' I said. 'You should have been proud of your achievement, sir. I presume that the remarkable result gave your practice quite a boom.'

"'Alas! so one might naturally suppose,' answered Skully, with a long-drawn, melancholy sigh, 'but the case proved disastrous to me before I had done with it.'

"'Why, how was that, Skully?' I asked, in great surprise.

"'It came about through a most unforeseen combination of fortuitous circumstances,' replied the skull. 'A fellow from England came over to the continent with a string of thoroughbreds, and instituted a series of trotting races. The young duke happened to attend one of them, and within

three days he had ruined his family and turned defaulter in large amount!'

"'Yes, my dear Skully, but there is nothing remarkable about that—it has happened many times. Besides, I don't see what your treatment had to do with it.'

"The skull fairly groaned, as though my stupidity gave him pain.

"'My dear doctor,' he said impatiently, 'didn't I tell you that the characteristics of the animal from which the serum was taken, were imparted to the person receiving the treatment?'

"'Yes, I believe you did.'

"'And did I not also say that my horse had a record?'

"'Such was my impression,' I replied.

"'Then why are you so obtuse?' cried Skully, 'The duke went broke making books on himself!'

"'Ah! I see,' I replied, 'the young man had literary aspirations.'

"The skull looked at me steadily for a moment and then muttered something, which, I fancied, sounded much like 'hypocrite!' or 'idiot!' His meaning, however, escaped me.

"'Well, Skully,' I said, 'turn about is fair play. Animals derive many bad traits from association with human beings, and it is rather interesting to know they sometimes get even.'

"'Yes, doctor, that is true,' replied the disconsolate Skully, 'and by the way, do you know that the most remarkable studies of human-like traits in animals have been made by a layman?'

"'No, I was not aware of it,' I replied. 'Who was the illustrious *savant?*'

"'Why, my friend Carter, of the *Tribune*,' said the skull proudly. 'Do you know him?'

"'N— no, I don't believe I do. Pray, what did he discover?' I asked.

"'Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you *all* he has discovered; but 'twas he who wrote that celebrated clinical treatise on "Inebriety in turtles."'

"'What!—inebriety in turtles? What the dev——what—*are*—you—talking—about, anyhow, Skully?'

"'Now see here, doctor,' said the skull, seriously, 'if you are going to hold me responsible for your own lamentable illiteracy, I may as well stop talking.'

"'Oh, well,' I said, with sublime resignation and remarkable self-control, 'let us have the story if there is one.'

"'With pleasure,' replied the skull, evidently somewhat mollified by my evident submission to the inevitable.

"'It seems that Carter has a friend living on a farm a little way from town, who frequently asks him to visit his place over Sunday.

"'This friend is a *connoisseur* of the good things of life, and has a cellar well-stocked with the finest of liquid enjoyment. Nobody appreciates a well-appointed cellar, better than my friend Carter. He has reason to appreciate this particular cellar, for his friend always gives him a pass key to the heavenly regions—which lie below in this case—as soon as he arrives on Saturday night.

"'It chanced that one evening, while Carter was trying to equalize his capacity with the quantity of good things the cellar contained, he saw as remarkable a sight as was ever beheld by human eyes.

"'As he stood quietly in the shadow of a large pile of casks and boxes of cognac and other precious fluids in the corner of the cellar, wondering when his thirst would cease—and hoping that it would never do so—he heard a peculiar noise at the outside entrance of the cellar.

"'The door of this entrance, which communicated with the garden at the side of the house, had been left open for purposes of ventilation. Leading from this door down into the cellar, was an inclined plane of boards, evidently designed to facilitate the sliding of casks into the repository below.

"'As Carter, attracted by the disturbance, looked toward the aperture, he saw, sliding down the incline, the queerest tobogganning party ever heard of.

"'First, came the house cat, a huge mottled fellow of the Thomas breed. In his mouth was a large rabbit, evidently dead and oblivious to his surroundings. Behind the cat was a large turtle, of the snapping variety. The cat's tail was in

the turtle's mouth, and the cat was evidently enacting the rôle of draught horse for his carapacious companion.

"'As Thomas started down the incline, he dropped the

THEREBY HANGS—A TURTLE.

rabbit, which rolled to the cellar floor—then, swinging about, proceeded to back down the incline, thus gently lowering the turtle to the bottom.

"'When the odd-looking couple reached the floor of the cellar, the turtle released his hold upon the cat's tail and lay perfectly still—the cat meanwhile disappearing.

"'As you might suppose, Carter's curiosity was aroused, and he resolved to follow the cat and see what he was about.

"'Thomas, apparently all unconscious of our friend's presence, stalked majestically over to a whisky barrel that lay in a far corner of the cellar.

"'Mounting the barrel, the cat proceeded to extract the bung with his teeth. He then deliberately inserted his tail through the bunghole into the liquor!

"'Having thoroughly saturated his "wick-ed" tail with the whisky, the cat leaped to the floor, returned to the expectant turtle, and, to Carter's astonishment, proceeded to draw his caudal appendage repeatedly through his companion's gaping mouth!

"'Again and again, the cat repeated his trips to the cask, and returning, attended to the thirst of the turtle, who finally rolled over upon his back as drunk as any lord!

"'Thomas seemed to be considerably annoyed by his companion's lack of staying power, but immediately set to work to arouse him. The turtle finally managed to stagger to his feet again, and after apparently begging for another drink, which the cat peremptorily refused to procure for him, he again affixed himself to the cat's tail.

"'The turtle, in his maudlin enthusiasm, evidently overdid the thing this time, for the cat yowled with pain in spite of himself, and scrambled up the incline and out of the cellar door, with more speed than grace.

"'After a short time the cat returned, and with a "meow!" of satisfaction, picked up the rabbit and disappeared behind some rubbish in an obscure corner of the cellar.'

"'How remarkable!' I cried, 'but did Carter ever learn where the cat got the rabbit?'

"'Yes,' replied Skully, 'and therein lies the meat of the story. It seems that the turtle killed the rabbit.'

"'What! the turtle killed the rabbit? Why, that's impossible!' I said, 'Who ever heard of such a thing?'

"'Excuse me, doctor,' said Skully, with great dignity, 'but my friend Carter is a man of honor, sir, and I cannot allow his statements to be impeached.'

"'Oh well, Skully, we won't argue about your friend Carter's veracity,' I said, 'Finish your story, please.'

"'The turtle caught his rabbits in a very ingenious and business-like fashion,' continued the skull. 'He lay in wait on the top of a hay-cock out in the field, and, as the rabbits passed by, dropped down upon them and killed them by biting them at the base of the skull—through the medulla, you know.

"'Turtles, as you are well aware, do not eat rabbits, but this particular turtle had an object in view, as Carter had already discovered. Learning that cats were fond of rabbits, the turtle had struck a bargain with Thomas, and was trading his prey for booze.'

"'By the way, Skully,' I said, 'how did you ever get acquainted with that man Carter?'

"'I was introduced to him at the Press Club, just after I came to this city,' replied the skull.

"'Why, how can that be?' I asked. 'The old sailor who gave—I mean introduced, you to me, said that he brought you from China with him.'

"'Well, he lied, that's all,' said the skull, indignantly, 'I came over from Canton, it is true, but *he* didn't bring me. I came over in a chest of tea as a stowaway.'

"'How did he know your history then?' I asked.

"'Why, I told it to him; more's the pity. He was such a coarse fellow too! You see, doctor,' said Skully, apologetically, 'I was full of—well, you know, that paste. It always makes me loquacious, and I sometimes forget myself when I have taken it.'—

"'The story you have told me about your friend Carter's wonderful contribution to science, is all well enough as a digression, Skully,' I said, 'but I am anxious to learn something more which may be useful to me in my medical studies. You doubtless might enlighten me on some very obscure points. For example, I should like to know whether you ever succeeded in curing that *bête noir* of modern surgery—cancer.'

"'I am glad you have mentioned the subject of cancer, my dear doctor. To be frank with you, I am ashamed of the results of all the present systems of treatment. Cancer was with us, one of the most controllable of diseases. I should like to show you the reports of the bureau of vital statistics of my old town—why, you couldn't find a single recorded case of death from

"NO PATIENT SO TREATED EVER DIED OF CANCER."

cancer, for a period of at least ten years. And yet, we had as many cases among us, as you have to-day.'

"'Ah!' I exclaimed, as I hurriedly reached for my note book and pencil. 'What was your method of treatment?'

"'Well, sir,' he replied, 'we recognized the important fact that cancer was a blood disease, and treated it on rational principles by removing the vitiated, poisoned blood.'

"'And pray, how much did you usually remove?' I asked.

"'Three quarts,' answered the skull.

"'Three quarts!' I exclaimed, 'and what was your percentage of cures?'

"'One hundred per cent,' replied my friend, blandly. 'No patient so treated was ever known to die of cancer.'

"'And how did you restore the equilibrium of the circulation?' I asked, with the true scientific spirit of thorough investigation.

"'With air, sir,' replied Skully, with an expression of contempt for my ignorance. 'We filled the veins with air, and thus restored the proper arterial tension. Of course, we always sterilized the air—we melted it before injecting it.'

"'And did you not have trouble from air bubbles?' I inquired. 'When we accidentally cut the jugular, we—'

"'Bubbles!' cried the skull, 'bubbles! how absurd! Of course we were not annoyed by bubbles! We didn't have that kind of people in my day. Our patients could carry a cargo of sterilized air without the least trouble.'—

"'One of the many things in which we old-time doctors had the advantage of you modern fellows, was in the matter of feeding our patients. Nutrition, sir,' said the skull, 'is the key-note to successful therapeutics. The principal objection I have to offer regarding your modern methods of feeding, is the enormous bulk of material which you find necessary for the sustenance of your patients. You do not concentrate enough.

"'Concentration of foods, in order to be of practical utility, must result in the production of substances that have a high nutritive value, associated with a very small bulk. This cannot be attained by your present methods. Your methods of beef concentration, for example, will never be successful until your manufacturers proceed upon logical lines and breed cattle especially for that purpose, as we did.

"'My own method was productive of most marvelous results. I invented a process of concentration which was so successful that a small lozenge of my concentrated beef would sustain a patient for days,and days.'

"'And what breed of cattle did you use?' I asked, wonderingly.

"'Concentrated cattle, sir,' replied Skully. 'By careful breeding,I produced a variety of cattle weighing only ten or twelve pounds apiece, yet containing all the nutritive value of ordinary cattle.

"'And my concentrated cattle were valuable in other ways—they were great milk producers, and in summer, yielded as fine an article of condensed milk as ever disturbed a baby's stomach, while in winter—they gave ice cream!'

"I gazed at the skull in admiration. Who had ever done so much for humanity as he?"

"'Pardon me, Skully,' I said, 'if I am disposed to impose on good nature, but I cannot refrain from asking you one more question that seems to me to be quite important. Did you have any special devices for intestinal surgery in your day?'

"'Yes, indeed, replied my friend, pleasantly, 'we went through the same fads and fancies that are at present convulsing modern surgery. Your metallic devices for splicing the intestines are simply a revival of my old methods.

"'My first device for coupling intestines consisted of a sort of collar, composed of a section of petrified dog's intestine which was slipped like a ferrule over the ends of the cut intestinal tube. The sound portions of the intestine were barked so frequently, however, that the method became unpopular, and I afterwards invented some metallic devices, but they met with no better success.'

"'Indeed, and why not?' I asked.

"'Oh, well,' replied the skull, 'you see, the fashions changed too often. Brass, nickel, aluminum, steel, silver, gold, and rolled-plate followed each other so rapidly that the fashionable patient had to spend most of his time on the operating table.

"'I presume that we might have stood the changing fashions, but a conceited ass of an English surgeon modified my device by inserting a couple of reeds in it, and that settled the thing.'

"'How so?' I inquired.

"'Well, you see, it became the fashion among the fawning nobility, to have one of the musical devices inserted into the œsophagus, in imitation of the heir apparent to the throne, who had had a bass-toned one inserted in his own larynx to make him appear more manly.

"'His servile followers imitated him as nearly as they dared, and had similar devices put into their gullets. The result was, that when the dinner hour arrived, all England resounded with a strident chorus of "God save the King," as the loyal soup trickled down the still more loyal British throat.

"'The people finally arose in their might, and removed the musical devices from the throats of the aristocracy by the shortest possible route—by cutting off their heads.

"'That settled all metallic devices for operations upon the hollow viscera. Socialism proved too strong for them.'

"At this juncture I glanced at the clock, and noted that it was almost morning.

"'Skully,' I said, 'it is getting well along toward daylight, and, although your conversation is very entertaining and in the highest degree instructive, it is about time we were concluding our *conversazione*. I will take the liberty of asking you one more question, and then I must say *au revoir*.'

"'You are right, my dear doctor,' replied the skull, 'your wife may worry about you, too, and as for myself, I shouldn't mind having about forty winks. You see, I am not so young as I might be, and I need much more rest than I once did. But what is the question you want me to answer?'

"'I would like to ask what your specialty was, when you were in active practice,' I replied.

"'Well, doctor, I had a specialty that is but little heard of now-a-days—I, sir, was a general practitioner!' and the skull's lip curled with haughty pride.

"'And were you successful?' I asked.

"'Very,' replied the skull, 'and I was successful upon my merits, too. Why, sir, I didn't go to church, nor belong to a lodge, nor teach in a medical college, nor advertise, and I never stole a case from a brother practitioner, or patted a dirty

young-one on the head and called it "tootsey-wootsey" in my life!'

"'And do you mean to tell me that you were prosperous?' I shouted, rising to my feet in righteous, yet trembling, indignation.

"'Of course I was! Why, doctor, my income for my third year of practice was fifty thousand—'

"'Liar!' I shrieked, 'Vile imposter! Infamous—'

"'Why—William Weymouth! What on earth are you screaming and swearing so about? You've fallen asleep in your chair and had a night-mare, I'll warrant you! Come to bed, you silly fellow; it's past three o'clock! Do you want to ruin your health?'—

"And my wife took me by the arm and led me gently, but with evident fixity of purpose, away to my sleeping apartment.

"Ah! my boy, the Baron Munchausen was modest enough, after all—while hasheesh is, indeed, a wonderful drug and beats the old Baron at his own game!

"And now, sir, let us drink a parting cup, and say good night."

A MARTYR TO HIS PASSIONS.

NOT all of life's colors are gay,
Nor all of its memories bright,
Mine own, had its sadness one day,
And the smoke brings it back to-night.
The spray from the ocean of years—
Dark drops from the river of Time,
Bring visions I see through my tears—
I'm sipping the dregs of the wine,

And yet through the smoke I can see,
Those tears in a smile fade away—
So what are sad visions to me,
If only the rosy dreams stay?

"PARDON ME FOR INTERRUPTING YOUR INTELLECTUAL RECREATION."

A MARTYR TO HIS PASSIONS.

IT was plain to be seen that the old doctor was angry. Expressive at all times, he is especially so on those very rare occasions when he loses his temper. The personification of good nature, as a rule, there is no mistaking his meaning when he goes to the other extreme. I have often marvelled at the masterly command of the English tongue possessed by my good friend on ordinary occasions, but his knowledge of expletives and his resources of vituperative expression when he gives way to anger, simply overpower me—indeed, so extensive is the good doctor's vocabulary at such times, that I more than half suspect he does not limit himself to either his native tongue or foreign languages—I feel certain that he coins new words for himself.

Nor are the products of his word mint to be classed as spurious additions to the circulation of language—they have the ring of true metal in them. Whether founded upon authority or not, the linguistic products of my friend's anger are gems that cannot be surpassed, for sincerity, honesty and force, in any language—living or dead.

"Angry? Well, why shouldn't I be? I came into the library, expecting to have a pleasant little smoke all to myself while waiting for you, and what should I do the very first thing, but knock over some infernal samples, left here this

afternoon while I was making my calls, by one of those peripatetic fiends, a distributor of drug curios? Of course, several of the bottles had to break—my happiness would have been incomplete without that—and just see what happened! Look at this desk! It is covered an inch deep, with some nasty, treacle-like fluid, that seems corrosive enough to eat holes in sheet iron! Here are two elegantly bound books spoiled, and the manuscript upon which I was at work is daubed so that it looks for all the world like molasses-candy in assorted sheets!

"By the great Hippocrates! I have for once written something that will stick! And just gaze on my new oriental rug! It resembles Mark Twain's map of Paris, and as I look at it, I feel like assassinating the unconscious author of the horrible mess—if I ever catch him!

"To make matters worse, I have been bombarded by book agents, canvassers, missionaries and drug distributors, every minute during my office hours to-day. I don't mind samples being left at the office so much—I have use for them there; I have already accidentally killed, with drug samples, three curious scrub women and one janitor, who were hunting for liquor in my medicine cabinet—but when my *sanctum sanctorum* at my home is invaded in this fashion, it's time to get angry!

"But I will revenge myself—I have just printed this placard and I'm going to hang it up in my office to-morrow! Read that, my boy! Isn't it comprehensive?

> "'MISSIONARIES, BOOK AGENTS, CANVASSERS, INSURANCE AGENTS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF DRUG SAMPLES WILL PLEASE KEEP OUT! I HAVE NO TIME TO DEVOTE TO THEM. PEOPLE WITH SCHEMES, WILL BE PROMPTLY POISONED, AS I HAVE SEVERAL PET PROJECTS OF MY OWN TO PROMOTE!'

"Don't you think that ought to do the business?

"Shut out the good fellows? Oh no, my boy! they all know where to find my latch string. The worst of it is, however, that there are so many good fellows among the representatives of respectable manufacturing drug houses,

that it is often hard to draw the line—but it must be drawn somewhere. I have no objections to offer to the methods and preparations of our manufacturers of legitimate pharmaceutical products—indeed, we could hardly do without them in these modern days of rapid progress in pharmacal elegance, purity, palatability, potency and convenience, but I am thoroughly disgusted with both the methods and preparations of the manufacturers of quasi-patent medicines.

"Do you know, my boy, that such products are an insult to scientific medicine? Why, they are no more nor less than an impudent insinuation that the profession demands somebody to furnish it with brains, and do its thinking for it! And look at some of the ridiculous products of these semi-quack medicine vendors!

"Look at this nasty stuff, for example, 'Bacteriol! The Universal Germ Killer!' The impudence of the fellow who left it here, beats anything I ever heard of! That young man has missed his calling, he should have gone into the cold storage business—with such nerve as he possesses he could furnish his own material for refrigeration. Why, the alleged virtues of that abominable mixture are emblazoned on every fence and dead wall in the city, and, what is worse, I saw a man walking the streets this morning with big placards on his chest and back, upon which this very preparation was heralded to fame in letters big enough to stand alone!

"Bacteriol! Pah! how it smells!

"Pete! Oh, Pete! Take the rest of these confounded samples and throw them into the alley—and be sure you smash the bottles! When you have disposed of the vile stuff, come back here and clean up this abominable mess—and, by the way, Pete, you'd better hold your breath while doing it. That stuff looks and smells as though it might be bad for colored folks!"

"Did you do as I ordered? Very well. Now, see here, my colored friend, if you ever allow any more samples to be left at my house, there'll be a dead darky around here! If you don't make a pretty good job of cleaning up my library, I'll skin you, and tack your black-and-tan hide on the roof,

anyhow! Get to work there, now, and stop that infernal grinning! Your mouth looks like a cemetery vault full of skeletons, anyway!"

"Well, my young friend, the library looks a little more respectable. But, by all that's good and great—if that quack preparation hasn't taken all the polish off my desk!

"Heigho! there's no use, lad, I may as well subside.

"My sentiments at the present moment, remind me of the experience of a certain old Yankee farmer who lived way down in Vermont.

"The old gentleman was one of the influential men of his community and a pretty fair sort of a christian. He had a besetting sin, however, that was all the more prominent because of the air of sanctity that hung about him on Sundays —he was addicted to profanity.

"So artistic and ornate a swearer was the old man, that his reputation in that line was by no means local—his accomplishment was celebrated throughout the entire county. The expression 'swears like a pirate' was obsolete in that section—'swears like Deacon Hornswoggle,' being the up-to-date phraseology by which artists in profanity were characterized among the good people of the neighborhood.

"Deacon Hornswoggle also had a weakness, an idiosyncrasy of a less ornate and more selfish sort. He did not always take the best of his farm products to market. Thus it was not uncommon for the load of produce that he took to town each week, to contain fowls of suspicious lineage, eggs of by no means recent vintage, apples of hard consistency and bitter flavor, or cabbages with hearts as corrupt as the average alderman.

"On a certain Saturday morning, our good deacon went to market as usual and took along with his 'garden truck' several large baskets of eggs, among which were a few specimens that had been inhumanely filched from certain hens whose motherly instincts and sedentary habits had led them into an injudicious selection of raw material for hatching purposes.

"Having marketed most of his other stuff, the deacon bethought him of a neighboring store at which he believed he would be able to consummate an especially good thing in the way of an egg trade. It was hardly worth while to drive over in his wagon, so the old man picked up a basket of eggs and started off on foot.

"As he was passing across the public square constituting the general market-place of the town, a miserable little yellow cur ran between his legs, tripping him up and bringing him to the ground with his precious burden. As he fell, the basket tipped and added an explosion of eggs to the comfort of the occasion. The deacon sat down upon the dog, blotting out his innocent existence as suddenly as though he had been a fly, smashed by a gigantic omelet!

"Now, the owner of the dog happened to be standing by, and witnessed the death of his pet. Walking up to the deacon, just as that worthy gentleman was struggling to his feet, streaming with eggs and super-saturated with speechless woe, he struck the old man fairly on the nose, knocking him back into the puddle of eggs and sausage meat, the blood streaming from his nose like a miniature cataract. Having thus vindicated his family honor, the indignant owner of the defunct canine strode away.

"Some minutes later, a friend pushed through the crowd that was standing about Mr. Hornswoggle and condoling with him.—

"The old man was quietly sitting in the midst of the conglomerate mess of eggs, blood and raw dog, without saying a word, whereat the friend was much amazed.

"'Deacon,' he said, 'air you hurt bad?'

"The deacon shook his head.

"'Why, deacon, what makes you so—so quiet? You aint—well, you aint allus so quiet.'

"The old man glared at him steadily for a moment, and then said—

"'Well, neighbor, I've been in this yere community, man an' boy, for nigh onto fifty year, an' though I say it as shouldn't, I've been er purty fair swearer in my day. But

thar' comes er time when the smartest feller on airth meets his match.

"'I've been er settin' hyar fer a plum quarter of an hour, tryin' ter find suthin' suiterble ter say, but I haint thort er nothin' what ud do ther subjeck jestice.'

"'Well,' said the comforter, as he sniffed the air, 'I don't know ez it's nec'ssary fer yaou ter say anythin' anyhow, deacon—thar's sulphur ernuff hereabouts. Yore eggs air speakin' fer themselves, purty middlin' loud.'

"And the deacon glared again."

"Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, and the fragrant mist of my hookah is beginning to perfume the air, I am going to tell you something, young man. Giving way to emotions, whether of sorrow or anger, is the most foolish thing one can do. Benjamin Ward Richardson was not far from right, when he said that anger shortened one's life. It is the most wearing of all passions. Whenever I allow my temper to run riot as I have done this evening, I not only feel humiliated, but decidedly out of sorts for several days. Anger is not only undignified and ridiculous—it is positively exhausting. Even joy may be dangerous.

"And by the way, speaking of the evils of violent passions reminds me of a rather interesting character that I once met, who seemed to be an exception to the rule in some respects—as regards longevity at least. Have you the patience to listen to one of my prosy character sketches?—

"Very well, then, here goes:

"One winter evening about ten years ago, I received a telegram from a brother practitioner in a little Wisconsin town, asking me to come up the following day and operate upon a case of pyo-thorax for him. The case presented no features of special interest and the operation was quite ordinary, hence I was enabled to start for home without delay. This was somewhat unusual in my experience—we never know exactly what we are going to find, when we post off to far-away cases. As a rule, a case that puzzles or embarasses a country practitioner, is complicated enough to suit the most fastidious scientific taste. I therefore felicitated

myself on the speedy completion of the operation, and thanked my friend for throwing in my way a fee that I did not have to earn by the hour.

"My train was due at three o'clock in the afternoon, and after a pleasant dinner and a post-prandial cigar at my friend's home, he drove me in his cutter at a lively gait over the snowy roads to the station.

"We arrived in excellent time, but, much to my disgust, the train not only did not arrive, but I was informed by the station agent that he had just received a telegram to the effect that an accident had happened up the road, and there would consequently be no train through before six o'clock.

"Here was a quandary.—I could not very well return home with my friend, for he lived a long way from the town proper, at a little neighboring village without railroad connections. Besides, he had calls to make on the road back, and I did not wish to interfere with his work. Staying all night at the little hotel across the way from the station, would have been a pleasant solution of the problem that confronted me, but I was obliged to get back to the city that night.

"As there was really no alternative, I resolved to make the most of the situation, and kill time as best I might, until my train arrived. Bidding my friend good-bye and assuring him—much to my own disbelief—that I would be quite comfortable and contented while waiting, I left the station and sought more genial shelter in the neighboring inn.

"The establishment, yclept by courtesy the 'Farmers' House,' was rather above the average of country inns, and, much to my astonishment and delight, I found that the proprietor had a well stocked side-board concealed upon his premises. Mine host was by no means an ideal boniface, but he certainly knew the mysteries of the manufacture of hot toddies. Having drunk a couple of his steaming concoctions —which were as palatable and aromatic as brown sugar and nutmeg could make them—I sat me down in a cozy corner by the old-fashioned fireplace, lighted a fragrant havana, took a book hap-hazard from among several handy volumes that I had stowed away in my capacious satchel, and settled back in the comfortable old arm chair which the rosy-faced

daughter of the household brought me, with a sigh of satisfaction and contentment.

"'Really,' I thought, 'this is, indeed, making the best of a bad bargain. The philosophically inclined may always get a crumb of comfort out of the most unpleasant predicament. Still,' I mused, as I glanced out of the window at the sleety storm that had meanwhile blown up—'philosophy works best on hot toddy and a good cigar, before warm and blazing knots. The poor fellow who has not the wherewithal, the same shall not philosophize.'

"'Ugh!' I exclaimed, as I heard the whistle of the wind without, and then said to myself half aloud—'I'd rather be waiting here, than driving over those cold and snowy roads, with that biting wind and stinging sleet in my face, as my poor doctor friend is doing just now!'

"'Well,' I reflected, 'it might be much worse, and I can kill time very nicely with my book.'

"Strange to say, the book that I had selected at random, proved to be dear old Ik Marvel's 'Reveries of a Bachelor.'

"You see, my boy, I do my general reading at odd moments.—

"'Could anything be more timely or appropriate?' I thought. 'What greater inspiration to sentiment, what more delicious intellectual feast than this little book?'

"'Feast? Yes—a feast where the literary *gourmand* may revel in viands prepared by the soul and served by the emotions—a feast where Lucullus indeed dines with Lucullus—a board loaded to overflowing with sentiment, and garnished with the blossoms of an imagery fairer and more fragrant than all the exotics of the East!'

"A moment later,and I was revelling in those tender and heartful reveries that, after nearly half a century has rolled away, are still the ideal of poetic prose—the acme of delicate word-painting.

"So absorbed did I become, that I did not realize that I was no longer alone in that queer old apartment—half office, and half sitting room.

"Having attended to my modest wants, and seeing me ensconce myself in the old arm chair before the cheerful fire,

the landlord and his interesting family had retired, to attend to other and more urgent duties than the entertainment of a traveler who seemed to understand the art of self-entertainment so well as I did.

"My own soul was becoming so commingled with my dear old author's reveries, that I was fast losing my intellectual identity, when a voice at my elbow brought me back to earth again:

"'Pardon me, my dear sir, for interrupting your pleasant intellectual recreation, but if you are like most travelers, congenial companionship may be more grateful to you than even the most fascinating volume. Excuse the implied egotism, sir, but, you know, we are all likely to measure the tastes and predilections of other men, by our own, and my life is so largely made up of yearning for congenial society, that I am likely to forget the formalities of conventional custom.'

"Extraordinary as was both the interruption and the language in which it was couched, its author was still more remarkable—indeed, I do not think I have ever seen a more striking personality than the man who stood before me.

"He was apparently about seventy years of age, of medium stature and rather slight build, with the most remarkably beautiful face I have ever seen in male humanity. A head like one of those ancient patricians who were for years indigenous to the old South; hair and beard of silvery whiteness, and one of those rare, pink and white complexions which are so often fed by that paradoxical fluid—blue blood; a profile of the purest Grecian type, and eyes as black as a coal and full of brilliancy and fire—such were the salient features of a face that would have delighted the eye of the most exacting artist in search of the ideal.

"Nor was his general make-up discordant with his refinement of face. I rapidly noticed that one coat sleeve was empty, but that his remaining hand was of a type as aristocratic as his features. His feet, I observed—with that peculiar faculty of instantaneous observation which the physician alone, almost unconsciously acquires—were probably small and well shaped, despite the coarse boots in which they were encased.

"I also noted that the old man's dress was of a semi-military character—the faded blue blouse with its tarnished brass buttons, and his old military slouch hat, told the story of that armless sleeve all too pathetically and plainly. It was a relic of the Civil war, one of the only aristocracy in which America takes pride; a member of that chosen band which is yearly growing more and more shadowy, more and more decrepit—our own beloved Grand Army—that stood before me.

"'You honor me, sir, by what you choose to call your interruption,' I replied. 'Men of your cloth, cannot possibly intrude upon me. I am too devoted to the cause of bravery and devotion; for I too am a soldier—in the battle of life—to give aught but the right hand of fellowship to heroes like yourself. Sit down, sir, and let us be sociable.'

"'You flatter me by your kind condescension,' he said, 'but on first observing you, I realized that there was a bond of sympathy between us, far stronger than the tie of which you speak—the true lover of books is a friend and comrade in arms of every other ardent worshipper at the shrine of letters. I happened to notice the title of the volume which you were reading, and realizing that reading and appreciation of authors are by no means one and the same, I stood watching with much interest, the play of your features. You, sir, are indeed, one of that great brotherhood of kindred spirits who do not *read* authors, but in whose lives their authors live again—whose souls are permeated by the souls of those choice spirits whose fraternal hands reach out from the shadowy past, to lead us like little children up into that rosy heaven of romance and sentiment which they created. I assure you sir, that had not my brief study of your face been satisfactory to me, I should have left the room as quietly as I entered it, and without disturbing you.'

"'You are certainly very complimentary,' I answered, 'and if you are sincere in what you say, you may be sure that the pleasure of acquaintance is mutual. I am Dr. William Weymouth, of Chicago, and a physician by profession. Having been called to this little town on a professional visit, I had expected to return by the three o'clock express, but some

accident or other has prevented the arrival of the train and I am compelled to wait for the next one, which, I understand, does not pass through here until six o'clock this evening. I selected this quaint old hotel as a pleasanter place to wait than the station, and was killing time as best I might, while waiting. As you may imagine, sir, your company is not only welcome, but doubly agreeable because of the similarity of literary tastes which I think we must possess—judging from your remarks.'

"'How appropriate it was,' said my new friend, 'for you to sit by this open fire-place and dream away the hours while waiting, with that kindest and most sentimental of bachelors —Ik Marvel. Ah me! what tender memories the sight of that book invokes! No other admirer among all his thousands and thousands of readers, ever revelled in those sad, sweet reveries as I once did.

"'''Twas but yesterday, it seems—and yet how long ago it really was! Here am I, in the evening of life—for I am long past my three score years and ten—with the damp of the dew of life's morning still on my aged brain, the scent of the blossoms of those early and happy days still in my shrivelled nostrils! Alas! why could not one's body be always young, as well as may his heart and mind? What pleasure of sense, what enjoyment of the intellect, what ambition, is not as keen within me as in those days of old—as keen as the eager hound on the trail of his quarry?

"'Doctor, they say that the old, see not with the eye, taste not with the tongue, hear not with the ear of youth—

"'Tis false, my friend! The eye is no less keen, the taste no less acute, the ear no less alert than of yore—but there remains very little of the light of day to see by, small store of the novelties of taste to titillate the tongue, and no new notes in the music of life—to call forth the vibrating response of the senses. Benumbed? Ah no!—wearied, that is all, and were it not for books, there would be naught in life worth the trouble of living.'

"'Ah!' I exclaimed to myself, 'my waiting is not going to be so weary and profitless as I thought. I have caught a character, if I mistake not, and characters are the only

things in life that are really worth studying--save, of course, the phenomena of disease; which is often a distinction without a difference.'

"I had noted with some interest that our introduction was one-sided—the old man had not as yet told me his name. But my experience in character study has taught me that the best way to develop a character is to allow it to develop itself —along its own lines—so I was content to await my companion's pleasure.

"'Well, sir,' I said, 'you have expressed views which would be considered quite novel by the average man. I must confess, however, that I entertain ideas quite similar to your own—especially in the matter of books. I, too, am a firm believer in the view that books are our best friends. The lover of books, if he has the opportunity of indulging his tastes, is the only truly happy man. He never lacks friends; he never suffers from *ennui;* he is never weary of life—for the world still holds fair hopes, even after he has exhausted his very existence, in search of knowledge or in intellectual dissipation. His resources are boundless—he possesses wealth beside which Monte Cristo's was as a farthing unto the resources of the Bank of England. Let him be as profligate as he may; let him exhaust the largest library ever gathered together, and there is still a veritable Golconda of intellectual riches beyond him. To him, there is no end—"infinity" is his soul's delight, and the "unknown" is his heaven.'

"'Your power of delineation of your own feelings is certainly very remarkable,' said the old man, 'None but a man of the highest emotional susceptibility, and a keen insight into other hearts as well as his own, could so graphically express himself. You have apparently digressed somewhat from the routine of your professional life, to cull some of the fragrant flowers of the literary garden through which you have evidently passed. It is a pity that doctors, as a class, do not do more in interpreting the emotional and sentimental side of life than they do. Literature would be better and medicine none the worse, were there more literary doctors—and, by the way, I surmise that you may be something of a *literateur* yourself.'

"'Why, not exactly,' I replied, 'I have hardly the conceit of believing that I rank as even a dabbler in literary pursuits. I confess that I have traces of ink in my blood, but I manage to keep it from breaking out, save—as we say in dermatological parlance—in the form of a few superficial and isolated lesions, from time to time.'

"'You do yourself an injustice, I am quite sure,' said my new and indulgent friend—indulgent *because* new, of course. 'Even though you may not have invaded the realms of the scribbler to any extent, you certainly have the true spirit of the author, and can appreciate all the varying lights and shades of human life—which, after all, is the fountain of literary inspiration. Oh, humanity! humanity!—thou Heliconian rill from which all the literary lights, through all the ages, have drawn their inspiration! What study could be grander, what more soul-inspiring than that of thee?—And, my dear doctor, to revert back to the qualifications of your own profession—what more faithful student or talented delineator of human nature than the true physician?—and who has equal opportunities?'

"'Well,' I said, 'I appreciate the implied compliment all the more, because of its evident sincerity, but I am nevertheless tempted to put it to the test.'

"'As you like, my dear doctor—as you like,' replied my interesting discovery. 'I fancy I divine your intentions. You have thoroughly appreciated the fact that our introduction was a little lop-sided, and you feel that it would be not only fair, but interesting, to know something more definite regarding myself.'

"'Well, I declare, sir!' said I, 'You seem to be something of a mind reader in your way. I *was* thinking that very thing. I took no particular exception to your apparent reticence however. My own life is of necessity an open book, in all that does not concern the secrets of others, but I nevertheless appreciate the fact that many persons have good and sufficient reasons for conservatism in conversing about themselves. I can readily conceive that a man as intelligent as I believe you to be, might have perfectly legitimate and logical reasons for reservation in his confidences with an entire stranger like

myself—reasons too, that are perfectly consistent with the highest degree of self-respect and moral integrity.'

"'To be perfectly frank with you, my dear sir,' replied my companion, 'I was purposely reticent, and for several reasons. In the first place, I wished to study you further, before I allowed *you* to study *me*, and in the second place, I desired to formulate an opinion as to your capacity of appreciation of what must be either a long story or nothing. I presume you have already concluded that I am somewhat of an odd fish—there, there! don't blush sir! I take it as a compliment.

"'I have no objection to being made a character study—ah! mind-reading again, am I?' said he, noting my rather amused smile. 'I have, however, no ambition to be the subject of an amateur psychological study by every curious oddity-seeker with whom I chance to come in contact. I am, nevertheless, not unwilling to lay myself bare to the intellectual scalpel of a man of your scientific training and literary tastes; hence, if you wish it, I will assist you further in killing time—by giving you a history and analysis of one of the happiest yet most unfortunate of mortals—myself. I am a man whose misfortunes would make the everlasting fame of a second Hugo—for Jean Valjean's unhappy life was a pathway strewn with roses, beside mine own pitiful lot. And yet, the mind being superior to the flesh—yea, the king of the Universe—I have been, and am, the happiest man you ever knew.

"'My misery has been my joy, my misfortunes my keenest happiness, my afflictions have brought me nearer and yet nearer to the heroes of romance—nearer and yet nearer that oblivion of earthly surroundings which is the universal panacea for all human ills.

"'My history will doubtless interest you, as a thoughtful student of psychology. Being a physician, you should be able to appreciate the pleasure of pain, the exalted bliss of misery and the satisfaction of disappointment, which are the lot of but one human being—the slave of passion.

"'You behold in me, a man who has been not only a slave, but a veritable martyr, to his passions—a man who has sub-

verted all the laws of nature, to the workings of his own sublime, yet evil, destiny. Your philosophy says that passions consume like fire, fast or slow, according as they are fanned by cyclone or zephyr. You see before you one in whom all the evil passions of hell, have burned upon the altar of destiny for three and seventy years; fanned into a warm and cheering glow by the gentle breezes of prosperity; blown into fierce and all-consuming torrents of corroding flame by the rough gales of adversity; yet behold the man!—a relic of a more enduring generation; still strong of intellect, vigorous of body, and passionate of both mind and heart.

"I often wonder, sir, if I am not a modern and successful wearer of the mantle of that phantom-chasing, sentimental old marauder—Ponce de Leon. And when I thus wonder, I tremble, for, when my strength of body begins to lag behind my fierce and uncontrollable passions, I will get a taste of eternal punishment before my time! Living passions and a dead body—ye gods!'

"'And now for my auto-biography,—

"'Pardon the interruption,' I said, 'but before you begin your story, let us partake of the cup that cheers. Our boniface makes a most excellent and praiseworthy beverage in the way of toddy; I will call him—and, while awaiting his pleasure, we will partake of a confidential smoke together. Try one of these cigars, sir, they are really excellent.'

"'I thank you for your kindly courtesy,' replied the old man, 'but your well-meant invitation would result disastrously to your proposed character study—in which I am to act as my own delineator. I have already informed you that I am a man of strong passions and overpowering emotions. In such an organization as mine, there is room for but one impulse, one dominating passion, at a time. Conflicts of passionate emotions there may be, but one must become dominant. I am already familiar with the liquid happiness—the combined distillation of heaven and hell—which is concocted by mine host. As for your cigar—well, it speaks for itself'—saying which he deeply inhaled the grateful aroma of the fresh weed that I was in the act of lighting.—'But you wish to hear a sketch of my life and—well, what you doctors,

I believe, call a clinical demonstration of some of its phases, would hardly satisfy you. Liquor or tobacco would—but you will understand me better when you have heard my story.'

"Drawing his chair closer to the fire, and unconsciously placing himself in the light of the blazing logs in such a position that his picturesqueness was increased—if such a thing were possible—the old man began his interesting story of his storm-tossed life.—

"'My name is Charles Sturtevant. I was born in the state of New York, in one of the counties situated not far from the great metropolis—New York City. My father was one of the old Knickerbocker stock of the Van Sturtevants, who were among the early pioneers that settled in New York City and its vicinity. The Sturtevants—for the family dropped its aristocratic prefix after its transplantation to healthy republican soil—were among the most distinguished and blue-blooded scions of the nobility of their native land. Much of their old aristocratic bearing was transplanted to this country with them, yet there was never a more patriotically American family. My grandfather fought all through the war for American independence, and my father was a gallant soldier in that later struggle with the mother country—the war of 1812. You see, doctor, there has been no lack of heroic blood in the family.

"'It had always been traditional among the Sturtevants, that the blue family blood was admixed with a fiery vein of impulsiveness and hot-headness—indeed, there was a shadow of suspicion that madness had appeared among us in different generations. Be that as it may, wherever was found a Sturtevant, there also might be found a "Hot-spur"—indeed, impulsive dare-deviltry, rather than discretion, has characterized the family so far back that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." My father upheld the family traditions most consistently—I have never met a man of so violent and hasty a temper.

"'My mother was of the old Puritan stock—a lily, engrafted on our fiery family tree. She was of that calm, placid, dignified type of woman, of which martyrs, saints and angels have been made from time immemorial. That she was her-

self, something of a martyr, in the new environment which surrounded her after her marriage to my father, is probably not too much to say—but if she ever revealed the fact or complained, it never came to my knowledge.

"'Notwithstanding his fiery temper, however, my father, during the intervals of calm that succeeded the frequent gusts of passion that made my mother's life miserable, was not unappreciative of her sweet and placid disposition. Nor was he unmindful of his own shortcomings—many a time when I was a child, he took me upon his knee and placing his hand upon my curly head said to me—"My child, you must try and be like your dear mother—she is an example that I hope you will always follow. When you get to be a man—as you will, all too soon—you must remember your father as a man whose heart was naturally kind, but whose evil passions were a curse to himself and those he loved, his whole life long. Your mother is an angel, and I hope you have inherited her sweet nature, and not that of your tempest-tossed father."

"'Ah! my friend—how often have I thought of my father's words when the fitful storms of wayward and uncontrollable passion have racked my own sensitive spirit to the last thrill of emotion—alas! and enjoyment.

"'Poor old man! He did not realize that the Sturtevant blood that pulsed within me, contained a hereditary taint of passion which no infusion of calm Puritan blood, and no reasoning of a Sturtevant mind, could ever eradicate.

"'What a remorseless law is that of heredity! It pursues us like a veritable Nemesis—does it not, doctor?

"'But the hallowing influence of my mother's example, and the repression of childish indiscretions by her ever watchful care and kindly correction, kept the Sturtevant blood calm and latent in me until my boyhood was well nigh past, and I was sent away to school.

"'I know not whether it was the removal of the restraining influences that my gentle mother had infused into my home life, or because my dormant passions wanted but excitement of the proper sort, to bring them into pernicious activity, but my nature was transformed completely, soon after entering school.

"'I had never had boy companions before—my sole playmate and school fellow having been the little daughter of a neighbor.

"'Mina Van der Hayde was my junior by several years, and was one of those sweet, sensitive children, with whom quarrels were out of the question. She was accustomed to look upon me as a protector, mentor, guide and companion, while I—well, I lavished all the wealth of a pure, undivided and unselfish boyish affection upon that dear little girl.

"'As Mina's father's estate immediately adjoined ours, it was but natural that we children should have been sharers in each other's games and studies—we even had the same private tutors. Our fathers had been friends as boys, long before the Revolution, and their friendship had become still more firmly cemented by their mutuality of interests after the independence of the colonies was assured. Both of the stalwart old Knickerbockers looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the time when their families should be linked together in stronger bonds than those of friendship—bonds that Mina and I alone could provide. My mother, too, looked with kindly eye upon the agreeable future which the mutual affection existing between the only children of the two old families seemed likely to bring.

"'You can imagine the shock to my delicate, hothouse-nurtured sensibility, when I found myself thrown upon my own self-reliance, among a large number of boys, many of whom were of the hard-fisted, rough-mannered type, characteristic of the middle class among the old time eastern settlers.

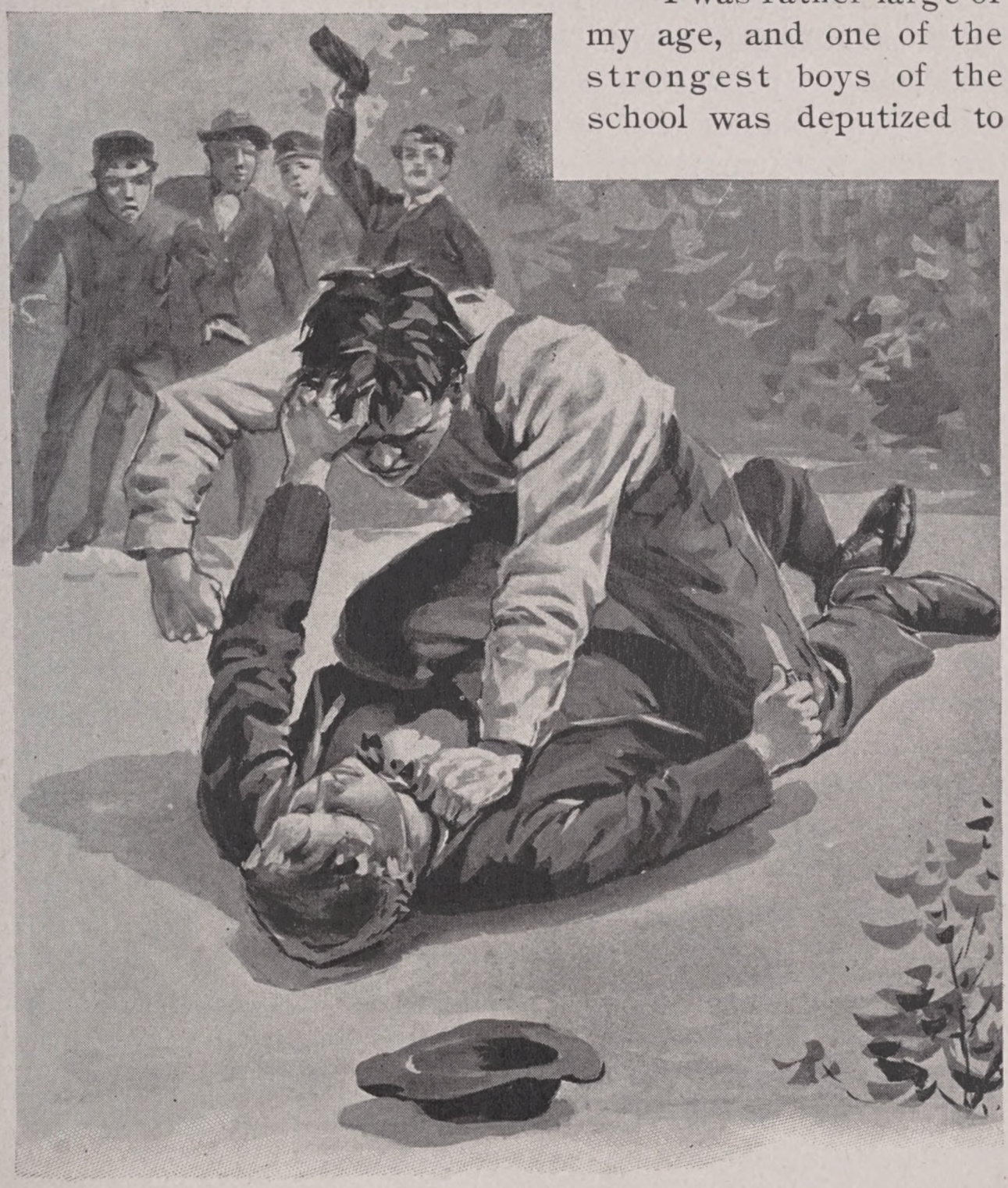
"'Fisticuffs was a new and hard game for me—I was not the kind of material of which rough-and-ready boys are made. There was too much of the game cock slumbering in me—my ancesters had felt the touch of steel—their fighting blood was trained to the clash of sword and crash of shot and shell. The consequence was, that my first trial at arms brought out little of the rough-and-tumble fighter, but much of the Sturtevant passion for blood-letting.

"'The day of my trial was not long delayed; the new scholar at a boys' school is not long kept in suspense—his

classification as to pugilistic merit is but a question of a few days at most.

"'I remember, as if it were yesterday, the day on which my true nature was revealed to me.

"'I was rather large of my age, and one of the strongest boys of the school was deputized to



"I BURIED THE BLADE IN THE BULLY'S SIDE!"

initiate me into the mysteries of boyish pugilism. He played his part rather better than he expected—for I fancy he was somewhat surprised at the result. A trivial pretext was used, and before I realized what was about to happen, I was

involved in a fight, which, with a novice like myself, could have but one result—I was thrown to the ground, and found myself flat upon my back, with my opponent kneeling upon my chest and trying to pound my face to pieces.

"'How it happened, I never knew—I felt the waves of hot blood surge up into my head and had the consciousness of feeling in my pocket for my knife—a present from Mina, by the way. I did not afterwards recollect finding and opening the knife, but I remember, even now, the grim satisfaction—aye, the hilarious joy, with which I buried the blade in the bully's side! How I revelled in the sight of the red blood, as it fairly spurted out of the wound and all over me! How like a tame tiger, is man! Gentle as a kitten, until the sight of blood rouses the devil in him!

"'The bully recovered—I never did. The scar upon his body was as nothing, compared with that upon my soul; the human tiger had tasted blood, and his native ferocity—the ferocity of a long line of hot-headed warrior ancestors—had come to the surface of a hitherto tranquil and peaceful nature.

"'But the arousal of the devil in me was not to be compared with the discovery that the passion of anger and the revengeful infliction of injury upon those who offended me, was a source of pleasurable gratification. I do not think it was the suffering I caused others, that in after years gave me such keen enjoyment—it was rather the sense of power to do injury, and the exaltation of the emotions incidental to my outbursts of violent temper, that gave me pleasure. I experienced some gratification, it is true, in venting my anger upon inanimate things—but not that keen and savage delight which filled my very soul, whenever I spent my passion's cruel fury upon my fellow creatures!

"'I was not expelled from school after my murderous act of self-defense—my assailant having recovered and the provocation having been great, I was severely disciplined but allowed to remain. My punishment was, however, easy to bear—for I revelled in the pleasurable memory of the offense for which it was inflicted.

"'I was henceforth a different boy—from a quiet, gentle, loving lad, I had become transformed into a fiery-tempered

unreasoning, quarrelsome bully. Of personal contests I had but few—even the over-grown youths in the higher classes, had not forgotten the result of the first trial of my courage. My knife had been confiscated, but I had bought another, which inspired even more respect than the old one—for I knew by experience, something of the advantages of a long blade, when I purchased it. On the rare occasions on which I became embroiled in fights, my antagonist was really half-whipped before the actual contest began—my classmates had excellent memories.

"'Time went on, and I was progressing finely in my studies; for I was brainy enough—there was no lack of intellect in our family and I had inherited my full share of it. The time was drawing near when I was to leave the preparatory school, and enter upon the college career which was my dear mother's fondest dream. I bade fair to acquit myself with honor in the final examinations, and was expectantly and impatiently looking forward to my anticipated visit to my home. Nor was the prospect of seeing Mina, the least pleasurable feature of my anticipation—absence, and the exaltation of the emotions which had resulted from the unfortunate transformation in my mental character, had made the memory of my little sweetheart fonder than ever. But my affairs were not to go on so smoothly as I thought—I had reckoned without my new-found, passionate and unreasoning temper.

"'It so happened that a party of our boys were preparing for a football game, which was to take place between a representative team from our school and another from among the lads of the neighboring village. I had never practiced the game to any extent, but there was a rough, hurly-burly excitement about it, that made my blood tingle whenever I watched the boys at practice. During one of the practice games that our boys had among themselves, one of the members of the team sprained his ankle, and a volunteer was called for to take his place. I immediately offered myself as the needed substitute, and although most of the boys were averse to accepting me on account of my horrible temper, they were still more afraid to refuse me—I therefore took the injured boy's place.

"'As was usual with me, I went into the work with that wild enthusiasm which had become a prominent feature of my make-up. All went well until I became involved in a desperate "tackle" with a boy considerably stronger than myself. Realizing in an instant, that I was overmatched, I grew angry, and as the blood mounted to my brain, I forgot myself and struck my opponent on the temple. He fell to the ground, half senseless, and before I could be prevented, under the insane impulse of my delirious frenzy I stamped upon his upturned face as he lay there helpless, again and again! I doubt not that I would have killed him, had not one of the boys—my victim's brother—struck me from behind with a cane, knocking me senseless.

"'The poor lad was seriously injured—indeed, his life was despaired of for a time. My own injuries were, however, trivial, and as soon as the management of the school had time to act upon the case, I was sent home in disgrace.

"'I can recall, even now, the feeling of pity which I afterward had for the boy whom I had so wantonly injured, but even my pity was tempered by the pleasurable recollection of the savage enjoyment that I experienced, while crushing his helpless face beneath my feet. Like all pleasurable experiences of early life, the joy of indulgence in the passion of anger left a memory behind that tainted my whole after-life.

"'I had expected most severe punishment from my father, when I arrived home after my ignominious expulsion from school, but, much to my astonishment, his treatment of me was most tender and sympathetic. He seemed to be burdened with anxiety concerning me and showed not the slightest disposition to severity—he was, on the contrary, sad and thoughtful when in my presence. He never alluded to my trouble but once.—

"'One day, while accompanying him to the little village where most of our business was transacted, he turned to me and said: "Charles, my son, it was my intention to avoid all allusion to the circumstances that compelled you to return home, before the completion of your school curriculum. Your mother, however, has convinced me that I should do less than my duty, did I not perform a father's part and

advise you on the subject of the violent temper you have latterly developed. I know my own family failing—I know you are a Sturtevant—but I had hoped that you might resemble your mother's family,and escape the unfortunate inheritance with which men of our blood have had to struggle for so many generations. But the mischief has been done—the hot Sturtevant blood has at last come to the surface, and you are destined to suffer all your life, as have suffered your ancestors before you. Far be it from me to reproach you—you are the son of your father, and, like him, a child of destiny. But you are young, you have a powerful will; exert it, and you may be saved from yourself—submit to your violent passions, and, if you escape disaster, or even ruin, it will be through sheer good luck, and not through equality of fate. *I* have escaped ruin, it is true, but it is to the influence of your dear mother, rather than to my own self restraint, that the credit is due. Behind you, my boy, looms up a remorseless fate, urging you on, even as the slave driver urges his helpless chattels; before you lies the gulf of despair, and beyond that yawning gulf, stands—pardon the thought, my dear son; it is terrible to think of, but it must be said—the gallows.

'"I have had, and thank heaven! I still have, my good angel—yours awaits you." As he spoke, he waved his hand toward the broad acres of the house of Van der Hayde.—"See that you do not place a barrier between her and yourself, that death alone can surmount.

'"My son, reflect seriously on what I have said—I shall never allude to the subject again. I have but a few words more to say: You have experienced the misfortune of giving way to but a single passion—beware lest you develop others. You have yet to run the gauntlet of far more powerful and fascinating pleasures of the senses, than the gratification of any emotions you have so far experienced. My boy, beware the wiles of woman!—beware the lure of the cup! The Sturtevant blood has never done things by halves—it has been strong in its sentiments and emotions; it has been gigantic in its vices! Self-control is comparatively easy, in the *prevention* of indulgences of the passions—it is, however, far more difficult of application as a remedy for their cure."

"'I thought I understood my father's meaning, and I certainly appreciated his heartfelt advice, but I did not then realize its full purport. Not that I feel regret that I did not follow his precept—there has been too much pleasure in following his example. In reality, I rejoice that I did not adhere to the resolution I mentally made, to curb the passion I had already developed, and to abstain from exposure to all influences that might tend to develop other passions—still more disastrous.

"'My misfortune—or misconduct, if you please—at school, undoubtedly gave my sweet mother unbounded pain, but aside from the air of sadness and a certain troubled expression in her eyes with which she occasionally regarded me, she showed no outward evidence of anxiety. Her silent melancholy, however, hurt me much more than the harshest reproof could have done, but my appreciation of her anxious interest could only be shown by an increased tenderness toward her—for I sincerely loved my patient, angelic mother. I have often wondered why her gentle spirit did not quench the fire of my passionate nature, even as the gentlest rain, quenches in time, the hottest blaze that man may light.

"'And Mina, dear, beautiful little Mina! My little sweetheart was fast budding into womanhood—a fact of which I was as innocently unconscious as was she—girls mature so much faster than their boyish playmates. She was to me, the same little Mina as of old. I sometimes fancied she noted the great change in me, of which I was myself all too keenly conscious—if so, however, she made no sign—she was even kinder, more sympathetic and lovelier than ever.

"'Under the kind and affectionate ministrations of the two beings whom I loved best on earth, I actually regained a semblance of my old self. The storm-tossed ship of my passions was in a safe harbor. Do I regret that my peaceful state of mind did not last? I fear not—the negative pleasure of that contented period of my life is hardly a memory now; it has been blotted out by the more vivid enjoyment of my devouring passions, experienced so many times since those quiet days at home.

"'My sojourn at home was hardly a vacation; it was a

continuance of my studies. My father employed a private tutor for me—and a kind old man my teacher was, God bless him!—to finish my preparation for college, and well did that dear old man fulfil his duty. Mr. Marshton was one of the kindest and most considerate of men; he was, moreover, one of the few persons who had control over me. Whether my natural fire was tempered by an hereditary strain of the discipline of the soldier, I know not—but I certainly obeyed my teacher to the letter, and he never had the slightest cause of complaint against me. Indeed, he was more than complimentary regarding my progress.

"'The time of my departure for college came only too soon. I had passed my entrance examinations several weeks before, and with them out of the way, I had the opportunity to fully enjoy the remainder of my stay at home, and I assure you that I took advantage of it. Much of my time was spent with Mina, and the days went by in unalloyed pleasure. But happiness is usually short-lived, and mine was no exception to the rule—the day on which I was to leave for my new career, arrived before I realized that I was really to depart from home again.

"'I was wiser than when I first went away to school. I understood myself better, at least, although I was not much wiser in worldliness than when, as an innocent boy in a roundabout, I left for the scene of my first education in self-knowledge. I understood the feeling of sadness with which my parents bade me good-bye, however, far better than at my previous departure. Nothing was said regarding my former school experience, but I divined intuitively what was meant when my father said—"I expect great things of you, Charles; you have only to exert your power of will, and the honors of your classes will certainly be yours."

"'My mother was too overcome with emotion to say much, but, as she kissed me good-bye she whispered—"Charley, my son, be very careful, and I shall have reason to be proud of you; be master of yourself and you will be master of others."

"'Mina did not come to see me off—we had bidden each other good-bye at her own home, an hour before the expected

arrival of the stage that was to bear me away. I did not want that sweet farewell to be witnessed by others, who, I was sure, could not understand nor sympathize with, all that it implied. Little was said between us—little was necessary to the intuitive understanding of each other's feelings, but when we parted, it was in the fond hope that when I returned, after college days were over, we should never part again as long as we should live.

"'College days are everywhere so much alike, that the experience of one young man is very nearly that of every other—there would be little to say of my own had I been as other young men. With the advice of my father still fresh in my mind, I did exercise self-control to this extent—I did not expose myself to any influence that might again arouse the brute in me. I avoided all the college games, and by hard and severe study—which in itself became almost a passion—I endeavored to keep myself within the bounds that I alone knew to be necessary to my safety.

"'On account of the seclusion necessitated by my self-discipline, I was not popular with my fellow students, and I knew it. Living as I did, the life of a recluse, however, I cared not for popularity, and as I did not mingle with the other students, my unpopularity did not expose me to any insolence that might have aroused my violent temper before I had accomplished the object of my incessant mental labor.

"'I had but one associate—a delicate little fellow from Boston, by the name of Stoddard. Why this young man and myself became attached to one another I do not know. I had developed into a strong, well-knit youth, and had a certain degree of contempt for puny young fellows. Stoddard was not only puny, but the direct antithesis of myself—delicate, sensitive, and pliant to a fault, his nature was totally unlike my belligerent, moody, and hasty temperament. My young friend had all the refinement and poesy of the true artist, and had I been other than I was, his influence over me would have been productive of benefit to my coarser-grained nature. But the difference between the artistic temperament and one of coarser mould under the same influences, was never so well shown as in our relations. The classics appealed to

Stoddard,as the rosy cloudland in which the higher emotions were fed by the purity of art, and warmed by the beams of an untarnished soul. Far different was their influence over me. The clang of Achilles' armor fired my soul with lust for blood; excited my desire for the smell of powder and the clash of arms! The Paris of my dreams, needed no apology for the abduction of the peerless Helen! What was the fall of a dozen Troys, compared with the

A REVEL OF THE SOUL.

gratification of the lust of a Paris, inspired in my heart by a Homer, and fed by the hot blood of a Sturtevant?

"'The orgies and cruel passions of Nero found their responsive echo in my own soul. I realized the enormity of his crimes, but revelled in blissful contemplation of their description. The lions of the carnivals of blood in which that

vile monster indulged, were no fiercer than the beasts that glowered and growled within my own heart—the blood that flecked their jaws was not redder nor more abundant than that which bathed the victims of my imagination.

"'Descriptions of bacchanalian feasts, were to me, dreams of delight. I revelled with their participants, and longed for the opportunity to indulge my own fierce appetites —even as they did.

"'My friend Stoddard little thought that our readings of the classics and martial ancient history—he was a most charming reader and often read aloud to me—were affecting his taciturn friend in such an unfortunate fashion. He did not know that, when he read to me, I fought side by side with Alexander, devised situations with Boccaccio, drank blood with Nero, and imbibed more and stronger wine than ever Bacchus himself could have dreamed of!

"'And our modern writers were fully as disastrous as the ancient, in their effects upon my peculiar organization. The beauties of Byron's verse were lost upon me—in their excitement of my emotions, I read not Byron—I *lived* Byron.

"'How aptly Sir Walter Scott has said of the man of passion:

> "His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
> On Passion's changeful tide is tossed,
> Nor vice, nor virtue, has the power
> Beyond the impression of the hour;
> And Oh, when passion rules, how rare
> The hours that fall to virtue's share!"

"'I have often thought, doctor, that Scott himself knew more of passion's sway than he ever admitted. A man must have *felt* the dominance of passion to have written those lines. That Byron lived his own sentiments is certainly true—he, too, was a child of destiny, whose heredity was his own misery—his own happiness—and the world's good fortune.

"'From what I have said, you can imagine the result. I became an impractical dreamer; I lived among the clouds of romance, in the midst of the soft haze of sensuality—my dreams were my dissipation, even as my books were my life-work.

"'Fortunately for me, the indulgence in my violent passions was a phantasy of the brain as yet—no opportunities arose for the practical application of my excited fancies. Indeed, I doubt whether I should have embraced such opportunity had it arisen, unless forced upon me by some circumstance in which physical impressions of passion were unavoidable.

"'There was no immediate practical harm done, therefore. I dreamed of an elysium wherein female beauty, the fragrant fumes of the oriental chibouk, and the exhilarating effects of the glowing wine, alternated with deeds of blood—with clash of sword, the roll of drum and the rattle of musketry—without any imminent danger either to my life or morals. The disastrous effects, however, were none the less real because they were only to be realized through the actual experiences of my after-life. My dreams of the harem, of war, of wine, woman, song, and the smoke and roar of battle, developed the budding instincts of my ancestral blood, into a towering tropic blossom that o'ershadowed all my future life with misery; illumined it with joy—with soul-depressing disaster and rose-colored happiness combined.

"'During the four years of my college course, I spent a portion of each of my vacations at home. My visits were pleasant enough, save that Mina was not there to welcome me—her father had sent her abroad to study art and music, in which she was especially gifted. But I knew that she had not forgotten me—her occasional letters would have reassured me, even though my own heart had not inspired me with the confidence of a first affection.

"'It might seem strange to you, doctor, that I should have had the same frank and boyish affection for Mina, during the process of evolution of my evil passions I have described to you, as in my early boyhood's days—yet I did retain it nevertheless. My feelings toward her were fortunately too exalted to become tainted with my new-found emotions—she was never less than a divinity to me, through all the storms that agitated my centers of ideation.

"'My final examinations at last arrived, and I was proud to be able to inform my father that I was one of the honor

men of the class. I received medals for my proficiency in the classics and English literature—a fact which especially delighted my father, as he was himself an ardent lover of literature—both ancient and modern. My friend Stoddard, was likewise the recipient of special honors—as might have been expected. Indeed, it was to him that I owed much of my own success—a fact I freely acknowledged, but which he modestly refused to believe.

"'Everything seemed to be favorable to my happiness—I had won glory at college, my parents were well pleased with me, and, best of all, Mina was waiting for me. As my father was quite feeble, he had decided to have me assume the management of his estate and was desirous of having me marry, immediately on my return from college. Mina had returned from Europe—having finished her studies—and there was no obstacle to the consummation of my father's wishes and my own fair hopes.

"'Commencement day—that day of all days in the lives of college men—at length arrived. My parents and friends were present to see me graduate, and to say that I was happy,would be a mild expression of my true feelings. My only regret was, that Mina could not be there—her father was ill, and she felt that she could not leave him, even for me, as she said in a pretty little note she sent by my mother.

"'My parents wished me to return home with them, but I had promised to attend a farewell dinner, to be given by one of the wealthy members of the class the next evening, hence I was obliged to remain until the day after that affair. Would that I had known what the result would be!—And yet—

"'I fancied my father had some misgivings in leaving me behind—however, he said nothing. I promised faithfully to return home at the earliest possible moment after my social duty to my classmate had been fulfilled, and after wishing me a pleasant time at the coming dinner, my parents left for home.

"'The dinner was much the same as is usual,even to-day, among college boys. A congregation of young men whose labors are over, and who are trying to make up for time lost in the matter of social dissipation, is about the same every-

where and at all times. There is a certain proportion of boisterous fun, and a greater proportion of intoxication, on the part of young men who, perhaps, have never drunk a drop of stimulants before. This particular dinner was no exception to the rule, and had its full share of hilarity.

"'It was on this occasion that my baptism of fire occurred —I was induced to indulge in both tobacco and liquor. Never shall I forget the effect of that first indulgence—my *dreams* of bacchanalian pleasures were as nothing, compared with the reality! I seemed to be transformed into a different being—the world seemed to unfold before my mental vision like a wonderful and beautiful panorama—I was in the seventh heaven of delight! It seemed to me that there was no feat too arduous—no adventure too hazardous, for me to attempt. I had developed a marvellous egotism and self-confidence. For the first time since the beginning of my college career, I was assimilated to my surroundings—I became as boisterous as the rest.

"'I have already told you of my unpopularity with my fellow students. I realized it myself, more keenly than ever, before the dinner was over—one of my classmates, when called upon for a speech, embraced the opportunity to make some insulting remarks with regard to my conduct during my college course. To make matters worse, he made several sarcastic allusions to a slight lameness with which my poor little friend Stoddard was afflicted.

"'Even had I been perfectly sober, I would not have tolerated such treatment—in the condition I was in, I certainly was not to be trifled with. I dashed a glass of wine in the fellow's face, and in an instant, we became engaged in a desperate fight.

"'We were separated by our companions, before any serious injury had been sustained on either side, but the affair did not end there—I received a challenge before I left the room at the conclusion of the dinner, which challenge I promptly accepted. One of my classmates volunteered to officiate as my second, and a duel with pistols was arranged for the following morning.

"'The affair came off as planned, and my antagonist

was carried from the field with a ball through his right lung.

"'Knowing that the laws against duelling were very severe at that time, I fled to New York City, and found refuge in a by no means aristocratic section of the metropolis —intending to remain in seclusion until it was safe to return to my home. I afterward heard that my antagonist had recovered from the immediate effects of his wound—only to succumb to some remote resulting trouble some months later.

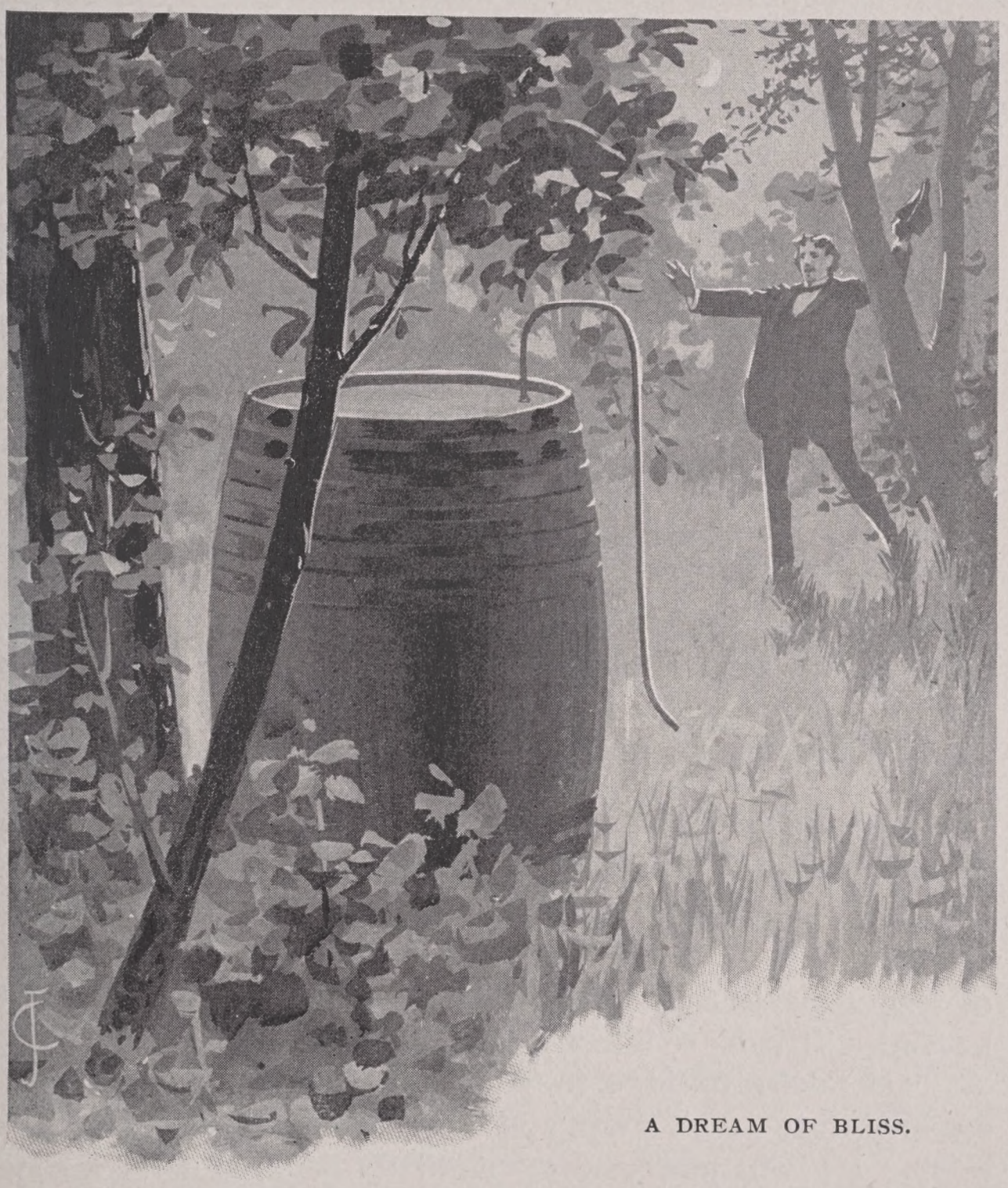
"'I succeeded in letting my father know my whereabouts, so that I was amply supplied with money--indeed, I had more than was wise.

"'I had not forgotten my experience with tobacco and stimulants, and having the means to gratify my desires in that direction,I lost no opportunity of doing so. My methods of indulgence were, however, unique—I never combined the use of tobacco and liquor. As I have already informed you, my organization is peculiar—there appears to be room in my mentality for but one intense passion at a time. When I smoked, therefore, it was my custom to consume a large amount of strong tobacco at a sitting. And such enjoyment as it gave me! Such beautiful and agreeable visions as I saw through the fumes of my pipe! Heaven was not so very far away,when I was smoking!

"'My method of drinking was somewhat similar, I would drink and drink, until nature could stand no more! And such day dreams as I had, after my brain had once been tainted with liquor! The ideal of bliss that my mind now conceived, was a drama in which a huge cask of liquor and myself, played the principal rôles. How I longed to be in some solitary and secluded spot, with a barrel of stimulants at one end of a siphon and myself at the other! And how I would drink, if such a situation were possible! I would revel in drink until the last fiery drop had been consumed! Ah! what a magnificent passion that of drink is, to be sure! How can people who have never felt such magnificent passions as mine, understand the furious paroxysms of the dipsomaniac? And there are those who pity such as I! Why, however

much one might suffer for such indulgences, the physical misery is trifling, compared with the joyful delirium and frenzied happiness for which it pays!

"'Doctor, what of opium? Does it act— Pshaw! I do



A DREAM OF BLISS.

not need it! The time may come, but now, the wellspring of my joy, my responsiveness to liquor, is not yet run dry!

"'It is hardly necessary to add, that the other passion against which my father warned me, soon entered my life— there came times when my soul-stirring emotions and violent

passions were centered upon woman—woman in the collective sense.

"'What did that old imbecile, Martin Luther, mean when he said—

> "Who loves not wine, woman and song
> Lives a fool his whole life long"?

"'Did he believe it possible that the ordinary human animal could love all three, in the highest sense of exaltation, at one and the same time? If so, he knew but little of such organizations as mine.

"'It was not long before the excitement caused by the unfortunate duel had died away. My friends had meanwhile exerted their influence to secure immunity from prosecution for me—at such time as I chose to return to my home—and with success; I was no longer a refugee, but the master of my own freedom—almost.

"'My father wrote me, urging me to return at once—nearly a year had elapsed, and he naturally thought that I would be overjoyed at the prospect of being home again. Much to his sorrow and consternation, I refused. My mother, and even Mina, wrote me letter after letter, in a similar strain, but even *their* pleadings were in vain. No; I would not return home—my newly developed passions could not have full sway there!

"'Not long after this, my father died, and I was absolutely compelled to return home, to assume charge of his affairs. This incident stemmed the tide of my passions—for the time at least—and under the influence of my mother and darling Mina, in conjunction with my necessarily quiet life, I became a little more like my original self.

"'I finally decided to follow the dictates of my higher sense of duty—which was still in evidence, strange as it may seem. My will power was not totally gone, and for a time was triumphant, even as in the old college days. I married Mina, and settled down in the old home, much to the joy of my mother, who, unfortunately, did not live very long after that consummation of her wishes which she believed to be an absolute guarantee of my future happiness and good behavior.

"'With the death of my mother, however, the chief

restraining influence was removed from my erratic nature—her inhibitory power over my fiery impulses had been little short of marvellous. Mina's influence over me was a more delicate one—it was that of affection, unassociated with any of that strictly psychic element of control, without which, affection is often helpless.

"'It was not long before my old gusts of passionate temper returned, and I made my poor wife's existence miserable. It was the experience of my martyr mother over again, only Mina was of more pliant and less philosophical mould than was she—sorrows that had passed over my mother without even bending her fortitude, fairly crushed little Mina—she mourned her heart away, poor child.

"'I soon began to yearn for my old periodical indulgences in my violent passion for drink, and its soul-stirring concomitants. I realized that it would never do to indulge my passionate propensities at my home, so I devised excuses to go to New York from time to time.

"'Ah! what a delicious memory is that of those periods of frenzied enjoyment! Doctor—with all my miseries and misfortunes, my life would have been well worth the living, had my memory naught to revert to save my tempests of passion! Ye gods! how I drank! What pleasure of the senses was not mine, and in a degree the most superlative? What joy did I not—? but you cannot understand; no man of your make-up can appreciate the riotous pleasures that I have enjoyed.—

"'One of my chief ambitions in life, was to have an heir—the Sturtevant line of succession was very dear to me. You can imagine how happy I was when I knew that my hopes in this direction were likely to be realized. "My son!" How sweet that sounds to me,even now! My very being,was wrapped up in the rosy prospect!

"'As you will understand from what you already know of my mental peculiarities, all other passions were displaced by this new one—for revelling in the prospect of an heir, really became a fixed and dominant passion in my mind. There were no more excursions to New York, no more outbursts of temper, and my wife was happy again.

"'It is hardly necessary to expatiate upon the disaster that overthrew my rose-colored hopes—the child was a girl!

"'For the fourth time in my life, the impulse to kill, came over me in a wave of unreasoning fury—I wished to destroy that innocent child. Fortunately, I had sense enough to give my violent passion another outlet; I refused to see either mother or child, and went to New York on a prolonged carousal—the old story over again.

"'When I finally returned home—my violent outburst of emotional insanity having spent itself—I again refused to see my little daughter; indeed, I never saw her. Even when the child fell ill, I was still obdurate. At length the poor little thing died—I refused to go to the funeral. I did not dare—I was afraid of myself, and justly, as the sequel will show.

"'A few days after the burial of the little one, Mina ventured to expostulate with me upon my conduct. Gentle as was her reproof, sad as were her tears, they had but one result—they aroused my violent temper, and in the intoxication of my anger I—struck my wife!

"'I fled to New York, to escape from myself, and for a month I was in a state of delirious happiness—passion had closed the curtain of memory, and the hand of love drew it not back.

"'I never saw my home again. When the storm of passion had spent its rage, I was told that my wife was dead. No one knew that I had struck her—she died blessing me, and her secret was buried with her. A broken heart keeps its secrets well!

"'There is but little more to tell. I sold the old home, leaving the details entirely to our old family lawyer—I had not the courage to face my old friends and neighbors.

"'I went to South America, and remained away from my native land until the Mexican war broke out, when I returned and enlisted in the army. My Sturtevant blood at last had a fair field, and right merrily it pulsed! Men of ordinary mould, cannot conceive of the fierce delight that scenes of carnage give to one of my stamp. How I revelled in the sights and sounds of battle!

"'I served through the Mexican war with distinction—

winning a commission as captain. I afterward went to California, during the gold fever. I was successful in my mining ventures, and became an enormously wealthy man. Much of my wealth, however, was eventually dissipated.

"'When the Civil war began, I entered the Union army as a private soldier, and fought until I was wounded and disabled. I lost my arm at Kenesaw Mountain—this empty sleeve is a badge that one of my blood might well be proud to wear, and brought but one regret; I could no longer fight—no longer know the passionate joy of war!

"'Since the war, I have been all over the world. Wherever excitement was promised, there might I be found. I was a war correspondent during the Franco-Prussian war, and only regretted the disability that prevented my entering the ranks of the French army under my friend, Marshal McMahon.

"'I finally drifted to this out-of-the-way place. I came here some three years ago, and bought a fine farm some distance from town. There I live among my books—alone, save for my domestics and farm laborers. Tobacco and liquor bring their joyous dreams as of old! I am happy in my misery, miserable in my happiness!'

"'Monotonous, you say? Oh no—Chicago is not far away, and I go and come as I please—when my storms come on.'

"Just then the landlord's voice was heard in the next room, saying—

"'It is almost train time, and that gentleman may want some supper before he goes. Sarah, step into the office and ask him whether he wants us to fix something for him, and what he would like.'

"I turned expectantly toward the door, in pleasant anticipation of the coming of the rosy-cheeked Sarah.

"She appeared, and delivered her message.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'and you will please prepare supper for two—the best the house affords. You will join me I am sure, sir,' I said, turning toward—the empty arm chair! My fascinating companion had disappeared!

"As I sat eating my supper, I marvelled much at the strange conduct of my quondam friend:

"'By the way, landlord,' I said, 'Mr. Sturtevant is quite a remarkable character.'

"'Sturtevant—Sturtevant?' he repeated, reflectively—'never heard of him before, sir. Where does he live?'

"'Why, he lives here, in your town, does he not?' I asked.

"'There's no such man in this town or in the county, so far as I know,' he replied.

"I mentally pitied the landlord's stupidity, but said no more along that line—I tried another tack.

"'By the way, landlord, that was quite an interesting old gentleman, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in your hotel office this afternoon. He was highly entertaining.'

"'You mean the old one-armed man, sir?' asked mine host.

"'Yes, the old blue-coated veteran with the handsome face.'

"'Oh, that's old Jim Tyler. Well, he's a good fellow enough, but he's mighty shiftless. He's no veteran—that's my old army blouse he's got on. You see, the old man's my father-in-law, and he likes to parade around in soldier clothes, so I let him wear my old relic.'

"By this time I was all attention, as you might suppose.—

"'Ah, my friend, you interest me—perhaps you know something of the missing arm,' I said.

"'Well, I don't know where it is now,' replied my new entertainer, somewhat facetiously, 'but the old man *lost* it in the flour mill. He was always a sort of a curious chap and he would fool around machinery. When he got his hand caught, he might have pulled it out if he hadn't been so darned lazy—he just left it in, until his arm was pretty well chewed up! If the miller hadn't seen him and pulled his arm out, he'd have lost his head, I reckon—such as he has.'

"'He seems to be a well-read man,' I said.

"'Oh, yes; he has read pretty much everything—he just does nothing but loaf and read, all the time,' replied the landlord.

"'Has he traveled much?' I asked.

"'Traveled! Well, I should say not,' he answered. 'You don't know *him* or you wouldn't ask that question. Why, he is too blamed lazy to get aboard a train—he hasn't been five miles away from this hotel in ten years!'

"'He is wealthy, I presume,' I said.

"'Wealthy! He hasn't got a dollar in the world. His wife supported him until she died. I married the house, and him with it. I don't mind taking care of him though—my wife and children are very fond of Grandpa Tyler. Besides, he has no vices—he never smoked, or drank a drop in his life. He's too lazy I guess; he's afraid the active excitement might kill him. Then, too, he is so easy to get along with—he is never quarrelsome and is as kind-hearted as an old woman. I guess his wife had him well in hand, if all I hear is correct. Thank the Lord! *My* wife doesn't take after her mother!'

"Well sir, I hope the old man will go on reading novels and such things for many years yet. He does nothing but dream, and tell yarns about his imaginary experiences—all taken out of his friends' libraries, for he's too shiftless to own any books himself.

"'But he's likely to dream, and peddle out his dreams for a long while yet, sir. Did he tell you any of his yarns?'

"'Why, ye—no, not exactly, 'I replied, 'just a few reminiscences, that's all.'"

"'Just as I supposed,' said mine host, 'that's his strong point. But you'd better get over to the station sir, your train is coming!'"

"I had indeed, spent a most profitable day! As the train sped along toward home I mused—

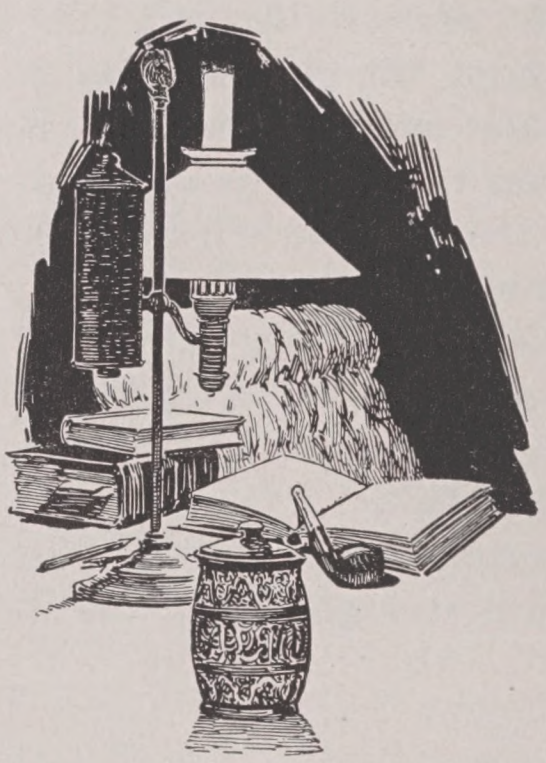
"'Verily, my romantic friend practices what he preaches—he *does* live his authors. He told me the truth; he is truly a martyr to his passions; for ease, books, and for—lying.'

"Good gracious, boy! Do you know what time it is? It's nearly one o'clock. My passion for story-telling is almost equal to old Jim Tyler's. You must go home and get some sleep.

"'I? Oh, I'm an old stager and don't need as much rest as a hard-working student like yourself, but it is nevertheless about time for *me* to retire.

"It is singular, is it not, that one gets so used to late hours after a while? But we must make up for lost time, sooner or later. When we get real old, we require plenty of sleep—more and more as time goes on, until we get our final overdose of slumber and forget to wake up again. This is as it should be, and shows that if Nature is permitted to have her own way, she is very kind to her weary children.

"Good night."



OLD ABE AS A MUSICAL CRITIC.

SO, yo' ain't feelin' jes' well,
little Marster Ben?
Whut kine ob smell is dat
erbout yo' cloze?
Yo's paler dan er po' ole
yallah settin' hen!
Bin smokin' I jes reckon—
oh, I knows!
Be sho' yo' kain' fool yo'
uncle; dat yo' kaint!
An' whut's mo', yo' shan'
try, deed'n yo' shan't!
Whuffo' yo' didn' tell me
whut yo' wuz doin'?
De nex' dat I knows, yo'll be er chewin'!
Dar now, ma little honey, doan' yo' cry—
Yo'll feel bettah bye an' bye,
Take yo' smokin' easy an' not too strong—
Get yo' hand in befo' long.

"ABR'HAM, DAR'S OUAH GOOD ANGEL."

OLD ABE AS A MUSICAL CRITIC.

THE Doctor was much later than usual in getting in from his rounds, and I was kept waiting for him nearly an hour. It was snowing quite heavily, and when my dear old friend finally arrived, he was covered with a fleecy coat of white, and his whiskers were clogged up so that they stood out from his face most defiantly. He looked not unlike old Santa Claus—only better natured and more stalwart. It was evident that the world was going smoothly with the doctor just then. His rubicund visage—which plainly showed that snow is an excellent cosmetic—was glowing with health and good nature, and I wondered at the transformation that had occurred in him in the short space of a fortnight, for at my last visit I fancied he was rather hypochondriacal and depressed.

I assisted the doctor in removing his coat, meanwhile commenting on his cheery, healthy appearance. He seemed much gratified,and said—

"Yes, there is a change in my feelings too; I had been consulting the wrong doctor for many years. I've got the right one now though.

"Who is he?

"It's not a 'he,' this time, but a 'she'—the new consultant in my case is my wife.

"Tell you about it? Well, I'll try one of her beefsteak specifics for melancholy and fatigue, first, then I'll tell you

something about my new doctor's advice. Meanwhile, you will be more comfortable in the library. You'll find the latest book of interest on the table—Max Nordau's 'Degeneration'—and by the way, it is one of the most interesting and valuable books ever written."

"Well, my boy, I'm ready for my fez, gown and hookah.—

"Do you know, sir, that I wouldn't be at home to-night had it not been for the anticipated pleasure of talking to you?

"Of course, it is a compliment—I intended it to be. When I have answered your question regarding my improved appearance and my wife's prescription, you'll appreciate it much better, I am sure.

"But, about my physical improvement:

"You have, of course, noticed that I have been rather down in the mouth lately. I thought I was overworking, but as that's such a common complaint among doctors, I hadn't concerned myself much about it. My wife was on the alert, however, and called my attention to my condition, with unmistakable emphasis. 'Overwork,' she said, 'is a good argument, and undoubtedly fits your case admirably, but there is another fault of your daily routine that is more serious. You don't play enough, and, what is worse, you drag *my* life into your slough of despond, by depriving me of all social enjoyment and recreation. Now I propose to turn over a new leaf, and, to begin with, you are going to let some of your night work go, and devote your evenings to me, for a while at least. If I once get you started, I know you'll fall in line quite willingly. Recreation or divorce, my dear! I mean it, sir! There isn't a judge in Chicago, who wouldn't grant me a divorce on the plea of neglect, cruelty and desertion. I've stood it long enough, and we are not going to have any funerals in this family if I can help it. I'm going to run the machine a little while for a change, and we will begin the new *règime* to-morrow evening.'

"Well, I saw that I was in for it, and as I have long since ceased to argue with my wife when she has her mind set upon anything; I submitted as gracefully as I could.

"When I started on my rounds the next morning, my

wife reminded me of my engagement. I asked her where we were going, and she said it would be time enough to know that, when she had her own mind made up, so I might as well hold my peace until evening.

"What do you think she did? She bought tickets for the opera, and defiantly held 'em under my nose at dinner that evening!

"'The opera!' I groaned. 'What the deuce do I care about the opera?' When I glanced at the tickets I was dumbfounded—they were for *Il Trovatore!*

"'Italian opera, by the eternal!' I yelled—'and I suppose I must put on my dress suit!'

"'Even so,' said my wife, blandly, as she passed me a plate of—maccaroni soup, by all that's sarcastic!

"I saw that the fates were against me, and quietly submitted.

"I finally succeeded in getting ready, but I confess that I felt like a fellow who is going to his own execution. Indeed, I couldn't rid myself of my mental incubus until I found myself, after a futile struggle to find a place for my hat, safely seated in one of those abominable devices known as orchestra chairs.

"But, my boy, there is no possible doubt about the power of music over the human heart. I went into that auditorium a misanthrope, and in less than ten minutes after the orchestra began playing, I realized that life was once more enjoyable. It was not the world that was upside down; it was yours truly. Now, you will please understand that I always did like music—I used to fairly haunt the opera—but for several years I had heard nothing but my wife's piano and an occasional organ grinder or little German band, that merely served to keep me in pistol practice on the one hand, and to cultivate my thirst on the other.

"Well, I'll never get into the old ruts again. The effect of that beautiful opera was a revelation to me. They are talking in scientific circles, just now, about music as a therapeutic agency. Let me assure you, young man, there's a deal more fact than fancy in the new idea. Why, the ancient patriarchs knew more about the treatment of the blues than

we do. When one of those wise, be-whiskered old fellows got cranky, he sent for a minstrel boy or a troupe of dancing girls, and made life merry with the timbrel, and harp, and dancing—with the glowing wine of the country on the side. And we, despite our Patti's and Calve's and Tamagno's, to say nothing of our modern ballets, can't even keep off *ennui!* We ought to be ashamed of ourselves!

"Of course, there are some folks who go to the opera just to see, and be seen of, others. These constitute the majority of the professed *connoisseurs* of the lyric stage. When these people aim their lorgnettes at you, with such a supercilious air of ineffable superiority, they are merely performing the only function for which nature designed them—that of quizzing human beings. Their curiosity is pardonable; a real, live man or woman is a wonderful object to them.

"But I am drifting away from the subject, which was my wife's prescription.—

"It seems that my good wife is as 'regular' in her dosing as I am. She evidently believes that systematic and evenly divided doses, actively followed up, constitute the best method of treatment for chronic cases like mine. At least, so one would think from her energetic management of my case. I'll pledge you my word, sir, that I haven't seen a patient after dark, since that first memorable evening at the opera—excepting, of course, a few emergency calls and 'census' cases. I have attended the opera, a concert, an illustrated lecture, or something of the kind, almost every night since I saw you last—and, to be perfectly frank with you, I rather like it. It seems to agree with me, and I'm going to keep it up. My wife says she believes I am a good, industrious husband and ought to have a little enjoyment as I go along. Like a certain Irishman, I am henceforth going to 'live whoile Oi live, for, be jabbers! Oi'll be a long toime dead.'

"But we are forgetting our story telling, and it's getting well on toward nine o'clock."

"The consideration of my wife's prescription and its musical ingredients, recalls to my mind the story of a faithful old negro, who worked for me when I was practicing in

A——, who worked for me many years, in fact, and died in harness, poor old man.

"Old Abraham, or 'Abe,' as we used to call him, had been a body servant of a cousin of my mother's—General McCreery—as gallant an old 'rebel' as ever loved the 'stars and bars.' When the general died, he bequeathed Abe to my mother—for the old negro, to his dying day, believed himself a chattel of the family, and absolutely refused to consider himself 'one er dem free niggahs, marster,' even in theory. His wages were regarded by him in the light of a gratuity, for which he was always, 'sarvent, marster, an' I tanks yo' bery much, sah, fo' yo' kineness ter de ole man.' When mother, in her turn, followed the starry path of the true believer, old Abe fell to me—a fortunate thing for him, for I was the last of the old stock, and while Abe was broken-hearted over his 'kine ole mistis'' death, he was ready to resignedly accept the situation, providing he could 'stay in de fam'ly, Marse Doctah.'

"As you might suppose, Abe was a special pet of mine. He was the last link that bound me to the old life, and I loved him for the sake of 'auld lang syne,' as well as for his many good qualities—for he was the simplest, most sincere, and kindest-hearted creature I ever knew—white or black. My children were so attached to the old negro that they were actually disconsolate when he was not about, to sing his quaint songs or make outlandish toys for them, such as no toy shop ever saw. Abe watched over 'de chillun' like a faithful old dog, and woe betide anybody who annoyed them! I remember one occasion when I had considerable trouble in convincing the old man that he was not in duty bound to 'sick de dawg on dat Irish trash whut done frowed stuns at Marse Bob, sah!'

"Abe had been with the family so long, that he was a privileged character, so I was not surprised one day, to hear him grumbling over his chores. It seems that his 'mistis' had put him to work cleaning up the cages of her pet canaries. As I happened to pass the little summer-house where he was fond of sitting when the weather was pleasant, I heard him growling and grumbling over his task like an

old terrier over a bone. I stood listening for a moment, when, perceiving me, the old man looked up and said, rather confusedly:

"'W'y, is dat yo', Marse Doctah? Didn' know yo' wuz 'roun' sah, deed'n I didn't—I hopes yo's bery well sah!'

"'I am very well, I thank you, Abe, but I fear you are not, for it appeared to me that you were making more fuss over your work than usual. You don't seem to be very fond of canary birds, Abe.'

"AINT YO' 'SHAMED ER YO'SEF, MARSE K'NARY?"

"'Fon' ob 'em, sah! fon' ob 'em! well, I ruddah guess not! Say, Marse Doctah, whuffo' yo' done keep dem ole k'nary birds 'roun' hyah sah? Dey's jes' good f'r nuffin, dat's whut dey is! Dey jes' loafs 'roun' in dat shiny caige, an' eats 'bout er bushel er dem fancy kines er grain ebery day, an' renses demsefs off in dat crock'ry cup 'n eats lettuces 'n

sugah, an' dat's ebery blessud ting dat dey duz! Dey jes' doan' 'mount ter shucks, dat's whut dey doan't, yo' heah me shoutin', an' dis chile doan' see whut de debb'l dey's good fo' nohow! Fo' Gawd, marster! I done hope dat caige fall outen de windah one er dese fine days, ef 'twuzn't fo' little missy cryin' her pooty eyses out sah!'

"'Now, see here, Abe, you are talking foolishly. Have you no eye for the beautiful, and no ear for the melody of nature's feathered songsters? Have you never wandered 'neath the green of the leaves in the early spring and heard the beauteous strains of nature's orchestra? Go 'long Abe; the soul of harmony is not in you! Your Senegambian ancestors would be ashamed of you, for has it not been said that 'music hath charms to soothe the savage breast?' And by the way, Abraham, I have noticed that you act rather queerly when my wife plays the piano. If you happen to be in the house within ear-shot of the music room, and the piano begins its melodious work, you usually 'scoot' for the barn. Now, I want you to understand sir, that 'scooting' during my wife's hours of practice, is a boon that is even denied to me, and I want you to at least remain within call hereafter. If I should ever be compelled to go to the barn after you—well, I might be tempted to stay there, and that wouldn't be conducive to my domestic happiness.'

"Abe hung his head for a moment—the satire was lost upon him, but some of my words were so far beyond his ken, that he evidently imagined them fitted for the correction of the most depraved and hardened character. At last he said, apologetically—

"'Fo' Gawd, Marse Doctah, didn' mean no ha'm sah; deed'n I didn't! Jes' 'pears like de folks heah erway doan' hab de same kine er yeahs like de niggahs hab in de Souf, whar I wuz done raised. W'y, marster, de niggahs on de ole place, 'way down in Georgy whar I come fum, wuz all jes' like me. Dey nebbah did like dem ole rattle boxes dat de ladies at de big house use ter play. I doan' know nuffin 'bout dem 'Gambians 'n dem ancestors 'n sav'ges nohow. I s'pose dey's some er dem wile niggahs like er man whut wuz preachin' in de ole meetin' house down home, wuz er sayin' wuz de ole

stock ob all de niggahs in de Souf. But dat man wuz a ole foolish, dat's whut he wuz! He didn' know nuffin! D'yo' s'pose ole Marse George Washin'ton would hab enny er dem ole sav'ges 'bout his place? Deed'n he wouldn't, sah, deed'n he wouldn't. An' wuzn't us niggahs 'scended fum dem same ole 'lutionary niggahs like dat gre't man hed 'roun' him? Marse Doctah, yo's mos' de greates' man dat ebah I seed, sah, but yo' mus'n' be follerin' 'long atter sich foolish ole fellahs like dat ole preacher wuz—dey's crazy, dat's whut dey is, jes' plum crazy, sah, an' aint got no brains. Yo' heah whut I's tellin' yo', honey.

ONE OF "DEM WILE NIGGAHS."

"'Doan' make no diff'unce 'bout dem sav'ges, nohow, dar aint no music in dem ole tin pans whut's called pi-anners. Bim! Bim! Boom! Boom! Rat-tat-tat! Slam-bang! Is dat whut yo' calls music, marster? Huh! dis chile ruddah listen ter a ole gobbler, er a yallah-hammah on dat ar ole dead tree! Music! W'y, de rattlin' er dat ole machine done goes up'n down de spine er ma backbone jes' like dar wuz er big squirr'l inside, er runnin' up'n down wid er gre't big cockle-burr in his mouf. B-r-r-r! 'Deed, marster, yo' kain' fool dis yeh niggah 'bout dat bein' music, deed'n yo' kaint!

"'Dar's one ting I's bery tankful fo', marster—dar aint

no pi-anners up dar in de New Jerus'lem. Ma ole mistis in de Souf,an' de sweet little missy dat I done watched grow up to er big young lady an' helped ter bury when she wuz dead, use ter like ter play on de pi-anner—an' I'd almos' be willin' ter stan' it, sah, ef I could only see dem agin—but praise de Lawd! dey ain' got nuffin but harps 'n simblers 'n salters 'n tings like dat, up dar, an I's bin er wond'rin' ef dey doan' hab de banjo way up yander—dat's de niggah's harp. Tell yo' whut, Marse Doctah, dar aint no music in all de world like dat er de banjo. Talk erbout yo' 'kestrahs 'n' brass ban's 'n truck like dat! w'y, dey's no whar 'long side er de banjo. 'Deed marster, an' I hopes yo'll done 'membah dat, 'long 'bout Chris'mas time, sah. Use ter play him right smaht, sah, mase'f. Ma ole han's is gittin' kine er stiff, sah, but I ain' too ole ter try ter brush up agin. I kaint shuffle like I use ter, but I reckon I ain' fo'git how ter pat dese yeh ole feet in keepin' time.

"'P'raps yo'd like ter know how ter cuah some er dese ole niggahs dat's got de rheumatiz? I know yo's right peart at docterin', sah, but some er dese ole niggah fellahs done got 'em—whut yo' call 'em? Oh, de chronickers, an' all de doctah's pizen—beggin' yo' pa'don, sah—in de hull world, doan' do 'em no good. Yo' mout rub de goose grease 'n snake ile on dere ole jints till de cows come home, an' yo' doan' do 'em no good. But jes' let 'em hear de plunk er de ole banjo, an' de squawkin' ob a ole niggah fiddle, an' yo' nebbah seed nuffin like de way dey gits obah de rheumatiz. Sakes alibe, marster! dar's nuffin limbahs up a ole niggah's jints like dat music—'ceptin' er 'coon track, er de ebenin' squawk ob er chick'n whut done got hissef lef' out er doors in de cole when his bruddahs an' sistahs done gone ter roos'.

"'Doan' know w'y 'tis, Marse Doctah, but dar's sumpen 'bout de banjo dat's bery 'spirin'. 'Pears like de chu'ch 'd be bettah pat'nized ef dey wuz ter hab de banjo played in de sarvice. Dar's lots ob ole niggahs jes' like me, sah, dat ruddah go ter hebben wid de plink! plink! plinkety! plink! er de banjo, dan wid all de heb'nly cho'uses er singin', an' all de golden harps er twangin' all ter once. Yo' see, marster, dar's er heap er diffunce how yo' works on a niggah's feelin's.'

"'Why,' said I, hoping to draw the old man out, even at the expense of changing a most interesting subject, 'how is that, Abe? I had always supposed that sacred music and the roar of a church organ were most powerful arguments in the conversion of the negro.'

"'Dat's all right 'bout de gospel hymns sah, but I's tellin' yo' dat de groanin' an' wheezin' ob a ole organ doan' 'vert nobody 'mong de niggahs. Dar's some ways dat yo' can 'press de niggah wid de need er his soul's salbation, an' dar's some uddah ways dat yo' done shoo him off, sho's yo' bawn. W'y, dar wuz a ole bob'litionist fellah whut come 'long er preachin' down whar I use ter lib, dat use ter be pow'ful 'zortin, an' use ter keep de mo'ner's bench plum full all de time. We use ter tink he wuz gwine ter be de salbation ob ebery niggah in de hull county. He wuz dat movin', an' dat pow'ful, dat eben dem Georgy crackahs, use ter feel de touch er de Lawd on dere souls.

"'He! he! he! Ef yo' done knowed dem ole crackahs, marster, yo'd done blieb dat enny man dat could move dem, could 'vert de bery ole debb'l hissef. But he kep' on er preachin' an' er prayin', an' er 'zortin', till he done obah-retch hissef an' den dat wuz de last er him.'

"'Overreached himself, Abe; in what way?' I asked.

"'Well, yo' see marster, 'twuz dis er way. One Sunday mornin' he wuz er preachin' 'way 'bout de 'ternal punishin' er de onbliebah, an' wuz tellin' us niggahs all 'bout hell. He done tole us 'bout de debb'l an' his angels all er wearin' red cloze, an' doin' nuffin but prod sinnah men on er fawk, jes' like er hay fawk, all day long.

'"Oh, ma breddren!" sez he, "yo' mus' all stribe ter keep 'way fum dar! W'y, ma breddren and sistren, hell is er lan' er 'petual hotness! It's hottah down dar dan de hot springs! De groun' gibs fo'th hot vapahs 'n de lan's all cubbahd obah wid sizzlin' steam, jes' like out'n er steam injine! On de udder han', ma breddren and sistren, jes' look at hebben—jes' look at it! W'y, it's so cool up dar, dat while de po' sinnahs down b'low is er fryin' in de pan, de righteous man up dar, kin play snowball, an' look down on de onbliebah an' say, 'Hallo dar! yo' ole sinnah man! doan' yo' wish yo'

wuz up hyah, er settin' on dis cole cloud, an' wearin' er dis yeh nice sealskin obahcoat?' Dat, ma breddren an' sistren, done shows yo' de punishment er de ungawdly whut walks in de ways er de debb'l."

"'Well, Abe,' said I, 'your clergyman was certainly very graphic, and quite fervently in earnest. He must have been idolized by his congregation.'

"'Doan' know nuffin' 'bout no graffic, Marse Doctah, an' doan' know whut yo' means by iderlized, but dat ar sarmon done busted up de chu'ch,sah."

"'Broke up the church! Why, Abe, how could that be?'

"'Dat's easy 'nuff 'splained,sah; erbout half er dat cong'ashun done got de rheumatiz ter beat de bery debb'l, an' when dey foun' out dat hebben wuz er cole place, dey jes' done backslide, ebery niggah ob 'em. Ef dat fool preachah 'd undahstood his bizness, he'd done got er banjo,

"DOAN' YO' WISH YO' WUZ UP HYAH?"

an' plunked 'em all ter hebben widout talkin' 'bout de climate. Some ob us niggahs doan' know much, sah, but mos' ob us 'd ruddah slide ter hell on er sunbeam, dan clime ter hebben on a icickle, an' dat's sho's yo' bawn.

"'Yo' see, Marse Doctor, we niggahs like ter hab tings made plain t' us, but yo' mus' be bery keerful how yo' 'splain ebery ting. W'y, sah, dar wuz one ole fellah down in Georgy, dat use ter try 'splainin' tings ter de niggahs er his chu'ch, an' dey use ter brag dat dere preachah wuz de mos' larndedest preachah in de hull state er Georgy, but one ole brack niggah wench done ruin'd de ole man's prospec's jes' by one little quessh'n. She worked fo' Marse Prince on de same plantation wid me. Yo' see, she wuz one er dem free niggahs, dat de ole Kunnel done freed 'count er his gal dat died, an' dat Lize use' ter nuss when she wuz er baby. Lize Prince mouter bin stuck up—I doan' say she wuzn't, but she'd hed er right smart chance ter git plenty er book larnin', an' she knowed jes' how ter use it, too. Well, she hed er little baby, 'bout er yeah ole, dat wuz de cussedest little moke dat mos' ebah yo' seed in all yo' bawn days. Lize couldn't do nuffin wid him, jes' nuffin 'tall, so she done said she 'lowed she wuz gwine take him ter de preachah, ter see ef he couldn't gib her some 'vice 'bout de brat.

"'While she wuz er walkin' 'long down de road ter de preachah's place, she wuz wond'rin' how she'd 'gin de conbersashun 'bout de young one. 'Twouldn't do ter lose de chance ter show her eddicashun, so she 'cluded ter 'gin by tryin' er little scripter ter fit de case er de brack little rask'l. So she went inter de preachah's house, she did, an' 'lowed she'd like ter see 'im. He come inter de room whar she wuz er settin', an' neah's I kin 'membah, dis is whut happen. De preachah come walkin' in, kinder stiff 'n' sollum like, an' sez—

"'"Well, ma good woman, whut kin I do fo' yo'?"

"'"Well, Marse Preachah," sez Lize, er lookin' him right in de eye—oh, she wuzn't fear'd er de ole debb'l hissef, much less er preachah, Lize wuzn't!—"Yo' kain't do nuffin fo' me puss'nally, 'ceptin thoo ma only begotten chile, an' I jes' wants ter ax yo' one quessh'n, fo' we goes inter de 'tails er de case, ef yo's willin', sah."

'"W'y, ob co'se I's willin'," sez de preachah. "Aint I de shep'd er all de lam's er Gawd in dis yeh deestrick? Whut's de quessh'n, ma good woman?"

'"Well, sah, whut I'd like ter know is, wheddah dis yeh chile is er serrafeem 'r er cherrabeem. De good book done say dat de serrafeem an' de

"I'D JES' LIKE TER KNOW WHUT HE IS, SAH."

cherrabeem contin'aly do cry, an' dis yeh little brack rask'l is er squallin' all de bressed time, sah, an' I'd jes' like ter know whut he is, sah, an' praise de Lawd! I tink yo' kin tole me, sah."

'"Woman!" sez de preachah, "dat's de mos' onrebb'-rent 'terragation dat ebah I heahd! G' 'long 'way now, an' doan' yo' dahken de do' ob de house er de Lawd agin 'till yo's er 'pentant woman! Yo's er bery wicked sinnah, dat's whut yo' is!"

"'If ebah dar wuz er mad woman 'twuz dat same Lize. She wuz madder'n er gum tree full er bumble bees. Whew! De way she done flew down de road tow'ds home wuz er sight better'n er hoss race at de fair. An' mebbe yo' tink she didn' tole all de sistahs 'bout de ignunce er dat preachah! De upshot er de mattah wuz, dat de lam's done quit de chu'ch, an' dat fool preachah hed ter git obah inter Alabamy mighty quick. Yo' see, marster, in dem days, niggah preachahs wuzn't none too pop'lar wid de white qual'ty nohow, an' er bery little 'scuse wuz all dat wuz ness'ary ter git 'em er nice coat er tar an' chick'n feddahs. When de cullud folks went back on 'em, den dey wuz gone sho 'nuff!'

"You can imagine, my dear boy, how entertaining Abe's ideas of the religious instruction of the negro were. I could have listened to him for a week. Knowing, however, that the subject was a perennially fresh one in the mind of the average negro, and not being so sure of my ground as regards the negro conception of music, I regretfully changed the subject and reverted to the original rôle to which I had assigned Abe —that of a musical critic.

"'By the way, Abe, we have wandered from the subject a trifle. We were talking of music, I believe, and I confess that your ideas about the banjo as an instrument for the cure of rheumatism and the conversion of sinners, were very instructive to me. However, you have forgotten your original theme, which revolved around your intense hatred of canary birds.'

"I saw that Abe was somewhat bewildered by my remarks, so I brought him back to earth by saying—

"'Tell me, Abe, what are your objections to canary birds?'

"''Jections, marster? dis niggah aint got no 'jections ter k'nary birds. Dey's all right in dere place, sah, but dey's de mos' wuffless fowlses in de world. Dey mebbe bery nice

in de woods whar dey come fum, but dey's Dutch, an' I doan' like dese for'ners nohow. Some folks tinks dey's ornymental, I s'pose, an' I doan' say but whut dey is ruddah nice lookin', wid dere yallah wings, but good Lawd! marster, dey's no good fer song birds, an' dey mus' be ruddah slim eatin'—dey ain' no biggah 'n yo' thumb, sah.'

"'Yes, my captious critic,' I replied, 'but everybody admires their singing, and most people think them superior to all other feathered creatures as songsters.'

"'Dat's all bery well,sah, but de people dat knows whut dey's talkin' 'bout, an' whut real singin' is, doan' talk like dat. Jes' heah dat yallah bellied sparrer—dat's all he is, sah! Jes' heah him er trillin'! 'pears like he's tryin' ter bust hissef, doan' it marster? Trill! lill! lill! chirp! chirp! chee! chee! choo! choo! choo! chreep! Jes' look at him now, Marse Doctah. Shoo! g' long! Stop yo' screechin' an' chirpin', yo' ole foolish yo'! Ain' nobody gwine pay yo' no 'tention, marse k'nary, so' yo' mout jes' as well sabe all er dat win' yo's wastin'!

"'So, dat's whut yo' calls er singstah,sah, an' dat's s'posed ter be good singin', hey?

"'Marse Doctah, us 'Mericans orter be 'shamed er ouahsefs ter puff dese yeh for'in fowlses whut kaint do no bettah 'n dat. Wuz yo' ebbah in de country, sah? Den yo's heahd bettah singin' 'n dat. Did yo' ebbah see de bobolinkum bird er buzzin' up agin de win' like er big brack an' yallah buttahfly, an' heah him er singin' so wile an' free, jes' like his little haht wuz er obahflowin' wid happ'ness an' joy? Dat's er bird sah, whut is er bird! Oh, whut er brack an' yallah beauty he is, sah! Wheddah de sky is er smilin' er frownin', wheddah de rain is er fallin' like a waterfall, er drizzle, drizzle, drizzle, yo' kin see de bobolinkum flutterin' in de air obah de grass an' de reeds, an' heah him er singin' de gladdes' ob songs. 'Pears like when de sky is de brackes' he is de happies'.

"'Nudder ting 'bout dat bobolinkum, marster, he's allus de bes' in his bizness. When he's up hyah in de Norf,he's in de singin' bizness, an he gibs de bes' singin' in de world. Den he done change his obahcoat, an' put on his summah close,

an' go Souf, whar he turns rice-buntin' an' goes inter de provendah bizness, an' gits ter be de bes' eatin' on de yeth.

"'Whut de debb'l duz we take a ole eagle, fo' de nash'nal bird fo'? A eagle ain' nowhar 'longside ob er bobolinkum. Dat's de greates' bird in yo' hull passel er birds, sah. He's pooty ter look at, sweet ter de yeah, an' melts in yo' mouf.—Aint yo' 'shamed er yo'sef, marse k'nary bird, when yo' heah dis niggah talkin' 'bout yo' bettahs? Doan' yo' "cheep" back at me, sah, er dis niggah 'lows he mout try yo' tastin' one er dese fine days!'

"'But,' said I, 'you surely have something good to say about some of our strictly southern birds. One who, like yourself, has been raised where the whistle and call of the mocking bird delight the very air, and where beautiful songsters are almost too numerous to mention, must admire other birds besides the plebeian bobolink.'

"'Jes' so, Marse Doctah; I doan' know 'bout de plebe'an but I wuz gib'n yo' de bes' all-de-way-'round bird dat I knows ob. Dar's some er de Souf birds dat's mos' too good ter talk 'bout, sah. De mockin' bird? Deed'n he does 'light de bery air, sah. I kin 'membah how ma ole mammy use ter sing ter me 'bout de mockin' bird, in er sweet song 'bout er man whut done gone 'way fum his home in de Soufland. I tink 'twuz er song dat mammy use ter call "De Sweet Sunny Souf," er sumpen like dat. I kin heah her sweet voice er singin' now—

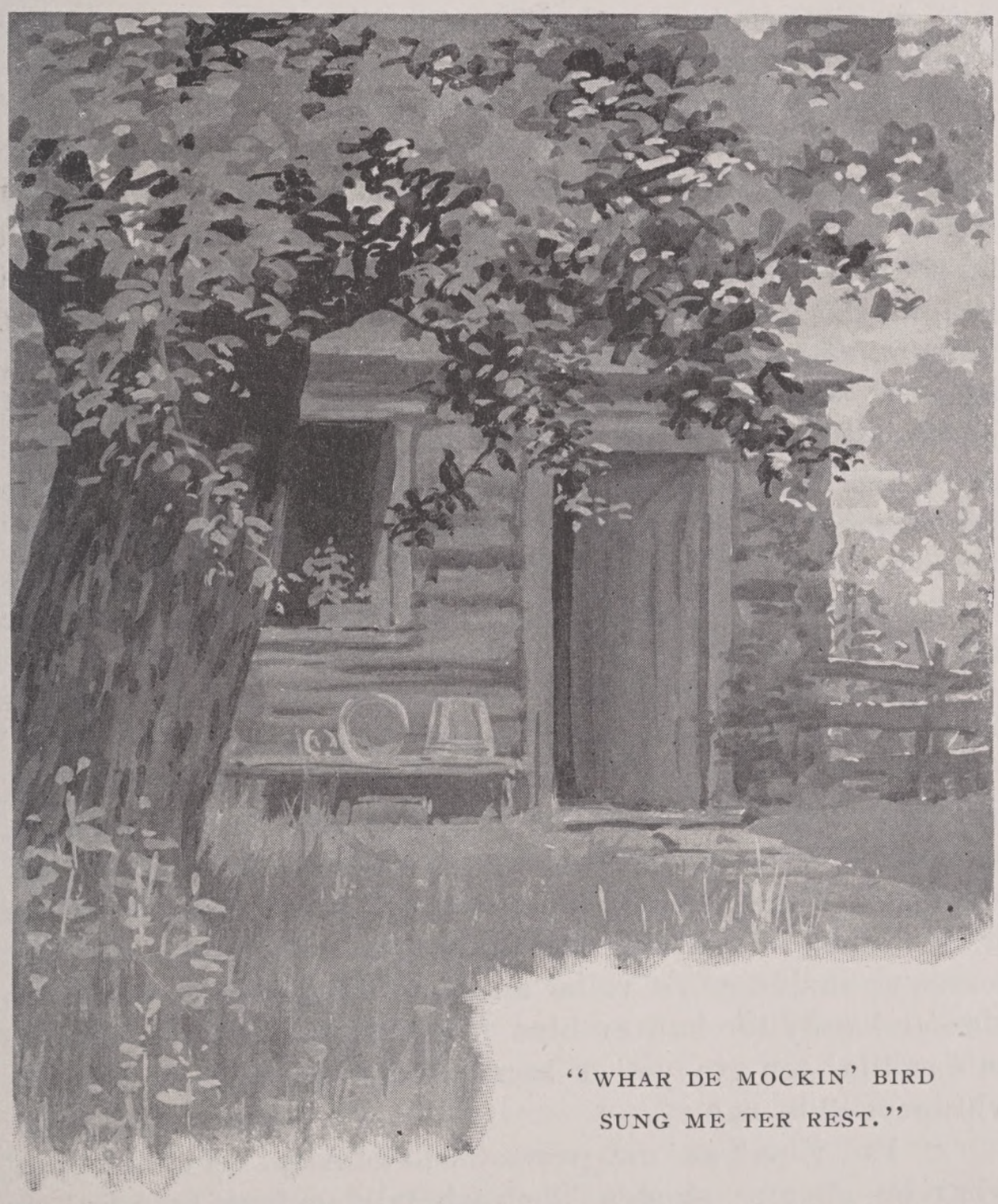
> "Take me back to de place whar I first saw de light,
> To de sweet sunny Souf take me home,
> Whar de mockin' bird sung me ter rest eb'ry night,
> Oh why wuz I tempted ter roam?"

"'An' while ma mammy wuz er singin' dat sweet song, dar wuz er big mockin' bird er singin' erway in de ole magnolia tree jes' by de windah ob ouah little cabin. Po' ole mammy! Dat little brack pick'ninny whut yo' sung ter sleep, is a ole man now, but he nebbah kin fo'git dat de mockin' bird hed er hard time er keepin' up his rep'tashun 'longside er deah ole mammy's singin'.

"'De mockin' bird didn't hab no ribal bye 'n' bye, sah, fo' po' ole mammy died, an' lef' her brack baby boy ter roam

de yeth 'n' grow up 'mong strangahs 'long way fum de ole cabin.

"'De mockin' bird's been singin' obah er grassy moun' 'way down in Georgy, whar po' mammy lies, fo' mo'n fawty-fibe yeahs, an' her boy hez sung er bout de sweet sunny Souf, many er time since de ole plantashun days—an' felt it, too.



"WHAR DE MOCKIN' BIRD SUNG ME TER REST."

"'Scuse me, Marse Doctah, dese yeh 'lectric lights dat yo' all hab hyah in dis yeh town, is bery tryin' fo' de ole man's eyes, sah, an' 'sides, 'pears like I's ketched er cole, sah, an' I's bery much 'feard yo's done gone an' got in er draff yo'sef, sah.'

"Abe was right—those electric lights *were* rather trying to the eyes, and my vigorous use of my pocket handkerchief was indeed, strongly suggestive of a cold.

"'What a blessing the nasal duct is, my boy! Women's emotions overflow at their beautiful eyes, while ours—well, they drain away in the guise of a beastly cold in the head, thus enabling us to remain imperturbable in the face of disturbing emotions.'

"Having blown my nose a few times, I said, 'Go on, Abe.'

"'But I's gwine tell yo' 'bout ernuddah bird dat done beats 'em all, Marse Doctah. Er long time fo' de war, I wuz workin' 'long de 'Sippy ribbah, doin' roust-'boutin' an' all dat so't er work, an' I didn' heah much er de mockin' bird down dar, but dar wuz ernuddah bird dat I'd heahd sing befo', but nebbah like I heahd him down dar. Dat wuz de whipperwill, sah. 'Pears like dat bird hez been all mixt 'n tangled up wid ma life ebah since. Sing? dar nebbah wuz no sich singin'! Dey's heahd up Norf hyah some times, sah, but nebbah like dey sings down Souf. Dere thoats done grow biggah an' dere win' gits strongah in de Souf. W'y, all de k'nary birds, an' bobolinkums, an' robins, an' blue jays, an' thushes in de hull world, wouldn't make one note fo' de whipperwill!

"'Pears like de note er de whipperwill done follah'd me all obah de Souf. I 'membah when I wuz er courtin' ma po' Elsa, dat's been sleepin' wid our po' little Aby—de brightes', brackes', woolly-headed little pick'ninny dat ebah wuz bawn, sah—fo' so many yeahs, de whipperwill done gone made mo' lub dan I did. I doan' know wheddah yo' ebbah felt dat erway, sah, but when eberyting dat yo' wants ter say comes up inside er yo' collar an' done mos' smuddah yo', it's kine er handy ter hab er bird 'roun' dat knows de bizness, an's willin' ter gib yo 'er han'. Dat's de kine ob bird de whipperwill is, sah.

"'Po' Elsa! an' ma precious little Aby! Yo's sleepin' whar no ebenin' shades 'll ebbah fall, widout bringin' de sweet song er de whipperwill!—

"'D' yo' know, sah, dat de song er dat bird wuz er big part er my gittin' 'ligion? Yes, sah, dat's so, an' I'll tell yo' 'bout how 'twuz. Yo' see, Marse Doctah, ma Elsa wuz raised

by ole Jedge Merriman down in Kaintucky. De ole Jedge wuz er 'ligious so't er fellah, an' I mus' say dat he libbed up ter his 'feshions 'n treated de niggahs jes' like dey wuz his own chillun.—Doan' s'pose you folks up Norf undahstan' nuffin 'bout dat, sah, but dar's many er po' ole niggah dat wish dar nebbah wuz no war!

"'Well, Elsa done got 'ligion, jes' like de res' er de fam'ly. She wuz er yallah gal—er reg'lar yallah rose she wuz, too—an' use ter wait on ole Miss Merriman. Now, when Elsa marr'd me, she knowed jes' whut she wuz doin'. She took de bigges' contrack on her han's dat she ebbah tackled in all her bawn days. Yo' see marster, I larned some tings when I wuz er young buck, dat wuzn't none too good fo' er niggah nohow. I wuz on dem 'Sippy ribbah boats er heap too much, an' one er my young marsters wuz er blood, an' done teached me mo' 'bout gamblin' an' racin' hosses, dan wuz good fo' er plain, orn'ry, ebery-day moke like I wuz. But Elsa made er new niggah out er me sah, an' I tought she mout be sats'fied; but sakes alibe, marster, she wuzn't! She done kep' er dingin' erway at me, 'till I jes' couldn't stan' it no longah sah, an' den I promis' dat I'd speak right out in meetin', an' 'fess up dat I wuz er wicked sinnah man, an' git de grace ob de Lawd, an' de fo'gibness er Christ dat 'ud wash ma haht like washin' de lam's in de brook, ready fo' de shearin'.

"'One ebenin', atter de sun went down obah de range er hills behind ouah little cabin, Elsa took me ter de do', an' pinted ter de ole log meetin' house 'way up on de side er de hill on de town road, an' sez ter me—"Abr'ham, ma husban', ma deah ole man, dar is de temple er de Lawd, on de hill er Zion! Dar's gwine ter be er meetin' dar ter night, an' dar's gwine ter be de bigges' rasslin' match dat ebah yo' seed. Ole Marse Satan's gwine ter hab er rassle wid de sarv'nts er de Lawd, an' I want's yo', ma honey, ter be dar, an' take er han' in de rasslin' on yo' own ercount. Dar's de road ter salbation, Abr'ham; take it, an' doan' show yo' brack face in dis yeh cabin agin, 'less'n yo' comes wid de sperrit er de Lawd in yo' haht!"

"'Now, Marse Doctah, I ain' gwine ter say dat I didn'

look back, while I wuz er clim'in' dat ole hill. 'Pear'd like I wuz er walkin' mo'n fo'teen miles, 'fo' I done retch dat ar meetin' house, an' all er de way, it done seemed like I didn' hab no choosin' 'bout de mattah. In front er me wuz de debb'l, an' behind me wuz Elsa an' de baby. Well, I jes' kep' 'long er clim'in', an' er clim'in'—dat's whut I did, sah, an' all

"GO TER SLEEP, OH MAMMY'S LITTLE BRACK LAM'."

de while I wuz makin' up ma mine dat ole Marse Satan wuz gwine ter hab de tussle er his life soon ez I done retched 'im.

"'Bout de time I wuz er stampin' on de old debb'l —in ma mine—I 'ribed at de do' er de place whar de fightin' wuz gwine on. Tell yo' whut, marster, dar ain' no use talkin', dat ole debb'l is a pow'ful plucky fellah! W'y, de shoutin' an' de singin' in dar, done skeered dis niggah mos' ter def! But dar wuz some glad singin' in dar, too, an' I heahed er

voice dat soun' mighty sweet ter me. 'Peared like it wuz er voice dat sounded loudah an' sweetah dan all de uddahs. Dis chile ain' bery 'stitious, sah, but I nebbah could fine out who dat wuz er singin' dat er way, an' sho's yo' bawn, sah, while I wuz er list'nin', dat ole meetin' house done faded away jes' like er fog, an' I seed er little house dat I use ter know 'way down in Georgy, many, many yeahs befo'! Doan' know how 'twuz, Marster, but minglin' wid de voice dat wuz er singin', "Jesus washed ma sins away," wuz ernuddah voice dat seemed ter come outen de windah ob de little Georgy home, an' sho's yo' lib, sah, 'twuz ma ole mammy singin'—

"Now go ter sleep, oh mammy's little black lam',
Yo' daddy's comin' back fum ole Alabam'."

"'I didn' tell yo' all, 'bout how ole Marse Trumbull hed sich er lot er trouble 'bout ma daddy, did I? Well, he b'longed ter Kunnel Barbah, an' de ole Kunnel 'n Marse Trumbull hed er fallin' out 'bout er hog trade, an' ole man Barbah done sole ma daddy off inter Alabamy, jes' cayse he knowed dat Marse Trumbull wuz bery fond er ma mammy, cayse she nussed him thoo de tyfus febah one time. Ole marse done promis' dat he'd buy ma daddy back, but jes' like all ouah folks he wuz pow'ful slow 'bout tings like dat. 'Twuz mo'n er yeah, fo' he got de chance ter buy him fum a Alabamy tradah, an' de way dat ole tradah done skun ma ole marster wuz er caution ter white folks. But ef ole marse could er watched de inside er dat little cabin, an' seed de way ma mammy took on obah ma daddy, he'd done t'ought dat job er nussin' come pretty cheap, arter all.

"'But whar wuz I? Oh yes, I 'membah, sah, I wuz standin' at de do' ob de ole meetin' house er list'nin' to de singin'—an' lookin' cl'ar pas' de ole chu'ch 'n way off down in Georgy.—

"'Bye 'n bye, while I wuz er lookin', de singin' died er-way, an' de little Georgy home faded inter de gad'rin' gloom er de ebenin', an' I foun' masef dar at de do' ob de ole meetin' house,an' eberyting wuz quiet, jes' like I wuz all 'lone up dar on de hill—Dey wuz er prayin' ter deresefs in dar.

"'I stood dar er while, tinkin' wheddah I bettah go 'long

in, er gwine home, an' fine'ly I done 'cided dat I wuz a ole foolish ter 'low ma wife to shove me inter de chu'ch jes' like I wuz er man whut didn' know his own mine. "I'll jes' g' 'long home," sez I ter masef, "an' I'll show ma wife dat I's de boss er de roos', er else I's gwine hiah some uddah niggah ter kick me, good 'n hard!" Wid dat in ma mine I done turned erway, an' wuz jes' gwine ter go down de hill, when I heahed er sweet soun', 'way below tow'ds ma little cabin, dat made me stop right dar whar I wuz. '"Whip'will!" 'Way down dar, 'mong de trees in de ribbah bottom, ma pet bird wuz er callin' ter me jes' ez ef he wuz boun' ter make me heah 'im.

'"Whip'will! whipperwill! whip-per-will! whip-per-will-l-l!"

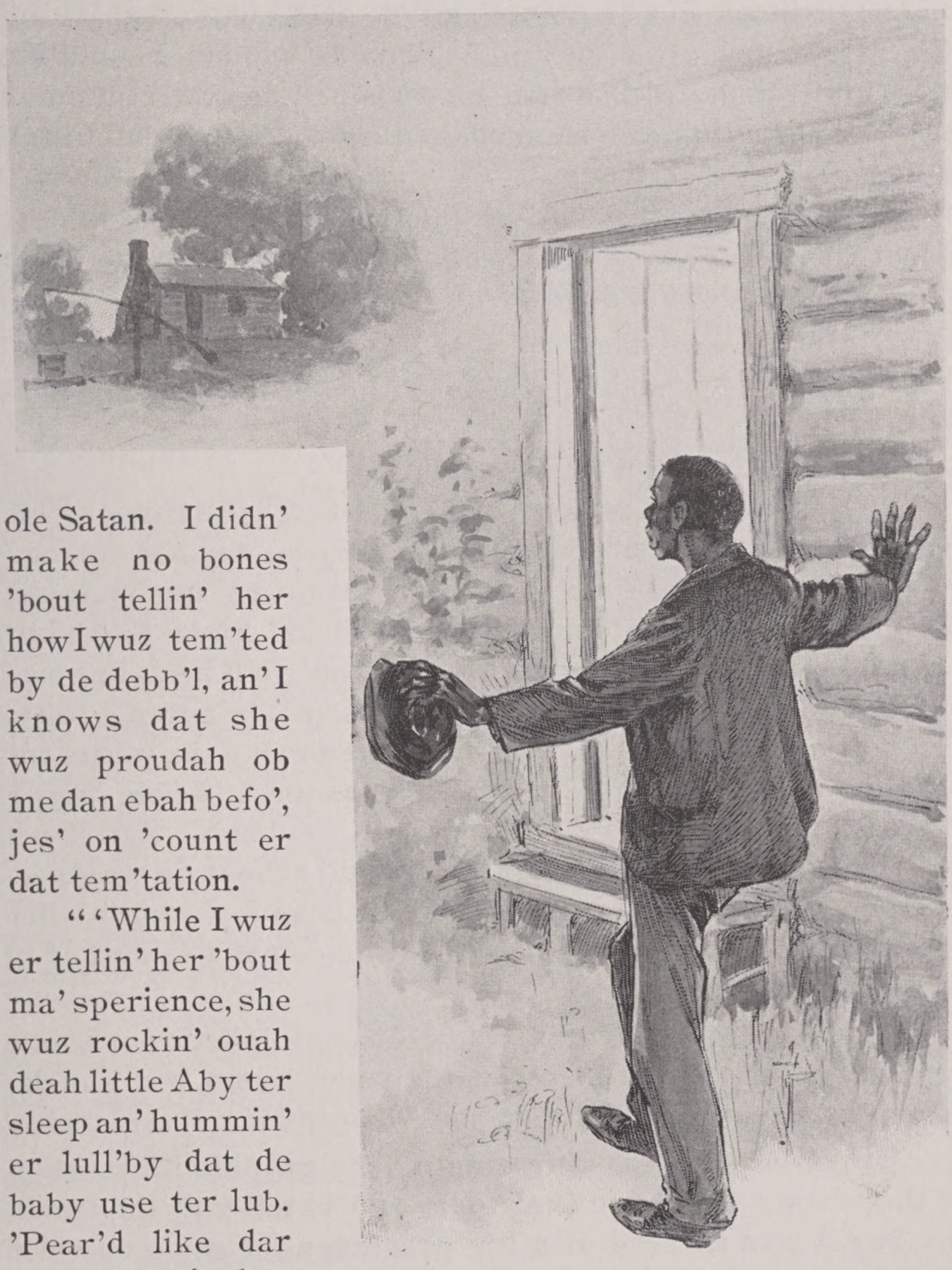
"'Peard like dat bird done knowed I wuz er list'nin' ter his sweet melodium, fo' soon ez I stopped, he poured out sich er waterfall er music, dat inside er two minnits he done hed me cryin' like er baby. Dat wuz er mighty 'fectin' song, dat bird wuz er singin', an' 'twuz mo' argyfyin' dan all de preachahs dat ebah wuz bawn.

"'Well, sah, I jes' turned 'roun' an' went back ter de do', an' den I didn' wait er minnit, I jes' went inside an' kneeled down at de mo'ners' bench, an' dar I done prayed an' rassled fo' grace, an' fit de ole debb'l till I felt de ole rask'l git up 'n git outen ma soul jes' like er 'coon er scootin' outen de cawn fiel' when de dawgs done chase 'im. An' den de sperrit er de Lawd 'n de pur'fication ob de Holy Ghost done clime inter ma haht, an' I knowed dat I wuz free fum ole Marse Satan, an' all ma sins an' 'gressions wuz wash't erway in de blood er de Lam'. Fo' Gawd, marster! I wuz jes' as light 'n free ez er goose's feddah flyin' in de win'!

"'An' den dey done got thoo prayin' an' rasslin', an' went ter singin' agin. I done jined in de singin' an' we all made er gre't big noise, but thoo it all I cud heah de sweet voice er de whipperwill, singin' er glad song er praise ter de Lawd.

"'Arter de meetin' bruk up, I went home all 'lone by masef, an' all de way I could heah dat bressed bird callin' ter me jes' like he'd won er gre't fight. Deed'n he had, Marse

Doctah, an' when I got home I done tole ma sweet Elsa all 'bout dat bird an' de help dat he gib me, when I wuz er totterin' on de brink er hell 'n jes' 'bout ter fall inter de arms ob ole Satan. I didn' make no bones 'bout tellin' her how I wuz tem'ted by de debb'l, an' I knows dat she wuz proudah ob me dan ebah befo', jes' on 'count er dat tem'tation.



"I SEED ER LITTLE HOUSE I USE TER KNOW."

"'While I wuz er tellin' her 'bout ma' sperience, she wuz rockin' ouah deah little Aby ter sleep an' hummin' er lull'by dat de baby use ter lub. 'Pear'd like dar wuz teahs in her voice, an' I'm 'mos' sho' I seed two draps, jes' like di'mons, tricklin' down her cheeks.

"'Atter Aby done gone ter sleep, Elsa put him in his little crib, an' said ter me—"Abr'ham, come ter de windah wid me."

"'De moon wuz er shinin', an' de stahs wuz all sparklin' like dew draps atter de rain. Thoo de windah I could see de lights er de boats on de ribbah, an' smell de sweet summah breeze wid its 'fume ob magnolias 'n roses dat wuz den in full bloom.

"'Ebery ting wuz still at fust, but all ob er sudd'n er sweet voice 'way off at de aige ob de wood done come ter ouah yeahs like music fum de sky!

'"Hark!" said Elsa.

'"Whip'will! whipper-will! whip-per-will! whip-per-will-l-l!"

'"Abr'ham, dar's ouah good angel.

'"De time may come, Abr'ham, when yo' faithful Elsa will be fah erway, whar she kin nebbah speak ter her ole man no mo'. Should dat time ebah come, I want yo' ter 'membah dis bressed night, an' whenebbah yo' doan' know jes' whut ter do, jes' list'n ter dat sweet singah, an' yo'll heah de voice ob yo' lost Elsa speakin' thoo dem cl'ar notes outen de sky. An' when de time comes, Abr'ham, 'membah dat I wants ter sleep down dar, whar I kin heah de rushin' er de ole 'Sippy ribbah, an' de voice ob de whipperwill fo'ebbah. An' if ma baby's spar'd to yo', Abr'ham, tell 'im all erbout de whipper-will, so dat he kin heah his po' lost mammy singin' her lull'by song to him ebery night, 'till he comes to jine her in de New Jerus'lem."

"'Marse Doctah, I didn' know den, how 'phetic ma Elsa's words wuz, but I didn' sing ouah ebenin' hymn wuf shucks dat night, cayse ma voice wuz 'mos' drownded out wid teahs.'

"Poor Abe! He was giving a very graphic illustration of the 'drownded' voice just then, and to tell you the truth, my boy, I was in need of a life preserver for my own voice about that time. But the old man gathered himself together and proceeded to finish his story:

"'Yo' muss'n mine de ole man,sah, he ain' quite so brave ez he use ter wuz. Yo' see, Marse Doctah, de ole sojer's

pooty nigh de eend er his fight agin de world, an' his am'nishun an' pluck is bofe 'bout runned out.'

"I could barely trust my voice to reassure and encourage the old man, but succeeded in bracing him up a little and he continued—

"'''Twuzn't mo'n fo' monfs arter dat, fo' de ole Yallah Jack done struck ouah little town, an' mos' de fust mo'ners wuz Elsa 'n me. Dat debb'lish febah's hard 'nuff on growed up folks, but when it ketch holt ob er pick'ninny, he's done gone sho.' Po' little Aby didn' las' long sah, an' when we laid him ter rest in dat little grabe undah de trees, ouah hahts wuz buried wid him.

"'I 'lowed I couldn't stan' no mo', sah, but de wust wuz still ter come. Ma po' Elsa jes' pined erway 'n died, in less'n er monf, atter de baby died. Dar wuz er kine ole doctah down dar, whut sed dat Elsa hed quick 'sumption, an' dat she must er bin sick fo' er long time befo', but I knowed bettah sah—Elsa died cayse her haht wuz buried down dar undah de cypress. I could lib widout er haht, but ma po' yallah rose-bud couldn't.

"'An' so ma po' wife hed her wish, an' when Ole Gabe done blow his hawn on de jedgment day, ma dahlin Elsa 'n little Aby 'll see de ole 'Sippy ribbah jes' ez soon ez dey rises fum outen dere beds. An', when de ebenin' shadders fall, de sweet voice er de whipperwill is gwine call me back ter ma lubbed ones. An' I hopes, Marse Doctah, dat I may be neah 'nuff so dat dese ole yeahs dat's gittin' so kine er num', 'll not miss de call.'

"Dear old Abe, I know those poor, dull ears will hear the first call of the trumpet on the day of judgement—if judgement day and trumpet there be. Of such stuff should angels be made, and I am sure that the superintendent of the machinery that turns them out, will not notice the color of the raw material.—

"What became of him?

"Well, it's not a long story. He died some twelve years since—died as he had lived, trying to do his duty according to his lights.

"The old man had been growing quite feeble for some

time—indeed, his failing health became so noticeable, that I several times ventured to suggest getting someone to help him at his chores. The old man resented this most vigorously, saying when I mentioned the subject one day—'Marse Doctah, whuffo' yo' done speakin' ter de ole man like dat? D' yo' s'pose he ain' got no feelins 'tall? No sah, dar ain' no sassy young buck niggah comin' 'roun' hyah sah, an' yo' knows I kain' stan' no white trash nohow! Ef yo' gits enny er dem 'roun' hyah, de ole man done hit 'em wid de hoe, sah, sho's yo' bawn! Whut yo' spec dem chillun ud do widout ole Abe ter take keer ob 'em, sah?'

"I never mentioned the subject again.—

"Abe finally became so ill, that I was compelled to peremtorily order him to keep his bed. He made a brave effort to pull through, but he was called, and it was not long before he realized it himself. He said nothing, however, but was constantly calling for the children to come and visit him. He could not content himself when they were out of his sight. Of course, we humored the old man as much as possible. We were all very fond of him—indeed, we felt that one of the pillars of the household was passing away from us.

"My eldest daughter—who was always 'little missy' to him, and of whom he was especially fond—cared for the old man most tenderly. Day after day, she read to him from the bible or sang simple little Sunday school hymns for him. When she would ask him what he wanted her to sing or read, he would smile as only a simple-minded darkey can, and say: 'Read an' sing sumpen 'bout de New Jerus'lem, little missy.

"One day the old man was taken with a sudden attack of syncope, and I was hurriedly sent for. I succeeded in reviving him somewhat, but it was only too evident that 'Old Abe' was already hailing the grim ferryman who was to take him ''cross the ribbah.'

"I had just given the old man a hypodermic of digitalis and brandy, when he opened his eyes, and looking up at me with the old smile, said—'I's bery much 'bleeged, sah, 'deed'n I is, but 'tain no use—'deed'n 'taint. Yo's mos' de greates' fersishun dat ebbah libbed—'cep'n' jes' one, sah, but de whipperwill's callin', an' ma Elsa an' little Aby is

waitin' fo' de ole man. I's gwine ter sleep now, sah, I's jes' plum tiahed out. An' doan' fo'git, marster, 'bout ma yeahs gittin' num', so I mus' be neah when de whipper-will calls.'

"And then the old man fell asleep.—

"Such was the passing of 'Old Abe.' If the old man's creed was right, he is still a musical critic in a land where all sounds are sweet.

"When he wakes from his long sleep, he will indeed be 'neah'—so near that even his 'num'' ears will hear the song 'ob de whipperwill.' I buried the old man in the sunny southland, beside his wife and child. When the summons comes, Abe, the 'yallah rose' and the 'brack pick'ninny' will all rise together.

"Bless my soul, boy, you've been taking cold, too, I see!

"I? Well, my glasses do seem a little 'sweaty,' don't they? I guess some of the rose water in this blessed hookah must get into the smoke occasionally, eh?

"Wrap yourself up well, my boy; it's bitter cold out.

"Ah! How beautiful the stars are!

"Well, good night, my boy, good night, and don't forget that I shall expect you again soon."

POKER JIM—GENTLEMAN.

I.

SAY, stranger, will ye hev
er smoke?
No? Why, whut on airth
ails ye, air ye sick?
I've heerd folks say no,
jes' ter joke,
But they've most allers
weakened purty quick.
Jes' try er pull et my ole
clay—
It aint no meerschaum,
thet's er fack,
But when ye wants er
smoke—I say
Thar's nuthin' like it, tho'
'tiz, ole an' black.

PLUCKING A PIGEON.

POKER JIM—GENTLEMAN.

I.

THE doctor had been called away during the afternoon, and had not yet returned. His wife, however, said that she had received a telephone message from him a short time before my arrival, informing her that he would soon be home. The doctor was kind enough to add, that in case I called, I was to be asked to wait for him.

"A night off" is by no means common in the life of a medical student, and when one's plans for spending it pleasantly are disturbed, an impromptu rearrangement of the evening's programme is both difficult and disagreeable, so I gladly accepted the doctor's kind invitation, and awaited his home-coming as patiently as possible.

The doctor's library was a most interesting and comfortable place, especially for one of my studious proclivities, and the man who could not find recreation and enjoyment within its sacred walls, must be dense and unappreciative indeed.

On this occasion, however, I was not feeling in my usual vein of exuberant spirits, and my waiting was barely endurable, despite my pleasant surroundings.

I had been unfortunate enough to quarrel with my roommate—an old friend and boyhood playmate, hailing from the same town as myself. As is usually the case, the cause of the misunderstanding was of trifling importance and might

have been passed over without the slightest trouble, had not both my friend and myself been unreasonable and stubborn.

I had a dim consciousness that I was in the wrong, yet my friend had appeared to assume such an arrogant air of superiority that it would have required more than human endurance to tolerate it—at least, so I thought at the time.

As I sat waiting for the doctor, I finally consoled myself with the reflection that I at least had a pleasant evening before me—one which was likely to dispel the disagreeable recollections of the day.

When the doctor finally arrived, it was at once evident to me that my trials and tribulations were of little moment compared with those of a busy practitioner, especially in disagreeable weather.

There had been quite a heavy snowstorm during the afternoon, and toward evening, a biting, drifting wind had come up, turning the storm into a fine, icy sleet, that stung one's skin sharply, like needles and pins. From the doctor's appearance, one might have supposed that the storm had concentrated its fury upon him. His nose and ears were purple-red, bordered with an almost-frozen, frost-bitten white, that fairly made a fellow's own nose and ears tingle to look at them. His great coat was covered with a mail-like layer of sleet, that cracked and crinkled at every movement he made. His moustache was stiff and hard with frost, and his long luxuriant beard looked like a mass of stalactites, so heavy was it with icicles. Taken all in all, Doctor Weymouth was, just then, far more picturesque than comfortable in appearance.

"Well, my boy, I am a little storm-beaten, but you see I am on hand as usual. I have had more annoyances than common to-day. The streets are in an awful condition, and my horse has managed to keep his feet only about half the time. It is remarkable that I have been able to pull through the day without serious accident. As a matter of fact, I did have a mishap on the way home. My horse fell down, and in falling broke a trace. I succeeded in repairing it, temporarily, with my pocket knife and a bit of string, so that I was ena-

bled to get home without further trouble. You see, young man, a doctor in general practice needs to be something of a jack-of-all-trades.

"But I have not allowed either storm or accident to disturb my temper to-day—I have been good-natured ever since I made my first call this morning.

"One of my pet children, a dear little girl, seven years of age, has been very ill with broncho-pneumonia for a week. The disease followed an attack of measles, and bade fair to destroy the child's life. Indeed, when I made my evening call yesterday, I informed the child's mother that I had but little hope of her recovery. The little one had at that time a very high temperature, was delirious, and plainly showed those effects of defective aeration of the blood that are so frequently seen in such cases, and which bear so pertinently upon the question of recovery.

"Although the case seemed so hopeless, I resolved to make a desperate attempt to save the little one's life, and ordered the cold wet pack, with liberal quantities of stimulants. So fearful were the child's parents of the possible evil effects of the cold wet sheet, that I am certain I would have had no opportunity of using it with their consent, had not the little girl's death been apparently a foregone conclusion.

"What was my delight, therefore, on calling this morning, to find the sweet child practically out of danger and in a fair way to recover.

"I assure you, my young friend, the practice of medicine has some rewards that are neither earthly gold nor promise of paradise, but better than either. The consciousness that the world owes a valuable and beloved life to the art of medicine, as practiced by one's self, is a reward that makes our profession well worth the following. Occasionally you may be able to add to your sum total of rewards, the gratitude of those to whom you have saved a loved one, but this is exceptional—the obligation of the average man or woman is cancelled, in their estimation and in that of society, with the payment of the bill—when it *is* paid. Should the bill not be paid, the honor of the family's patronage is more than sufficient

compensation in the eyes of some good people, even though your grocer will not accept it in payment for groceries, and your butcher regards it with distrust.

"The gratitude and affection of that dear little girl, and the mere consciousness of a duty well done, can be relied upon, however—there could be no fairer reward for one who loves his profession. Other compensation, in such cases, is less than a secondary consideration.

"But I must get something to sustain the inner man, or you will not find me very entertaining this evening. I cannot talk comfortably or intelligently on an empty stomach. You will doubtless find something in the library to amuse you until I have finished my supper."

"Do you know, my boy, I fancied you looked a little glum, when I came in this evening? What is troubling you?—

"Is that all? Well, sir, you mustn't allow such trifles to worry you. I doubt not that your friend is feeling quite as much disturbed as yourself, and I am sure that both of you now realize that your trifling difference of opinion was not worth quarreling about.

"From what I have heard you say of your young friend, I am led to believe him to be a worthy fellow, and as he is an old neighbor and schoolmate of yours, his friendship is probably too valuable to lose over a petty altercation.

"Such matters are easily remedied. Mutual explanations are best, but sometimes dangerous. They require much tact, lest the quarrel be renewed, for each party to the misunderstanding is likely to feel that the burden of explanation or apology should rest upon the shoulders of the other. Possibly, therefore, it might be best for you two worthy young gentlemen, to say nothing, but conduct yourselves toward each other as though not even a ripple had ever disturbed the placid waters of your friendship.

"Youthful friendships are too precious to be broken through slight misunderstandings; they are always pleasant, because as unselfish as they are numerous.

"Dumas' hero, the Chevalier D'Artagnan, some years after those stirring adventures which are recounted in that

wonderful story, "The Three Musketeers," replied to the question of Cardinal Mazarin as to the whereabouts of his three old-time friends—'Friends?—What friends? At twenty, sir, every-one is one's friend!'

"There was much of philosophy in this somewhat cynical remark. Let the thinking man of forty, look back and around him, and ask, 'Where are my friends?' He will not require much mathematical skill to enable him to count them.

"Youth, suffuses friendship with its own rosy glow; youth, is tender and unselfish; youth, knows naught of duplicity and double dealing; youth, has never fought its way up the ladder of fame and fortune, every round of which holds a 'friend'—who will not share it with the new-comer save at the price of a few drops of his heart's blood; youth, has never felt the touch of the commercial steel, wielded by a 'friend;' youth, in its generous rivalries, has not tasted the bitter fruit of disappointment in love or worldly fortune at the hands of—its 'friends.'

"My boy, the smoke of the hookah brings visions to me to-night, that are not so fair as those which youth's cigar erstwhile painted upon the boundless horizon of hope. Why did Nature permit us to have memories? At my time of life, does not memory bring to the average man more pain than pleasure? However beautiful the fancies that memory's faithful brush may paint upon the roseate skies of our dreams, they still belong to that bitter entity—the past. The most phantasmagoric dream of future bliss is sweeter far than all the happiness that memories of the past can show. 'The mill will never grind with the water that has passed;' the soul may not revel in joys that are gone—its goal of happiness, its ideal of bliss, lies in that shadowy land, the future.

"Fools live in the present; the old, in their dotage, live in the past; while to the wise, the future alone makes life worth the living.

"Someone has written some charming, though unique, little verses that are very expressive of at least a few of the thoughts I have so inadequately expressed. I fancy I can see the man who wrote them, whoever he may be, as the

inspiration came to him over his cigar—that was half dead ash and half aglow.—

'When I was young and my hair was thick
And purse was thin, I used to smoke
Cigars that now would make me sick—
Yet from their fumes I would evoke
Such visions as I never see,
Now I am old.

Within each rank cheroot rolled tight,
A world of dreams there seemed to be—
I conquered new fields every night;
One such cigar would conquer me,
Now I am old.

Some of those dreams I can't forget,
And some came true; I've wealth, and fame,
And one—'twas but a dream, and yet—
I'm shaking still, and much the same,
Now I am old.

I recollect that those cigars
That brought that faithless dream to me,
Turned bitterest ashes, well—let be,
Let ashes cover up old scars,
Now I am old.

Ah me!—I'm fifty odd,
My hair is thin, my purse is stout—and so am I;
I take not half the comfort in
The best "perfectos" one can buy,
And visions I no longer see,
While smoke—'tis only smoke to me,
Now I am old.'

"Yes, my boy, there is an abundance of sentiment in that little bit of rhyme—and there's still more of philosophy in those few lines, pessimistic though they are.

"It is only as one approaches middle life, that he begins to realize that the joys of true friendship are a part of the halcyon days of youth; they belong not to that later life in which fair dreams of the future are replaced by bitter recollections of the past—bitter because they *are* of the past, if for no other reason. We speak of the friends of our later years, and our hearts grow kinder, but the fairy Youth no longer illumines the soul with the kindly light of unselfish

affection and rosy hope. Life is no longer a brightly glowing promise; it is a fixed, prosy and all too realistic fact, a humdrum buzzing of the wheel of existence, grinding such little sentiment as may be left, out of our bosoms, and eventually reducing even our corporeal selves, into the universal dust.

"The friendship of youth seems far different from that of our later life—the friends of the olden time may now perhaps appear unreal. The friend of our youth is but a *masque* in the early hours of our carnival of sentiment. Time goes on, the hour of unmasking arrives, and we see behind the mask, a face in which the mighty struggle of existence has left lines of care and sorrow, and furrows of selfishness. The eyes no longer gleam with the frank and open ingenuousness of youthful affection—the crystal-like soul that once animated them is fled, and we now find ourselves looking into a well, of unknown depth, poisoned by the cupidity of commercial strife or the mercilessness of selfish ambition and greed for fame. Looking back, we think of the days before the mask came off—and we think of them with bitter regret.

"Old friends, the friends of youth—a health to thee! Of all that devoted band who once gathered about the standard of my own unselfish, unreserved affection, there remain but few. How long before they too, will be but a sad, and perhaps bitter, memory of the days when the world was new and honest—in outward seeming,at least.

"Frank, my boy, hold to the old friendships as long as you may—they will drift away all too fast. New friends will never quite fill the places of the old. Old friends were at least unselfish, once—however much they may have changed under the scorching sun of life's meridian.

"New friends, developed under the glare of life's noonday sun, come to us already tinctured with the gall and wormwood of life.

"Heigho! I fear that I am, after all, something of a pessimist. But the man who begins his career with the most exalted estimate and appreciation of friendship and all it implies, is the one who is most likely to become pessimistic with the lapse of time.

"The author of these beautiful lines had evidently something of my sentiment with none of my pessimism.—

'Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age must mellow and refine.

Friendships that have stood the test
Of time and change, are surely best.
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray,
Friendship never knows decay.

For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we may our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die—
New friends must then their place supply.

Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold.'

"But, my boy, my sentimental, sometimes pessimistic reflections, are hardly suitable for the entertainment of a young man whose ocular media are still tinted rose-color, besides, I am supposed to be enacting the rôle of a story-teller.

"As I have already thought of a subject, I may as well begin without further preliminaries."

"It was in the spring of 1860, that the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania concluded to confer the degree of Doctor of Medicine upon your humble servant. Whether that now famous school graduated me on the same principle that actuated the performers in a western band, who implored their audiences not to shoot them, as they were doing the best they could, I cannot say, but graduate me it did, and, as with all other students of medicine, it was then my troubles began.

"My parents were at that time living in Kentucky, in a small town that offered no inducements to a young man beginning practice. The confidence of one's old neighbors is of even slower growth than that beard for which the young doctor yearns, as a badge of wisdom and learning that he who runs may read.

"The country in which I had spent my boyhood—I was born in the state of Maine—was even less inviting than the state of my adoption. It is possible that I entertained a little of my mother's prejudice against Yankeedom in those days. She was a native of Kentucky, and had never become thoroughly reconciled to the country to which my father had taken her soon after her marriage.

"It was in acquiescence to her homesick pleadings that my father finally moved to Kentucky, and settled in the little town wherein my parents spent the rest of their days in such happiness and comfort as persons of modest means can secure only among the warm-hearted, generous people south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"Had my home surroundings offered any inducements to the professional career I had planned for myself, I should certainly have returned home to practice. It was with some twinges of conscience, that I finally decided against going back to Kentucky to locate—my parents were living alone, and my natural and conscientious impulse was to return home and do the best I could at practice, as long as they should live.

"There were but three of us children, a brother, younger than myself, and a sister, two years older. My sister had married a gentleman from Memphis, and had long since gone to that city to live. My young brother had left home some years before I graduated, and no one knew what had become of him, much to my regret and to the great sorrow of his parents, whose favorite, I must admit, the boy had ever been.

"Jim had always been a wild lad, and was stamped as an incorrigible, almost as soon as he could toddle alone—it was said that a little of the old strain of Indian blood, with which tradition had endowed our family, had cropped out in him. He was one of those rollicking, handsome dare-devils that everybody fears and loves at the same moment. The very sight of Jim's black curly head and mischievous eyes, struck the good neighbors with terror. Trouble was expected from the moment that boy put in an appearance—and the good folks were seldom disappointed. Sometimes they would acknowledge that 'it might have been worse,' but such occasions were very rare.

"But all who knew the curly-headed little rascal, admitted that he possessed two excellent qualities; he was as brave as a lion and kind-hearted to a fault. He was prepared to fight 'at the drop of the hat,' and no boy ever heard him cry quits. He was as ready to split a cord of wood for a poor widow, as he was to tie a tin can to her house-dog's tail, and that's saying a great deal, I assure you.

"JIM HAD ALWAYS BEEN A WILD LAD."

"As James grew toward manhood, he fell in with evil associates, and as is always the case with boys of his peculiar disposition, he became thoroughly demoralized. Cards, whisky, horses and women—these were the unsubstantial foundation upon which rested the new world that his vicious companions opened up to him.

"While living at the old home in Kentucky, I had always had a great controlling influence over 'little Jim,' as we used to affectionately call him, and even after I left home for college, I maintained a certain degree of influence over him. Gradually however, our correspondence became infrequent, until we heard from each other only at very long intervals.

"Knowing how much I thought of the lad, my parents never alluded to Jim's discrepancies in their letters to me. I have sometimes thought that possibly they were actuated to a certain extent by a feeling of false pride; they did not care to expose the failings of their idol to his natural rival in their affections—his brother.

"Whatever the explanation of the reticence of my parents may have been, the fact remains that I had no intimation of the true state of affairs until after the poor boy had fled from home, never to return.

"It was the old story: A woman, a rival, a quarrel—purporting to be the outcome of a game of cards—the lie, a shot, and my young brother a fugitive! What a monotonous sameness there is in all such stories, to be sure! No one has invented a single new character or a single new situation in the play of passion, through all the ages. What new phases have the romancists of the world added to human hopes, fears, sentiments, passions and vices in all the centuries? None! And yet the world demands originality of its authors! Why, lad, when the sensation-loving, pruriency-pandering element in society has once become satiated, the novelist and dramatist—Othello-like—will find their occupations gone.

"You may readily perceive that I was between two fires, in deciding on my course after graduation—a sense of filial duty to my sorrowing and lonely parents, and a new-born professional ambition.

"As is usually the case, ambition conquered, and I decided to seek my fortune in new fields, far away from the paternal roof.

"I confess that I was influenced somewhat in my decision by an instinctive aversion to meeting my old friends and neighbors—in whose minds the story of my brother's downfall was still fresh. I also had the feeling that I ought to manifest my independence of spirit by seeking fame and wealth among strangers in a far-away land, from which I might return at no distant day, to pour my well-earned riches and honors into the laps of my beloved parents. Alas! with the exuberance of youth, I forgot how great are the ravages of time and disease among the old. The probability of my parents dying before my plans should culminate, never entered my mind. Like most young doctors, I was more scientific than common-sensible or philosophical.

"California was, at that time, by no means a new sensation, but the novelty of the gold craze had not yet worn off. I had no particular ambition to seek my fortune in foreign lands, and as the Pacific coast was to ambitious Americans, still the El Dorado of all youthful dreams, I very naturally turned my thoughts in that direction. I was not long in deciding the matter, and after an interchange of letters with my parents, made my arrangements to depart for San Francisco.

"As my means were quite limited, I felt that I could ill afford to gratify the inclination to visit my home before leaving for the west, and, to tell the truth, I was a little afraid that my parents' oral powers of persuasion might prove more powerful than their written entreaties, and induce me to alter my plans. I have always regretted that I did not follow the impulses of my heart, rather than my ambition, and return home for a farewell visit—my parents died within three months after my departure for California. Ah! what sadder trick of unkind memory, than vain regret?

"The choice of routes to California, was a very easy matter, for one who was within easy access of the Atlantic seaboard. There was no railroad communication with the Pacific coast, hence I was compelled to select from the sev-

eral ocean routes, that which promised to consume the least time. With this idea in mind I embarked at New York City, on a steamer of the Panama line.

"Looking back at my early voyage to California, I often wonder why the ocean route is not more popular with tourists, even in these days of rapid transit. The trip from New York to San Francisco via the Isthmus of Panama, is really one of the most enjoyable and healthful experiences imaginable. I believe that certain classes of invalids would find the trip as beneficial as it is delightful.

"My voyage was of course a novelty to me, and attended with many features of interest to one, who, like myself, had never been on the salt water before, but my observations *en route* have no bearing upon my story, hence I will not undertake their recital. One sad incident that occurred, however, impressed me very vividly:

"Among my fellow passengers, was a poor fellow hailing from some little Connecticut town, who had started for the gold fields to seek his fortune, as had many other modern Jasons, in pursuit of the Golden Fleece. Shortly after his arrival in New York, he was taken with typhoid fever and became so ill that his life was despaired of. He finally, however, became apparently convalescent, and, weak as he was, insisted on starting for San Francisco at once. His little savings were almost exhausted, and the poor boy felt that he must continue his journey while he still had means.

"The physician in charge of the young man, at first advised against his departure, but finally yielded his point, in the vague hope that the voyage itself might prove beneficial and hasten his patient's recovery. It is hardly necessary to say that that physician had probably never taken a trip in the steerage of an ocean steamer. Such a voyage is rather trying to the nerves of a healthy man, and to a supposed convalescent from typhoid fever, it is certainly not to be recommended—the advantages of the ocean breezes are decidedly off-set by the inconveniences, privations and bad air of the steerage.

"It seemed that the young man's convalescence was only apparent, for he had a relapse within three days after leaving

port, and again became very ill. It was soon evident that the poor fellow was in very bad straits.

"The ship's surgeon, Doctor Maxon, was a young man whose inexperience was only equalled by his kindness of heart. He was working his own passage it seems, and so far as the particular sick passenger under consideration was concerned, the doctor did the best he could to earn his salary.

"Learning that I was a physician—and like most newly fledged doctors, I was not slow in apprising my fellow passengers of the fact that I was the proud possessor of a medical degree—my young *confrère* was glad to share the responsibility of the sick man's case with me.

"As both Doctor Maxon and myself were young in the profession, it is hardly necessary to say that our patient did not suffer from a lack of enthusiasm on the part of his medical attendants. We worked over him early and late, and it really seemed at one time that we were going to pull our patient through. But the ways of intestinal ulceration in typhoid fever are past all understanding, and much to our sorrow, perforation occurred and our patient died in collapse within six hours thereafter.

"I believe that young doctors are proverbially emotional over their first few fatal cases. We were no exception to the rule, and I look back with an increased self-respect, and a high regard for Doctor Maxon, as I recall the fact that we both cried over our first dying patient.

"Poor boy! he needed somebody's tears, and ours were all he got. Perhaps he was more fortunate than most dying men, after all, for our tears were at least genuine—we were keenly and truly sorrowful to see him go. How fortunate it is that we doctors do not go on expending our nervous force in sorrowing emotion over our dying patients. What an ocean of tears some fellows would—but I am digressing.

"The dead man was friendless and penniless; his surroundings were necessarily selfish, and we had no facilities for embalming—even had any inducement in that direction been offered. Burial at sea was therefore the only practicable method of disposal of the body.—

"A funeral at sea, is one of the most impressive ceremonies I have ever witnessed. The vast solitude, the absence of all incidents and interests that might divert the

"THE BODY FELL FORWARD UPON ITS FACE."

mind from the affair in hand, the feeling of loneliness which comes over one at the thought of the dead body settling down to the bottom of the mighty ocean, there to remain forever,

far removed from human knowledge or sympathy—if perchance it be not torn *en route* by voracious sharks, those wolves of the sea—are impressions that a sensitive mind is not likely to forget. Like most young men of studious lives I was quite sensitive and emotional, and such exceptional scenes as a burial at sea are not likely to be easily effaced by subsequent experiences of whatever kind. This is an unfortunate attribute of the mind, for not all of our early experiences are of an agreeable nature.

"I recall,even now, the solemnity of that interesting and memorable event. There being no clergyman aboard, a young gentleman passenger volunteered to read the burial service. He was a magnificent orator, and, doubtless impressed with the novelty and solemnity of the occasion, did full justice to his subject. Never have I heard anything so beautiful as the service over my first deceased patient.

"As the young man finished reading, the clear tones of the ship's bell rang out—it seemed to me with a deeper and more solemn sound than was its wont, as though in sympathy with its new and sacred duty—as it tolled the signal to the strong-armed waiting sailors, who, with bare and bowed heads, stood supporting upon the stern rail of the ship, the plank upon which lay the hammock-shrouded corpse.

"As the last sad note of the bell pealed out over the water, the sailors lifted the plank over the rail, elevated it, and allowed the body to slide into the sea.

"Whoever had been entrusted with shotting the shroud at the feet of the corpse, was evidently inexperienced and had put in too little weight; as a consequence, when the sailors tipped the plank over the rail, the body fell forward upon its face, with a resounding, ghastly splash that threw the salt spray over those nearest the rail, and sank quite slowly, vibrating to and fro in plain sight as it gradually settled into the clear, blue water, that was as pellucid as a dead calm and a fair, cloudless sky could make it.

"My boy, there's no form of burial that is much more sensible than that at sea, but I cannot help thinking of that poor lad, whose drifting, sodden bones lie at the bottom of the blue Mexican gulf, as the ideal of loneliness and friendless-

ness. But such burials are, after all, quite utilitarian. Do you remember what Shakespeare says in his beautiful Tempest? Ariel, I believe, is made to sing—

'Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change,
Into something rich and strange.'

"With favoring winds and the fairest weather, that portion of my journey which lay beyond the Isthmus of Panama, was traversed in what our captain pronounced phenomenal time. It seemed to me that he must be right, for the days did not drag, I assure you. There are times when one wonders why the Pacific Ocean ever received so fair and gentle a name, but during that part of my trip which lay over its beautiful waters, I certainly had no reason to quarrel with geographical nomenclature, for balmier skies, better weather and smoother seas could not be wished for.

"Despite the pleasure of the trip, however, it was with a thrill of eager expectancy,and that ill-defined hope which ever bubbles forth from the well-spring of youthful ambition, that I heard the cheery call of 'Land ho!' as the outposts of the land-locked harbor of San Francisco came in sight."

"It is doubtful whether nature ever designed a more secure or beautiful harbor than the bay of San Francisco. Was it not because of its beauty that its entrance was called 'The Golden Gate?' It was certainly so named by the early adventurers, long before the discovery of that mineral wealth which made the entrance to the principal port of the land wherein lay the Golden Fleece, a 'golden gate' in fact, as it was in name. Was the author of the name inspired? Perhaps—who can say?

"Standing at the entrance of the bay, like two trusty sentinels, are the points of land between which storm-tossed vessels must pass, to reach the secure haven within. The northern one is Point Bonita—the beautiful—readily dis-

tinguishable by the narrow strip of land running toward the bar which crosses the gateway and is, or was, sometimes dangerous for vessels of heavy draught passing in or out at low tide, when the wind blew strongly from the west, 'nor-west' or 'sou-east.'

"Standing on Point Bonita, like a faithful guardian of the sailor's safety, stood a light-house, that had but one rival, a structure of similar character and purpose on one of the Farralone Islands, which, on a clear day, was sometimes visible to the approaching voyager, long before the inner one at Point Bonita came into view.

"On the southern point, Point Lobos—'Wolves' Point'—stood the telegraph station from which messages were sent to the city, announcing the arrival of vessels.

"From Points Bonita and Lobos, which are separated by a distance of perhaps three miles, the shores of the inlet of the harbor gradually converge, until at the narrowest part of the channel—the Golden Gate proper—the distance between the farthest jutting points is less than two thousand yards.

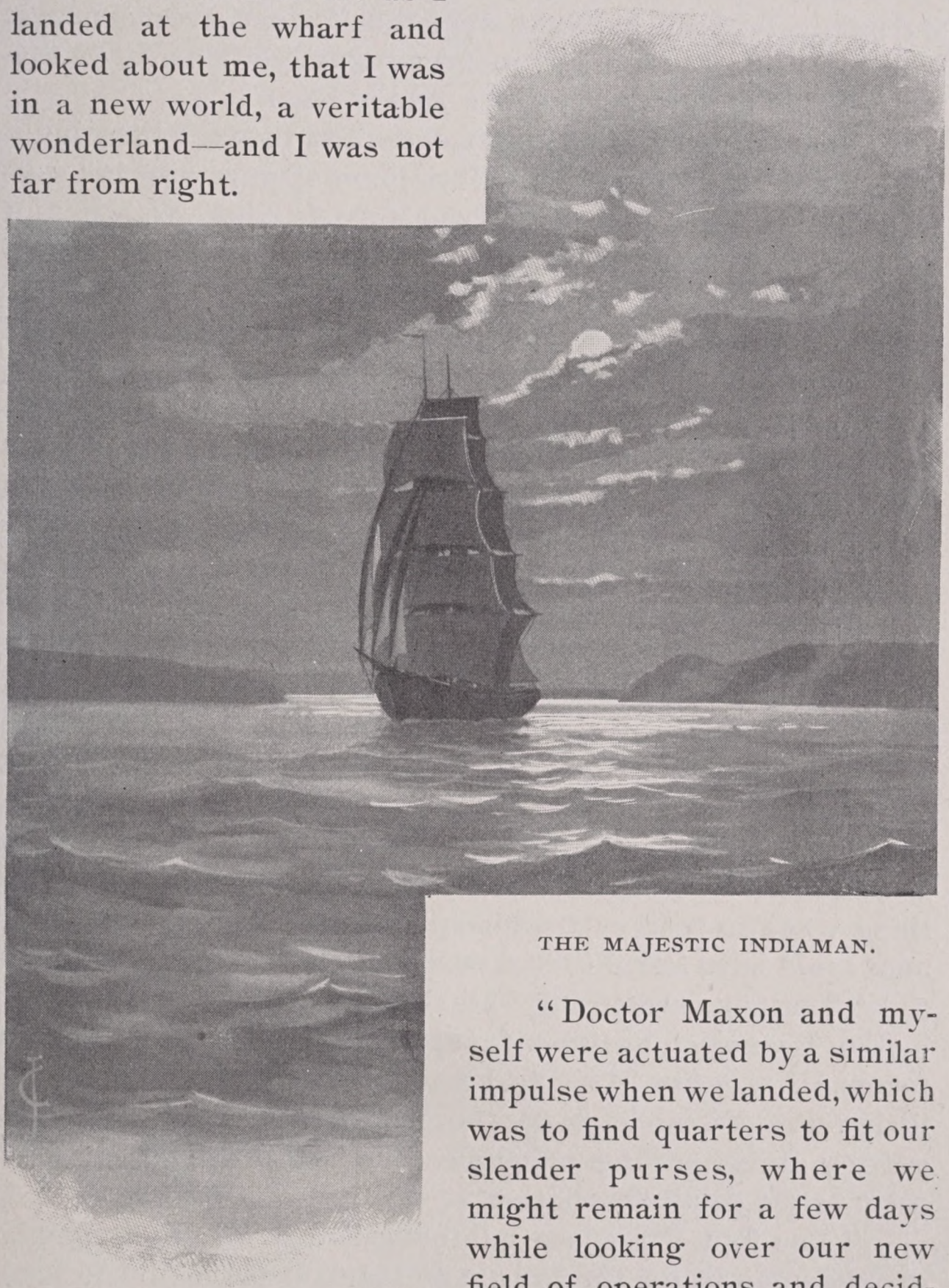
"One must see the bay of San Francisco to realize its beauties—and to see it at its best, he must sail through the Golden Gate. If he has not this opportunity, let him stand upon the shore at the entrance, and watch the stately ships, as they pass to and fro in their out-going or home-coming. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever witnessed was a majestic outward-bound East Indian clipper ship crossing the bar by moonlight, on her way to the far-away land of tea and spice.

"The harbor of San Francisco as I first saw it in the early summer of 1860, was a strange sight. It is probable that nowhere else in the world could so many varieties of shipping be seen. The flags and bunting of all nations were constantly displayed, and all sorts of craft, from the queer oriental junk to the palatial steamship of the Pacific mail or the royal merchantman of the Indies, could be found going or coming, or lying at anchor, at all times.

"And the additions that each incoming vessel made to the population of the city, were as varied as were the craft in

which they came. The population of San Francisco was probably at that time unequalled for cosmopolitanism.

"It seemed to me as I landed at the wharf and looked about me, that I was in a new world, a veritable wonderland—and I was not far from right.



THE MAJESTIC INDIAMAN.

"Doctor Maxon and myself were actuated by a similar impulse when we landed, which was to find quarters to fit our slender purses, where we might remain for a few days while looking over our new field of operations and deciding as to our future course. Hotels were beyond our reach, and I do not know where we would have landed eventually, had it not been for the kindness of some of Doctor Maxon's

sailor friends on board the good ship that had brought us to the land of promise.

"Through the friendly offices of those rough sailor boys, we finally found a half-way decent sailor's boarding house, where we succeeded in securing accommodations for which we felt able to pay—for a short time at least.

"Doctor Maxon soon met friends, and through their influence, he decided to give up all notions of pursuing his professional vocation—he preferred the enticing prospect of digging gold to the slower process of accumulation by hard-earned fees.

"I never met the doctor again, and much to my regret, I learned of his death some time after. He was, unfortunately, drowned in the Sacramento river during that general inundation of the valley which forms so important a feature of my story. Poor Maxon! He was a good fellow and deserved better luck.—

"After my friend's departure, I was left to solace my loneliness as best I might, and like all young men in similar situations, I put in my time seeing the sights. My student days had been too busy for indulgences of that kind, and as I had determined to strike out for the mines, to practice or not, as I should afterward see fit, I determined to make the most of my opportunity.

"If there was anything in San Francisco that I did not see, I cannot imagine what it might have been. Indeed, everything was run with such wide-openness that none but a blind man could have failed to find entertainment.

"The special attraction in the way of diversion afforded by San Francisco in those days, was gambling in its various forms. I was not likely to be tempted to gamble, and had little but self-respect to lose, even if I should happen to forget my anti-gambling principles, hence I gratified my curiosity to the point of satiation.

"The San Francisco gambling-house was the common ground upon which the flotsam and jetsam of the early cosmopolitan population of the city met. The proprietors of the gambling hells certainly knew human nature thoroughly, judging by the variety of excitement that they provided.

Every known game, and every variety of liquor distinguished for its vital-reaching propensities, was at the disposal of their patrons, day and night. The boast of the gambling-house keeper was, that he had thrown his front door key away the first day his house was opened.

"When the fever of gambling struck the good citizen or the unwary visitor from the mines, he could have his choice of a variety of remedies, monte, faro, roulette, poker—anything he pleased, if he had his 'dust' with him.

"And do not imagine that the dispensers of the cooling games were low-browed, ugly ruffians. Smooth, sleek and handsome, were the nimble-fingered gentry who attended to the wants of the fever-stricken fools who had more ounces in their pockets than in their brain-pans—until the fever was cured, when the loss of balance was in the other direction. Many a college education was wasted—or utilized, if you please—on the dealer's side of a 'sweat-cloth' in some of those dens. My fine gentleman would not swing a pick—unless it were an ivory one with which he could steal away a sturdy miner's golden ounces, much more quickly than the hapless fool could dig them with the implements of honest toil.

"But the scene was an alluring one, nevertheless. The rattle of chips and dice; the ringing of silver and the clink of gold; the thud of the buckskin bags of golden dust as they were recklessly thrown upon the table; the duller, yet more portentious, shuffling of the cards; the whir of the wheel; the call of the polished gentlemen who presided at the tables where *rouge et noir* was being played, were entertaining to my ear, untrained as it was to such sounds.

"'Step up and make your bets, gentlemen!—The game is made! Five—eleven—eighteen—twenty—twenty-two—twenty-four—twenty-eight—thirty-one.—Red wins, gentlemen!'—and the never-ending procession of excited fools steps up to diversion and disaster.

"There was one thing the proprietors of those gambling houses forgot—they should have had a suicide room and undertaking department. It would have saved the city fathers a deal of trouble in the disposal of the large crop

of unknown remains that the morning light disclosed in obscure corners of the city—poor fugitives from self; victims of those dens wherein Venus, Momus, Terpsichore and Bacchus, grovelled in the dirt and yet held undisputed sway.

"There was a grim irony, and yet withal, a tinge of comedy, in the farewell treat of fiery liquor with which the management bowed out its ruined guests—bowed them out of the den of iniquity and into a slough of despond from which they often-times never emerged—on this side of eternity.

"I was standing one evening in 'The Palace'—a gambling den with the usual appurtenances of tributary and dependent vice—curiously watching the movements of the dealer at one of the numerous faro games. Every table was crowded with players and surrounded by spectators, some of whom, like myself, were mere curiosity seekers, but most of them being devotees of the shrine, who were impatiently awaiting the occurrence of a vacancy at the table—when a bankrupt player should make way for fatter victims.

"Sitting just opposite the dealer, was a young lad, who could not have been more than seventeen years of age, betting away with a recklessness that would have done credit to a millionaire. The youngster was evidently flushed with liquor, and laboring under the highest degree of excitement.

"Standing just behind the boy, was a woman—evidently one of the *demi monde*, who, it was plain to be seen, was influencing his betting. Whether the creature was giving direct advice and encouragement or not, I cannot say, but the lad was certainly trying to appear as brave and recklessly extravagant as possible, for the apparent purpose of impressing the woman. A furtive glance which the dealer exchanged with his charming 'capper' now and then, was sufficient to enable even one of my limited experience, to form a correct conclusion as to the status of affairs.

"Just opposite me and almost directly behind the dealer, stood a man, who, I was certain, had been studying my face from time to time ever since I had taken my place among the spectators of the game. A stealthy glance at my *vis à vis* when he happened to be watching the boy's playing—which

seemed to be dividing his attention with me—revealed a person of most striking appearance and unique individuality.

"Apparently about twenty-five years of age, judging by his heavy black moustache and mature development; a tall athletic figure; long curling locks of jet black hair hanging loosely down over his shoulders; eyes as black as sloes and as piercing as those of a hawk—the stranger was indeed a handsome and most picturesque character. Nor were his natural attractions lessened by his attire. His closely buttoned coat of fashionable cut, small, neat boots, and surmounting all, his broad-brimmed hat, made him even more striking, if possible. I glanced at his hands and noted that they were small, and of a color that indicated both gentility and a life in which manual labor bore no part.

"As I stole a second glance at the handsome stranger, our eyes met, and I fancied that he started somewhat suddenly. He glanced away quickly, but as the boy in whom he appeared to take such an interest was apparently getting pretty near the end of his funds, I concluded that the unknown's emotion—if indeed he had really displayed any—was due to the evident bad luck of his unconscious *protégé*. It was plain to me that he was interested in the boy, for there was an expression about the corners of his mouth, and and an almost tender gleam in his eyes, that could not be mistaken by anyone who possessed even a fair ability in character reading.

"I knew not why the picturesque stranger interested me, but there seemed to be some indefinable attraction about him, that caused me to forget the game and watch him as closely as I could without risk of giving offense. As our eyes met, I experienced a peculiar sense of mutual recognition, and yet it was seemingly impossible, or at least, highly improbable, that we had ever met before.

"But the occurrences of the next few moments entirely diverted my mind for the time being, from the question of recognition.

"The poor, foolish boy soon exhausted his money, and vacated his place at the unholy altar. I saw him whisper to the female, in whose company he evidently was, and appar-

ently request her to step aside with him. She did so, and they stood for some time in earnest, confidential discussion of a subject which their gestures made all too apparent. The bird was plucked, his charms were gone, and he was not only refused a 'stake' wherewith to possibly retrieve his losses, but the light of his first romance was extinguished forever—or until he had procured more money, which, to the woman's mind, amounted to the same thing.

"The expression on that poor boy's face was a horror and a sermon both in one. As the woman coldly and haughtily swept away from him, her tainted skirts swishing suggestively and ominously over the floor, gathering up tobacco and other filth which was purity itself beside her harpy-like soul, the lad stood gazing after her as if in a dream. He was stunned into obliviousness to everything but the realization of his disaster.

"He stood for a moment as though incapable of motion, then, with an expression of desperation in his eyes, and a countenance that was the typification of utterly hopeless despair, he passed through the green baize doors out into the night—his first black night of fathomless woe and absolute demoralization.

"I had watched the boy from the time he left the table, and his expression, as the hawk that had plucked away his youthful plumage flew away from her victim, at once appealed to my young professional eye. I made my diagnosis almost intuitively, and instinctively started to follow the lad, as quickly as I could without attracting attention. As I turned toward the exit, I caught a glimpse of some one just passing out. As the doors swung back before him, I recognized the stalwart form of the picturesque unknown.

"I breathed a sigh of relief, and strolled leisurely along after the stranger. I do not know why, but I felt that the boy was safe. I was sure I could not be mistaken in my interpretation of the play of emotions that had animated the stranger's face, as he watched the game which had ruined the poor lad whom he was evidently following.

"I soon saw that I was right. The stranger caught up with the boy, just as he stepped into the brilliant glare of

light that illuminated the sidewalk in front of the gambling den. Placing one hand upon the boy's shoulder, he gently but firmly halted him, I, meanwhile, drawing back in the shadow

"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MY LAD."

of the outer door of the Palace, determined, with the best of motives, to see the thing through.

"'Don't be frightened, my lad,' said the man, 'I just want to speak to you a moment, that's all.'

"The boy looked at him as though dazed for a moment, and then replied slowly—

"'I'm not frightened, sir, you're not apt to do anything worse to me than I've already done to myself; my money is all gone, and you can't do any more than kill me, if you don't want money. As for killing me—well, I have more lead than gold left, and I've not forgotten how my father taught me to die—like a gentleman.'

"I fancied the boy looked quite the hero, as he spoke—there was a little touch of the southern born, about him that brought my home in Kentucky back to me. I had seen such boys there, and I knew—well, there was one who was something like that, whom I would have given the world to see, and my heart went out to that poor unfortunate lad. And yet, for some reason, I had an even kinder feeling for the man who was evidently going to act the friend and adviser of our mutual *protégé*.

"'Pardon me, my boy, for even suggesting that you might be frightened,' said the unknown, 'but you are young; San Francisco has some queer ways and still queerer people, and it's not every man who gets the drop on you who means well. I am free to say that I should be uneasy myself, were I to be similarly accosted, and they say that I am—well, that I'm "no chicken," you know. Where are you from, my boy?'

"'I'm from Virginia, sir,' replied the lad, straightening up—with a little of the Old Dominion pride, I thought.

"'Ah!' exclaimed his new-found friend, 'I was sure I detected a little of the old cavalier strain in your face. What is your name, may I ask?'

"'Gordon Cabell, sir.'

"'Well, Master Cabell, I know your breed pretty well; I'm from—well, I have met southern boys before. Now, I'm going to talk plainly to you, and you mustn't be offended. I'm going to be your friend, if you will let me—your friend for to-night, at least, and you must listen to me.

"'I'm not going to give you a moral lecture on gambling or liquor drinking—I presume that the Gordons, Cabells, and many more of your ancestors, have played cards, drunk whisky, raced horses, attended cock fights, and fought duels, and have done many other things that some people with colder blood object to, but they did all those things like gentlemen, I'll warrant you. Now tell me, young fellow, did you ever know of a Cabell doing what you have done, and still worse, what you were going to do to-night?'

"'Sir!' said the boy, indignantly, reaching toward his pistol, 'I will—'

"'Oh, no you won't, Master Cabell; look me in the eye, please!' and the boy gazed at the stranger wonderingly, as he drew his tall form up to its full height, calmly folded his arms and looked down upon him.

"'I have already told you that I am your friend, Gordon, and the Cabells do not make targets of their friends. Give me your pistol, sir!'

"The boy almost mechanically drew his pistol from the holster beneath his loose-fitting coat, and obeying the mandate of a will more powerful than his own, handed it to his companion.

"'Thank you, Gordon,' said the stranger, 'I'll return it to you presently.'

"'Now,my boy, let us get to business. You have fallen among thieves, and have been plucked, like the unsuspecting, foolish pigeon that you are. I don't want to know your past history; life is too short, but I do want to have a hand in your future.

"'You are the scion of aristocratic stock—your ancestors before you, were worshippers at the shrine of beauty, but it was the beauty of purity and virtue. You have been dragging your family pride down into the dirt, and offering up your young soul upon an altar which a true son of the Old Dominion should loathe. You have squandered your money, trying to beat a game that's a 'dead-open-and-shut' against you.—You are listening to one who knows whereof he speaks, I assure you, my boy.

"'Not satisfied with what you had already done, which, after all, is easily remedied, you were about to stain your family name and record, with a crime that nothing on earth could ever wipe out—you were about to kill—a fool, Gordon, who may yet be made a wise man.

"'I once knew a boy who played the fool—much as you have done—and who is still expiating his folly. He might eventually have done as you were about to do, only he happened to be compelled to—well, he didn't shoot himself, that's one thing to his credit, although his family and not himself was perhaps the gainer by it—or will be sometime, if the truth is ever known. He couldn't avoid the other—there was nothing about that, which he had cause to be ashamed of, although the world, that knows not the circumstances, thinks differently.

"'Now, Gordon, I'm going to stake you. Don't say no—it is a loan if you please, or anything you choose to call it. Take this and get out of this hell-hole of a town as quick as the Lord will let you!'

"The boy stood for a moment, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and then hesitatingly took the proffered bag of dust.

"'And will you really let me pay it back to you, sir, when I am able?'

"'I certainly will,' replied the generous stranger. 'As I have already told you, my boy, I know your breed, and I don't want you to remain under obligations to one who is an entire stranger. But, after all, your honorable intention clears the obligation.

"'And, Gordon, here's your pistol. I think you understand its use a little better than you did a short time ago. And now I am going to give you a few parting words of advice—

"'In the first place, young fellow, don't gamble—if your blood is too thick to heed this admonition, learn to play poker. It's a scientific game and a square one—sometimes—always so among gentlemen. Never bet against another man's game, nor play against a percentage. Gambling

games of that kind are like the play of life, the percentage is in favor of the dealer, and fetches you sooner or later.

"'In the second place, young man, set up a shrine in your heart, and worship female purity and virtue; then you are safe. If you have a mother or sisters, don't forget that a woman who is not fit for their society is not worthy of your young affections.

"'Youthful affection, my boy, is not inexhaustible—keep it for future reference—and worthy objects. You may yet live to wish that the worldly heart of to-morrow were the young and fresh one of yesterday.

"'And now, I must leave you. Good night, my boy, and don't forget what I have said to you.'

"'But sir, your name!—who shall I—?'

'His benefactor had disappeared in the darkness.

'The boy stood for some time, gazing blankly into the night in the direction in which the stranger had disappeared; then, drawing himself up proudly, as became a son of fair Virginia, he placed the bag of gold in his pocket and his pistol in its holster, cast a scornful glance toward the windows of the Palace, and strode resolutely away.

"That the lad profited by the stranger's advice was evidenced by his subsequent career. It was my fortune to hear from him, many years after, as a rising young lawyer in New York City, where he doubtless is to-day, if still living. He went to the gold fields a few days after his adventure at the gambling hell, and within a few years was lucky enough to amass quite a little fortune. With this he returned home, and finally studied law. He eventually went to the metropolis, as offering the best inducements to his new-found professional ambition. He never again saw the quondam friend who succored him from the fate of a suicide. I alone, know the subsequent history of the handsome stranger. And I, alas! never felt that I could—but I must not get ahead of my story:

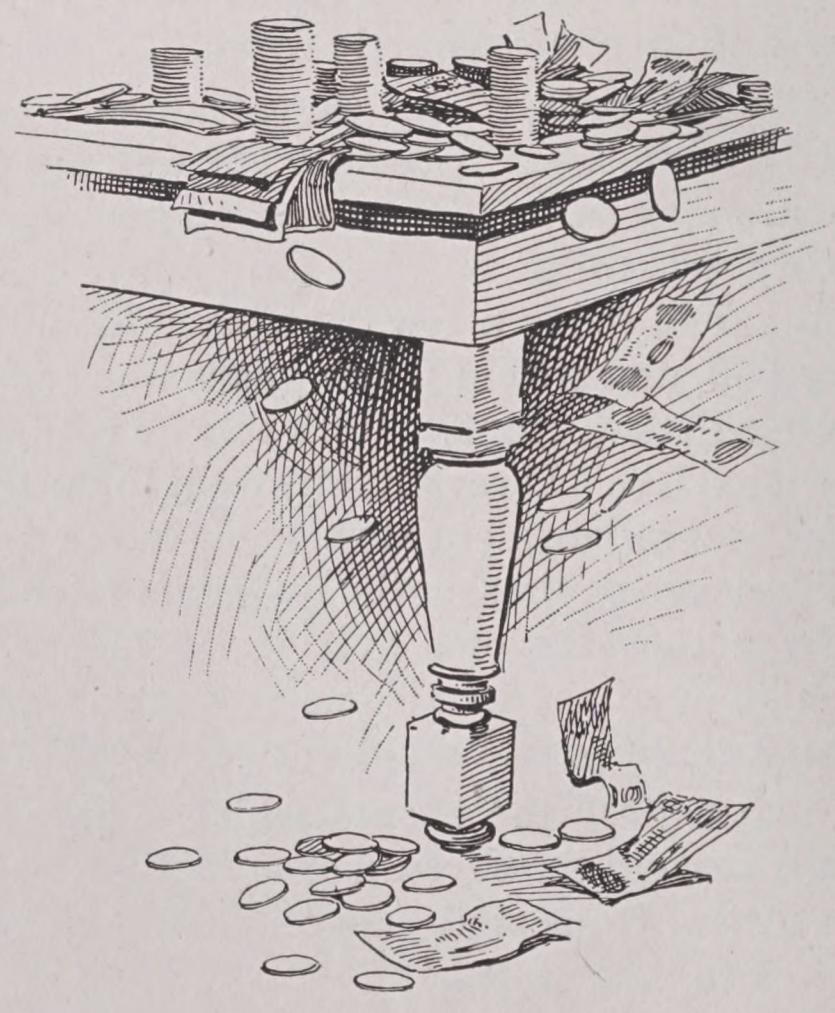
"A few days after the events which I have related, I chanced to meet an old-time friend of my father, hailing from Maine. Mr. Allen, it seemed, had 'struck it rich,' and was on his way back to 'the States.'

"From this gentleman, I received a glowing account of the wealth of the placer mining region in Tuolumne county, which at once determined my future course. When Mr. Allen informed me that the country where he had made his 'pile,' was not only rich in gold, but badly in need of doctors, I decided that Tuolumne should have one medical celebrity at least.

"'Investing some of my greatly diminished capital in an outfit which I thought might harmonize to a certain extent with the new field for which I was about to depart; I bade farewell to San Francisco, and set out for the fame and pot of gold that lay at the foot of the rainbow of my dreams."

"And now, my boy, it is high time you and I were giving a practical illustration of the subject of dreams. Having left San Francisco, I am sure to be perfectly safe until we meet again, when I will take pleasure in continuing our story.

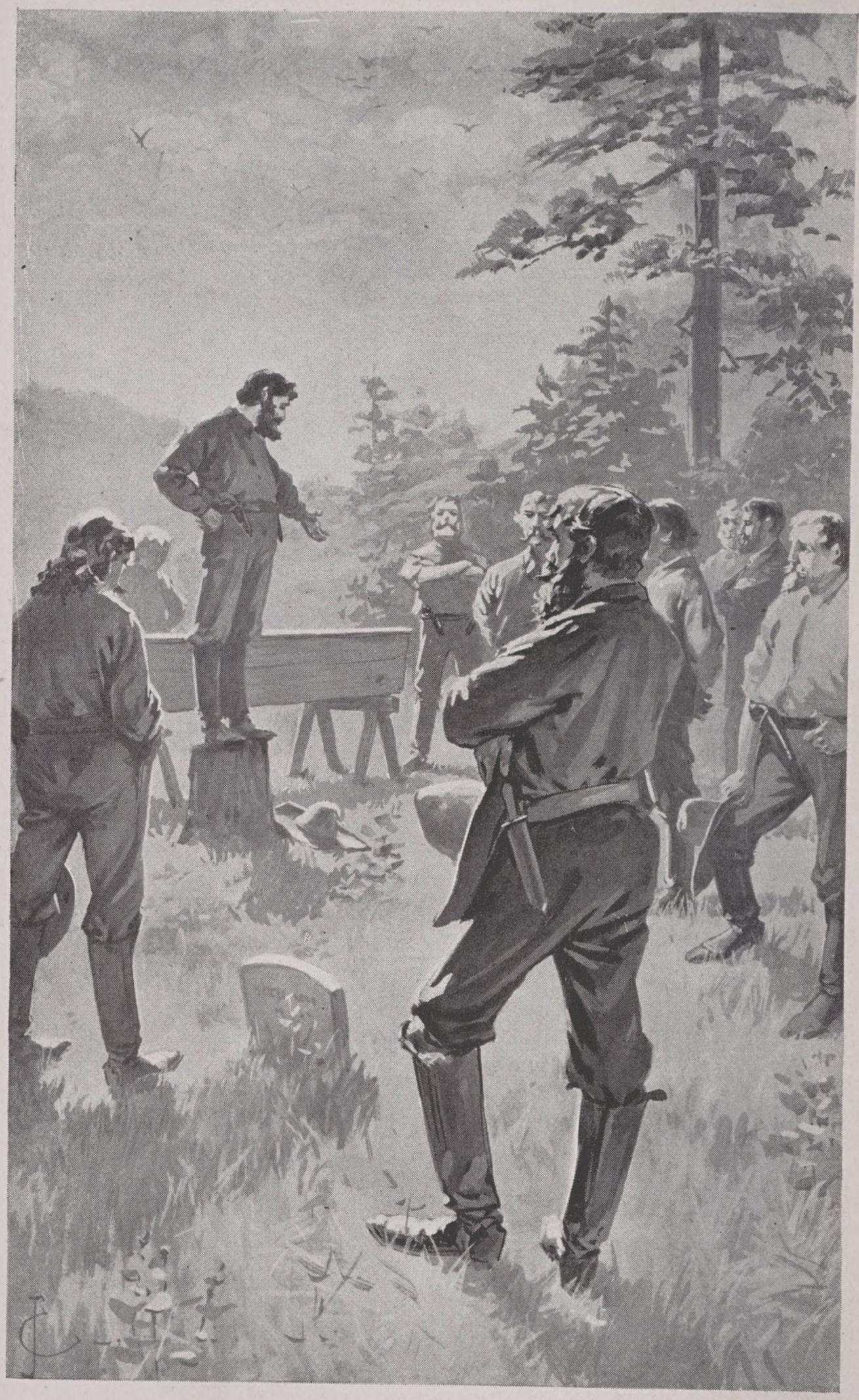
"Good night, Frank, and good luck to you."



POKER JIM—GENTLEMAN.

II.

HELLO! ole hoss—ye durned
ole cuss! Whar ye bin?
Frisco? Wall, how's thet
lively town?
Got yer pile, eh? I jes' thort ye
looked like sin!
Must hev done ye up good an'
brown!
Aint ye glad ter see th' ole brown
jug an' yer cob?
Wall, I sh'd kinder think ye'd be.
S'pose ye smoked havanners whilst
ye played ther nob—
But 'baccy's good ernuff fer me."



"POKER JIM WUZ ER GENTLEMAN."

POKER JIM—GENTLEMAN.

II.

I FOUND the doctor sitting in his library arranging some notes for his next morning's lecture. As might be supposed, he seemed more thoughtful than jolly. He had evidently been wrestling with a pretty tough proposition, for his hookah, which stood beside him with its long, flexible stem carelessly dropped upon the floor, had evidently been in operation, and its fire allowed to die out for lack of attention upon the smoker's end of the appliance.

The doctor looked up, however, with his accustomed warm, pleasant smile of friendly greeting, and after the usual informalities of punch and cigars had been concluded, motioned me to my old easy chair at the opposite side of the table.

Doctor Weymouth's experience as a medical teacher had been a long one, and I had often wished to hear him discuss that particular phase of his career. Here was my opportunity, and I hastened to embrace it.

"Do I like medical teaching? Well, my boy, what other incentive could there possibly be for me to go before my classes several times weekly, and use up what little reserve nervous energy I possess, in work that not only does not put a dollar in my pocket, but in all probability takes many a dollar out of it?

"You thought it was profitable, eh?

"Well, I suppose your ideas are based entirely upon the fact that the average college professor lives well, dresses well, and drives a fine turnout. Such things do not necessarily indicate prosperity, and where they do, it by no means follows that college influences have had anything to do with it. Such outward appearances are the result of a sort of blackmail that society levies upon every doctor, and especially upon the college professor.

"Very few colleges indeed, pay even a meagre salary to their teachers; none of them pay one tenth part of the value of the time, talent and energy necessary to successful teaching. To be sure, occasional consultation fees drift toward the college professor, but where he gains one fee in this manner, he loses a dozen that are diverted into other channels by physicians whose sympathies are enlisted for some rival college, or, what is more logical, who recognize the medical school as an enemy to the profession at large—as I really believe it to be upon the average, with the present methods of conducting free clinics and hospitals.

"The clinical teaching in vogue in the majority of medical schools and hospitals, is gradually, but surely, sapping the vitality and prosperity of the general profession, by ill-advised and undeserved charity. The profession has long realized this, and there has been a justifiable, and—to medical teachers—an unprofitable, undercurrent of resentment on the part of medical men.

"My boy, if you have no special predilection for a teaching career, keep out of college faculties. The best results in the way of practice, are to be obtained by relying absolutely upon the good will of the general public. The man who does this, and goes quietly about his work, is the man who has something to probate when he dies—the college professor often leaves nothing but debts behind him.

"And yet, teaching is fascinating to one who is fond of his subject, and, what is more important, who understands his students. Your medical student is a thoroughly good fellow, when you know how to take him.

"He has hardships enough to make him morose, work enough to drive the average man crazy, temptations enough

to divert the attention of the most level-headed young fellow, and yet, through it all—as the old song has it—

'Your student is a jolly man
And blest with sterling sense,
He gets along as best he can,
Tho' wanting dimes and cents.
He never wastes a single tear
On what he cannot fix,
And never shows a sign of fear
At fortune's scurvy tricks.

He pegs away at books and pills,
His life to science lent,
And only cares to live and learn,
And pay his weekly rent.
Oh yes he is a jolly man,
Tho' poor as any mouse,
He laughs as hearty as he can,
With nothing in the house.

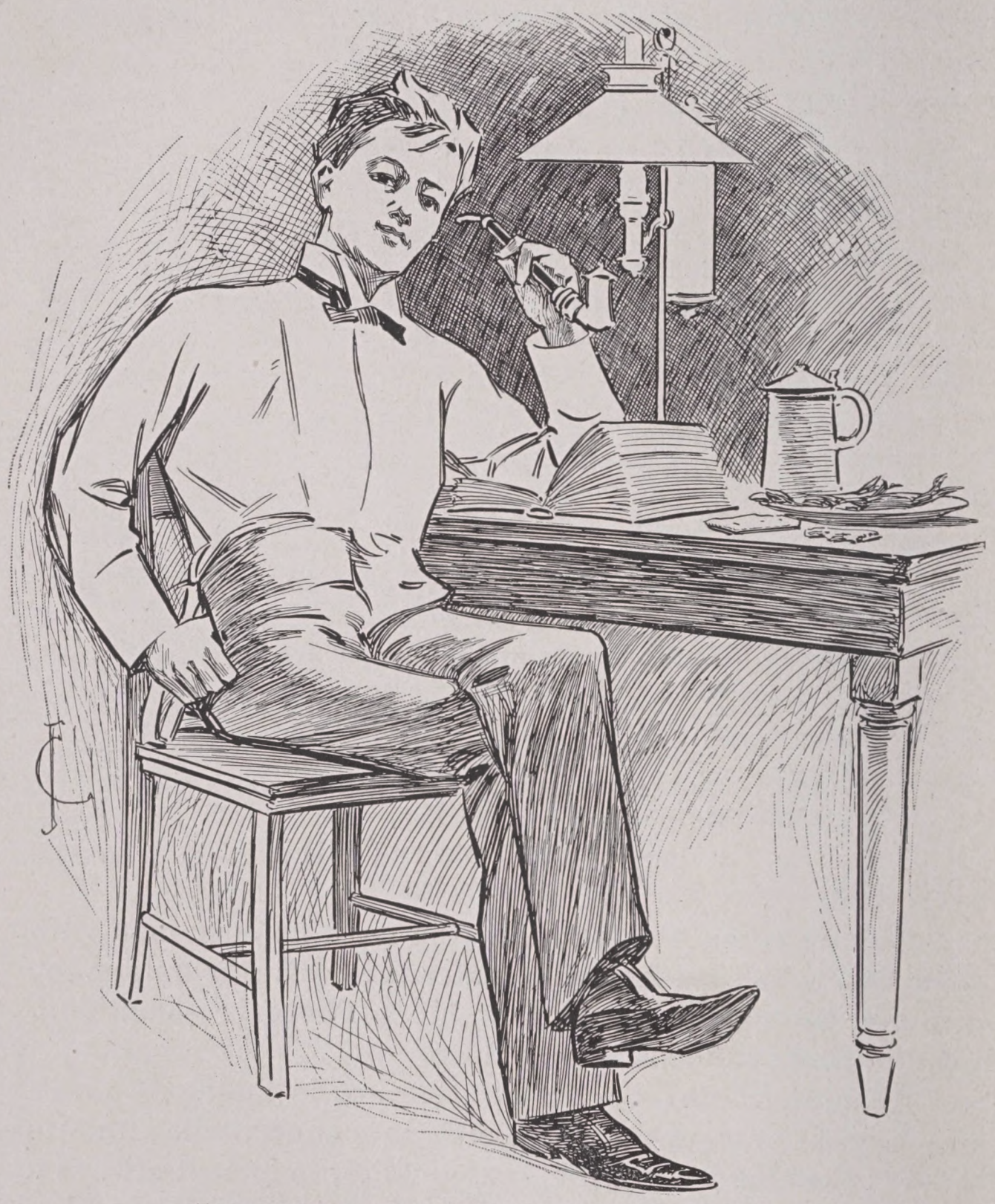
He never cares for fair-day friends,
He steers his own canoe;
He borrows not—he will not lend,
Unless he must so do.
You'll always find him on the tramp
Along dull wisdom's path,
He often burns the midnight lamp
And daily takes a bath.
He keeps a lock upon his heart,
No mistress gay has he,
Unless it be his books and pills
And his yearned-for legal fee.'

"I have often thought that the most popular man with students, is the teacher who fraternizes with them upon the common ground of good-fellowship. There is something, too, in being confidential with them.

"Another point worthy of attention, is this: The man who is most arrogant and pedantic in manner, who exhibits most of the 'big I and little you' quality, is almost always a failure as a medical teacher. The faculty may retain him, but the students bury him in oblivion—as soon as they have passed his chair in the examinations.

"One thing in which some professors make a mistake, is the view that the student is necessarily dishonest. The

medical student is, in my opinion, pretty high in the scale of square-dealing and honesty. He is human, of course, but I believe that a system of *espionage* often makes a dishonest student out of a square one.



"HE OFTEN BURNS THE MIDNIGHT LAMP."

"There's little use in watching a slippery fellow anyway —his shrewdness is equal to his meanness, and he is hard to catch in his various iniquities. But his dishonesty is its own reward. He rides through the portals of the college out into

the world on his smart little 'pony' and, for a while, cuts a very pretty figure. But, as Lincoln said, 'You can fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time,' but by all the gods! 'you can't fool all the people all of the time.'

"Our medical tin soldier finds this out in due time. His Rosinante is, after all, spavined, wind-broken, and has the string-halt and blind-staggers. When his crippled pony falls, the pretender goes deep down into the mud of forgetfulness and—there he sticks. Even the boy who ambled out of school on a mule, rides triumphantly by him—the mule was slow, but honest and well nourished—there's the difference.

"Aside from the fact that honesty is in the long run most profitable to the student, there is a sublime satisfaction in the sense of having gotten the best out of one's self. Hard, honest work always counts, even though the plodder may not always get his name upon the roll of honor of his college.

"Observing the hard work of the industrious scholar throughout his after-life, however, we find many a supposedly dull man, who, perhaps, has suffered by comparison with the superficial and dishonest student—making a name for himself by valuable contributions to science.

"There are those pessimists who cry, 'Of what good is all this toil, and wherein does it profit me? Life is an ephemeral dream at best, and the game not worth the candle. Man is born, he lives, and works to live; he dies and is buried —where's the use?'

"Ah! my brother toilers of the midnight lamp—are our lives laborious, and our pathway thorny? They are—Science is a hard task-mistress, and he who worships at her shrine, must be as patient as the penitents of old, as self-sacrificing as the pilgrims, as courageous, faithful and chivalric as the crusader of the days of courtly knight and stately dame. And is our reward great? Nay nay, the horny-handed mechanic, has a better average chance of survival than we.

"Well might the most optimistic, the most faithful, among us cry, 'What good?' Oh, what indeed!

"'Cui bono?' cries the pessimist. Bah! his liver is out of tune.

"'Cui bono?' cries the brassy-mouthed Shylock, in search of his commercial pound of flesh.

"'Cui bono?' whispers the coward, whose red corpuscles were long ago devoured by the white—

"Can we answer these piteous plaints? We can, hopefully, tersely, bravely, and with a sublime faith in the survival of the fittest.

"The history of scientific progress shows a vast procession of departed shades, filing silently into the valley of oblivion. In those shadowy ranks may be found the expounders of the fantastic creeds and quasi-scientific sophistry of past ages. Side by side with these old-time excrescences upon the body scientific, stalk the ghouls and goblins of quackery—gaunt and grim. The chill depths of Lethe yawn to receive them. Down, down they go into the stream of forgetfulness, and the gates of obscurity close behind them forever! Their works live not after them. They are the snow images of science, and cannot endure in the warm sunlight of history.

"Far different is the lot of him whose work is the outpouring of a logical mind, inspired by honesty, and that ardent devotion to the cause of humanity that the scientist alone has shown the world through all the ages. The last sleep is to him but that rest which kind Nature gives to the humblest and the greatest of her sons alike.

"We cry, '*vale!*' to the hero of science, and wish him pleasant dreams, but we dismiss not his fame to the shadowy valley of dead lumber. We forget only that which was 'of the earth, earthy.' We keep green the memory of his noble works—those qualities of mind and heart that we admired, and loved, and venerated, can never be forgotten.

"It has been said by some skeptic, that immortality is another name for posterity. Possibly some may quarrel with this cynical sentiment. No one, however, can deny that immortality which the delver in science or in letters gains through the creations of his brain.

"Is Newton dead? Ask our little children who it was that discovered the law of gravitation.

"Is Shakespeare dead? Ask the little tatterdemalion who brings your morning paper—he will tell you of the pleasant hours he has spent with good Tom Keane, ranting the lines of Richard the Third, and if you but suggest a scintilla of confidence in Ignatius Donnelly, he will boycot you.

"Is Stephenson dead? His spirit pulsates in every throb of the mighty monsters that speed along the iron rails of our great commercial arteries.

"Is Priestly dead? You, my boy, who are fresh from the quiz room, may answer.

"Is Hippocrates dead? Ask the veriest tyro in medicine.

"Is Benjamin Rush dead? Ask the records of the noble institutions devoted to the care of those poor, stricken beings —our insane. If they do not answer, read the Declaration of Independence and see who signed it.

"If these men be dead, then is the foundation stone of my faith in immortality torn rudely away, and I must echo the plaint of the pessimist—'Life is not worth the living.'

"Death is not the fate of such as they. They are born again, with each new life that enters the world. The Goddess of Fame says in the language of the immortal of immortals in literature, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' The fame of our heroes is resurrected with the first prattle of the childish lips that recount their names and deeds.

"Such spirits breathe their vitality into all the treasures of art, science and letters of their day and generation. Their blood will course through the veins of all generations to come. Their glory descends to posterity, freed from the dross of worldliness with which their earthly existence encumbered it; speeds on through futurity with gathering lustre, and blends with the river Time, on its way to that mighty intellectual ocean toward which the tiny rivulets and majestic streams of human ambition ever flow.

"With the records of our past leaders before us, shall we, like cowards, cry, 'Cui bono?'—or shall we up and do our level best?

"It is not given to every man to be a genius, but to all men is given the precious privilege of self-development within

the range of each individual capacity. The birds of spring carol the fame of Audubon; the delicate violet and the majestic oak alike, embalm the renown of Linnaeus in fragrance, or picture it against the landscape in rugged, stately beauty. The living rock beneath our feet is emblazoned with the deeds of Agassiz, making pages of a history most sublime. Many fathoms down at the bottom of old ocean, the little coral insect has built a monument to the immortal Darwin that will endure till the end of earth. The doctor, with his finger on the pulse of humanity, pays just and humble tribute to the genius of the immortal Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood.

"And so, there *is* an immortality worth striving for, more tangible and real than that of the soul; not to be reached by the devious path of creed or spiritual phantasm—yet open to all but the unfit.

"The achievements of the genius may flare up with dazzling brilliancy, only to go out in smoke, but that smoke is incense on the altar of progress. To the honest worker are thrown the pearls of fame—let him gather them quickly, lest they be trodden in the mire of oblivion by the swine of dishonesty and the black beasts of quackery.

"The world may sing of its Alexanders and Napoleons, but there are no heroes like ours of science!

"And so, my boy, join with me in a tribute to those who have immolated their lives upon the altar of science, that you and I—we of humbler mould—might drink of the waters of knowledge.

"A health to our unforgotten—those immortals of fame whose names adorn the roll of honor of the student of science and of letters, the world over!

> 'They shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er and worlds have passed away.
> Tho' in the dust their perished hearts may lie,
> Their name and fame can never die.'"

"But, to return to our story:

"It was on a calm, sultry evening in the month of July 1860, that I embarked on board a steamboat plying between San

Francisco and Stockton, the latter city being the gateway by which I was to enter the wonderful country which was distinguished by the wealth and necessity of doctors so graphically described by my friend, Mr. Allen. From Stockton, I must continue my journey by stage—the slower process of walking, though economical, being for many and obvious reasons, not to be preferred.

"The trip up the Sacramento river, although pleasant enough, had very little novelty about it, and I confess that I at first experienced a feeling of disappointment at the lack of entertainment which the scenery afforded—but I was soon to have all the excitement my system was able to stand.

"Our route lay for a relatively short distance up the Sacramento, the major portion of my journey being comprised by one of its tributaries—the San Joaquin—a stream that is insignificant enough during the dry season, but which in the early spring is so formidable as to make a very decided impression of its capacity for evil, upon the beholder—especially if he happen to be living near enough to the river to get the benefit of its overflow during the spring freshets.

"We had hardly entered the San Joaquin, before the exciting entertainment to which I have alluded, began—I received my first introduction to the mosquito of the tule country.

"I suppose, my boy, that you see no novelty in this, indeed, I myself, had not entertained the idea that the mosquito had any special points of interest other than those with which I was already acquainted—but I didn't know the California variety.

"When the mosquito of the San Joaquin valley first dawned upon my astonished vision, he came in a tentative manner, singly or in pairs. My first impression was, that it was a fine, toothsome variety of snipe or woodcock, with which I had to deal. For a moment I regretted that I had not brought a shot-gun with me—there seemed to be good hunting *en route*. The next minute I had classified my discovery as vampires, and then I yearned for a suit of armor. Those poniard-billed devils had made the discovery that I was a tenderfoot, and, what was much more to their hellish pur-

pose, a 'tender-hide.' They now came in buzzing, humming, whirring clouds!

"And with what creditor-like persistency did they present their bills—and such bills! They double-discounted those of all the plumbers on earth! I have been truly and reverently thankful ever since my California experience, that no tule mosquito ever broke off his insinuating, bayonet-like bill in my shrinking, all-too-tender flesh.

"The good people of New Jersey fancy they have adult, robust mosquitoes in their country, but they should see the tule-bred gentleman! He is to the Jersey variety as is a sand-piper to a sand-hill crane. He has a bill like a sword-fish, an appetite like a hungry wolf, a soul like Jack the Ripper, and a conscience—like a corporation.

"FOWLS OF THE AIR."

"Is the mosquito of the San Joaquin a bird? He is; he is a hawk, a buzzard and a screech-owl all in one. Is he an insect? Well—perhaps. He may be an insect—if the tsetse fly is indigenous to the valley of the San Joaquin, or if it be possible to cross the spicy yellow-jacket and the tarantula.

"There are no crocodiles in the California marshes—but there are mosquitoes that can give the festive saurian 'cards and spades.'

"The unabridged mosquito of California has just one redeeming trait, which he shares in common with his cold-blooded relative, the rattlesnake; he does most musically warn his victim of his cruel intentions. But woe betide the man who cannot or will not heed the warning! It is related that a certain citizen of Stockton, once upon a time, went on a

howling drunk and finally landed in a bed of tules, where he proceeded to take a nap. When he was eventually found, most of that precious eighteen pounds of blood which the physiologists tell us a full-grown man should contain, was gone, and not being able to follow a juiceless career, the gentleman died. All of which shows the fallacy of trying to kill germs by the internal administration of antiseptics. Even the mosquitoes were not deterred from assailing that hapless man, though his hide was full of firewater such as no country but California ever produced. Still, it might be interesting to know what became of those buzzy, murderous inebriates who lunched off that fellow's blood.—

"The San Joaquin river is, without doubt, the crookedest navigable stream in the world. There was never a snake that could contort himself into so fantastic an outline as presented by that lazily meandering branch of the Sacramento. So crooked is it, that one entertains a constant dread of running ashore—the bank is always dead ahead and unpleasantly near.

"This serpentine river traverses a perfectly level plain throughout the navigable part of its course, its banks being flanked by tule beds which extend farther than the eye can see—indeed, the valley of the San Joaquin is one vast bed of tules, extending fully one hundred and fifty miles. When, as is occasionally the case after the dry season, during the fall and early winter months, the tule beds happen to be on fire, the spectacle, especially at night, is at once grand and terribly impressive. I remember on one occasion taking a night trip up the river during one of these fires. The scene in the vicinity of Monte Diablo, was one of the most majestic and awe-inspiring I have ever witnessed. The name of 'The Devil's Mountain' had never seemed so singularly appropriate as on that occasion.

"It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when I arrived at Stockton, and, as there was nothing to be gained by going ashore, I remained aboard the boat, determined to get the full benefit of a morning nap. It seemed to me that I had just closed my eyes, when I was awakened by the yelling of the roustabouts and stage agents on the wharf. I had

barely time to dress, hustle ashore and hurriedly swallow a cup of coffee, before my stage was ready to start, and I was off for Jacksonville—the particular town of Tuolumne county that I had determined to favor with my medical skill and fortune-hungry ambition.

A NIGHT ON THE SAN JOAQUIN.

"There was nothing pleasant about that stage ride—it was alone memorable for its inconveniences and its motley load of passengers. A hot, dusty, bumping journey in the old-time California stage, makes very pretty reading as Bret Harte has described it, but I am free to say that I was not sufficiently romantic to enable me to do the subject justice—

from his standpoint at least. The red dust of the California stage road gets into a fellow's system so deeply that his ideas are apt to be of a practical or perhaps profane sort, even though he be quite sentimental.

"Picturesque, however, the ride certainly was; my fellow passengers were nearly all worthy of study, and, had I been an artist, would have received pictorial attention. Several red-shirted, rough-bearded miners, lent just the right touch of local color, while the imitation frontiersman—of whom I was the type—was sufficiently well represented to afford a suitable foil for the genuine article, as typified by my brawny-chested, be-pistoled, unkempt fellow passengers.

"In one corner of the stage, was a little chap who was evidently what we would call a dude nowadays. This young gentleman had done his level best to put a bold front on matters, by rigging himself out like a cowboy. The result was somewhat ludicrous, as you might imagine. Nor was the poor little idiot by any means unconscious of his features of incongruity—he realized most keenly the absurdity of his position and the fact that he was being guyed. The miners seemed to enjoy the situation immensely, however.

"'Say, pardner,' said one tawny-bearded giant, leaning toward the innocent, and startling him so that his eye-glasses nearly dropped off his nose—'Gimme a pull et yer pistol, wont ye?'

"'Aw, beg pawdon, sir, what did you say?' stammered the dude.

"'W'y, I s'posed ye could understan' th' English langwidge,' replied the miner, 'but seein' ez how ye don't, I'll translate her to ye. I axed ye ter give me er pull et yer whisky bottle.'

"'Aw, really,' said the innocent, 'I'd be chawmed, you know, doncher know, but I don't carry the article. In fact, sir, I nevaw dwink.'

"'Ye don't say so? Wall, I want ter know!' answered the miner. 'Now, see hyar, sonny, seein' ez how ye haint got no whisky, jes' gimme er chaw uv terbacker an' we'll call et squar'.'

"'I—aw—I'm sorry to say that I don't use tobacco, sir.'

"'Sho! g' long young feller! Is—thet—so? How ther h—l d'ye keep er goin'? Whut d'ye do fer excitement—p'raps ye plays poker, eh?' said the stalwart son of the pick.

"'Oh, no!' exclaimed the tenderfoot, in dismay, 'I nevaw play cards!'

"'Ye don't tell me!' replied the miner, 'Wall! wall! wall! By ther way, young feller; be keerful not ter lose 'em—ye mout need 'em ter git home with.'

"'Need what, sir?' asked the victim.

"'Yer wings!'—and the miners broke out in a huge guffaw that bade fair to dislocate a wheel of the stage, and impelled the driver to look anxiously and inquiringly at his passengers.

"The tenderfoot collapsed, and remained in a state of complete paralysis until he arrived at his destination, which, fortunately for his sensitive organization, happened to be the first town where we changed horses. As he minced gingerly away toward the hotel, the miners winked at each other most prodigiously. Happening to catch the big fellow's eye, by a happy inspiration I was impelled to wink too—this at once established me on a friendly footing with my rough companions, and as I happened to have a bottle of fairly good liquor with me, the rest of the way into the regard of those simple miners was easily traversed.

"During the conversation that naturally followed the unconventional formation of our acquaintance, the big-bearded fellow who appeared to be the leader of the little party of miners, following the blunt fashion of the country suddenly remarked—

"'By ther way, stranger, whut mout be yer name, an' whut part uv ther diggin's mout ye be headin' fer?'

"'Well,' I replied, smilingly, 'it is about time we introduced ourselves, isn't it? My name is William Weymouth, recently of Kentucky, a doctor by profession, and bound for Jacksonville, where I contemplate digging gold when the weather will permit, and practicing medicine when it will not.'

"'Er doctor, an' bound fer Jacksonville, eh? Wall, Doc,' said my new acquaintance, reaching out his grimy paw with a cordiality that could not be mistaken, 'I'm d——d glad ter know ye! Jacksonville is our town, an' er h—l uv er good town she is et thet, y'u bet! We're jes' gittin' back from 'Frisco—an' doin' it on tick, too. We've bin doin' ther sport racket down yonder, an' I reckon ther sports hev done us, eh, pards?'

"His 'pards' having acquiesced, my brawny friend cut off a huge chew of 'nigger heel,' stowed it away in his capacious cheek, and after a few preliminary expectorations that resembled geysers, continued—

"'Ef et hedn't bin fer ole Tom McDougall up thar on ther box, we'd er took Walker's line back ter our claims'—and the big miner glanced gratefully in the direction of the generous Mr. McDougall.

"'And now that I have found that you are to be my fellow townsmen,' I said, pleasantly, 'permit me to remind you that the introduction has been one-sided. What are your names, may I ask?'

"The miner winked at his companions, laughed a little, deep down in his huge red beard, and replied—

"'D——d ef I didn't fergit thet thar wuz two sides ter ther interdoocin' bizness. Ye see, stranger, we aint payin' much attention ter fellers' handles in ther mines. Most enny ole thing 'll do fer er name. Thet's why we sometimes fergits our manners. This yere gang is purty well supplied with names, but ye moutn't hev sich good luck ev'ry time, 'specially in Tuolumne county, eh, pards?'

"'His 'pards' having again nodded and winked their approval, my brawny friend proceeded with his introductions.

"'I'm called in ther diggin's, by sev'ral names, an' y'u kin do like ther rest uv my fren's—take yer pick. I'm mostly known ez 'Big Brown,' tho' some folks calls me 'Big Sandy.' When I wuz in ther states, I b'lieve they used ter call me 'Daniel W. Brown,' but I wouldn't swar to et. This feller nex' ter me hyar, is the 'hon'able Mister Dixie, er 'Snub-nose Dixie,' fer short, who aint never hed much ter say

erbout his other name, ef he ever hed enny, eh, Dixie? Thet lantern-jawed cuss settin' 'long side uv y'u, is Deacon Jersey, utherwise an' more faver'bly known ez Link Spears. We calls him 'deacon,' coz he wuz never inside uv er church in his hull life. He's th' only genooine deacon this side uv ther Sierras. Thar aint none uv ther hypercrit' erbout him nuther, I kin tell ye. Ye'll find us fellers' tastes kinder runs erlike, f'r instance—' and Big Brown looked longingly in the direction of my 'pistol' pocket.*

"'In the matter of thirst,' I suggested.

"'Right y'u air, Doc! I kin see y'u air goin' ter be er valooable addition to our diggin's. We need er doctor ez kin tell whut's ther matter with er feller 'thout cuttin' him wide open. Ye see, we likes ter keep our own han's in, an' don't kalkerlate ter leave much uv ther cuttin' ter ther doctor—ennyhow, 'till we've hed our little innin's, eh, boys?'

"Once again the boys agreed, with, I thought, just a slight suspicion of gratified vanity in their expressions.

"It was a long, weary way to Jacksonville, but my time was well spent. Thanks to the kindness and garrulity of my new-found, yet none the less sincere, friends, and the confidence engendered by my rapidly diminishing supply of stimulants, I found myself by the time I arrived at my destination, fairly well acquainted with the town, its ways, and its citizens.

"Jacksonville, at the time I landed in that then thriving place, was one of the most noted mining centers in the placer country. Its location was most picturesque. Nestled among the foot-hills of the glorious Sierras on the banks of the Tuolumne river, and peopled by as cosmopolitan and heterogeneous a population as was ever gathered within the confines of one small town, my new home was attractive because of its novelty, if nothing more.

"Ages and ages of alternately falling and receding waters, centuries of melting snows and enormous rainfalls,

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*The author asks the indulgence of such of the Argonauts of Jacksonville as may still be living. It is with the kindest sentiments, that he takes unwonted liberties with the names of men who form the most picturesque recollections of his childhood. When one's memory is peopled with real characters, it is difficult to invent fictitious ones. In the author's opinion, it would be wrong to do so, even though sanctioned by usage.

had washed down from the mountains into the valley of the Tuolumne, those auriferous particles, the great abundance of which had made Jacksonville spring into busy life and thriving prosperity, almost in a single day.

"But the very elements that had laid the alluring foundation of the valley's wealth, were even then, conspiring to avenge the rifling of the rich deposits of the valley by the irreverent hands of the modern Argonauts.

"The Tuolumne river was a variable stream. During the dry season, it was but a thin, disjointed, silvery ribbon, across which one could walk dry-shod, in places. But in the early spring, the little stream at which the wayfarer was wont to laugh, and in whose bed the eager miner delved with impunity and profit, took revenge upon the disturbers of its ancient course—it became a raging torrent, resistlessly carrying all before it and oftentimes severely punishing for his temerity, the unwary miner who had pitched his tent or built his rude cabin too near the river bank. But all the revenge which the Tuolumne had taken in all the years since the settlement of the valley, was as nothing compared with that which was yet to come. That vale of thrift, industry and smiling prosperity, was destined to be a valley of death, destruction, desolation and ruin.

"But were not Pompeii and Herculaneum joyful and unsuspecting to the last? And why should the people of Tuolumne dread a danger of which familiarity and fancied security had made them forgetful, or possibly even contemptuous. The average citizen of Jacksonville could calmly face death in material form, and why should he concern himself with that which regularly passed by upon the other side, with each succeeding spring?

"By no means the least attractive feature of Jacksonville, was the rugged self-confidence and honesty of the majority of its people. Even the Chinese, who composed a large part of the population, seemed to be a better variety of the almond-eyed heathen than I had supposed could possibly exist. The hair-triggered sensibility and powder-and-ball ethics of the dominant race, seemed to be most effective civilizers.

"I am far from claiming that Jacksonville presented an ideal state of civilization, but this I do say, in justice to my old town; life and property were safer there than they are to-day in many more pretentious communities, that claim to rank as centers from which civilization radiates like the rays of a star. A sense of personal responsibility made the French the politest nation on the face of the earth; it was the foundation upon which the spirit of the 'Old South' was builded firmer than a rock; it was the soul that beat back the furious waves of shot and shell that so often hailed upon the southern chivalry on many a hard-fought field—a similar spirit of self-assertion and personal responsibility pervaded the Tuolumne valley, and raised its average moral standard to a height beyond that of many a metropolis of a more vicious and effete civilization.

"Warm-hearted, impulsive, honest, courageous, fiery-tempered, quick-triggered Argonauts of the Tuolumne valley —a health to those of you who still live, and peace to those who have laid down the pick and pan forever and have inspected their sluice-boxes for the last time! When the final 'clean-up' comes, may the 'find' be full of nuggets—'sixteen dollars to the ounce!'

"There was no better opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the town of Jacksonville, its people and its customs, than was afforded by the Tuolumne House, where I made my headquarters. There may be better hotels in the world than that primitive one, but it had outgrown its canvas period and had become a pretentious frame structure, and that fact alone made it famous. It had no rival, for the old 'Empire,' so long presided over by that honest, sturdy old Scot, Rob McCoun, had long since been converted into a Chinese grocery, while its erstwhile owner had been dead for several years. As for the only other hotel, McGinnis, its proprietor, had never been in the race since his cook, one unlucky day, brewed the coffee and tea simultaneously in the same pot. The hundred and seventy-odd boarders who fed at McGinnis' festive 'rack' were not to be consoled—they quit him 'cold,' and went over to the enemy. Tradition says that 'Mac' half killed the luckless cook, one Mike Corcoran,

'fer puttin' coffee in ther tay pot, ther d——d scoundrel!' but the boarders were not to be placated.*

I believe this tradition, because I know from personal observation, that my fellow citizens of Jacksonville were very particular, and quite sensitive with respect to the quality and quantity of liquids that entered their stomachs.

"Laying the material comforts of the Tuolumne House aside, there was never a cheerier, heartier, pluckier boniface than George Keyse. He was to the manner born, and could take a gun or a knife away from an excited boarder quite as gracefully and quickly as he could, if necessary, turn his own flapjacks.

"Mr. Keyse had an invaluable assistant in one Dave Smuggins, who officiated alternately as barkeeper, porter and hotel clerk. Smuggins was a well-bred man, and, it was said, was originally educated for the ministry. The only evidence at hand, however, was certain oratorical propensities that overcame him and made him forget his real position when he awakened the boarders early o' mornings. I can hear him now, as he stood at the top of the stairway, yelling in stentorian tones—'Arouse all ye sleepers! an' list to ther purty little airly birds, er singin' praises tew ther Lord! D—n yer bloody eyes! git up!' saying which, the modern psalmist discreetly went below and took his position behind the bar, ready to dispense 'eye-openers' to the early caller.

"Jacksonville proved to be not only a pleasant place of residence but an excellent field for my professional work. The climate was almost germ-proof, and it was a real pleasure to practice the semi-military surgery characteristic of my field of labor. Primary union was my specialty in those days, and I used to get results, the memory of which sometimes makes me blush for those I occasionally get with our modern aseptic and antiseptic methods. No matter how much my patients might shoot or carve each other, any fellow who had enough life left in him to crawl, or be carried, off the field of battle, always got well.

"Beyond accompanying an occasional prospecting party, largely for recreation but partly in my professional capacity,

*Axin' Mr. McGinnis' pardon—if he be still living.—AUTHOR.

I did but little in the direction of mining. My practice gave me plenty to do, and was lucrative enough as practices go, so I soon settled down to as routine a life as my curious and lively surroundings would permit.

"I had been practicing in Jacksonville about three months, when an incident occurred in which a former casual acquaintance figured in a very peculiar manner, and which served to variegate my already interesting experiences.

"I was sitting in that portion of the Tuolumne House yclept by courtesy 'the office,' quite late one evening, listening to the quaint talk of my miner friends, and marvelling on the quantity of fluid the human body could lose by way of expectoration, and still live, when I was recalled to a realization of the fact that I was a practitioner of medicine, by a voice at the hotel door.

"'Say, Doc, kin I see y'u er minnit?'

"Looking up, I saw standing in the doorway, one of the boys who was most familiarly known as 'Toppy,' his 'States' name being 'Ike' Dexter. Toppy motioned for me to come out upon the hotel porch, and impressed by his gravity of manner and earnestness of gesticulation, I hastened to comply.

"'What is it, Toppy?' I asked.

"'Wall,' he said, thar's one uv my fren's whut's bin an' got hisself hurted, an' I want y'u ter come an' fix him up. He's er very particular fren' an' I'd like ter hev ye do yer best on him. Ye needn't say nuthin' ter ther boys erbout it, jes' now, Doc.'

"'Very well, Toppy, I'll go with you, but what kind of an accident has befallen your friend?' I asked.

"'Oh, I dunno ez ye could jes' call it er accident, Doc. It's jest er little shootin' scrape, thet's all, an' I reckon ye'd better take sum 'stracters' erlong.'

"In accordance with the honest miner's suggestion I did take some bullet extractors with me.

"'Ye see, Doc,' said Toppy, by way of preparatory explanation of the case I was about to see, 'this yere fren' uv mine hez bin down in 'Frisco fer a spell, an' mout hev staid thar er good while longer, only some feller picked er row with

him. Thar wuz er duel, an' duels aint so pop'lar down 'Frisco way ez they uster wuz, 'specially when somebody gits hurted. A real bad accident happened ter th' other feller, an' he passed in his checks. Jim—thet's my fren'—got er ball in his thigh, whut stuck thar, an' ez he didn't hev much time ter hunt fer er doctor, he jes' come up hyar whar it's kinder quiet like, an' we thort we'd hev y'u sorter look arter ther thing. Ye see, Jim wont keer ter git 'roun' much fer er few weeks—not 'till thet air little accident gits blowed over'—and Toppy's eyes gleamed humorously.

"My friend led me down to the river bank, and pushing aside a clump of willows revealed a small, rudely constructed row-boat.

"'Ah!' I said, as I took my seat in the somewhat insecure-looking and cranky little craft, 'it is evident that you have taken your friend to your own cabin.'

"Toppy, as I well knew, had the only abode on the opposite bank of the river, where, high up on the hillside, in full though somewhat distant view of the little town, he had built a small but neat cabin, that nestled in the bosom of the hill, looking not unlike a child's playhouse as seen from the town proper.

"'Yep,' replied the miner, 'thar's whar he is. It aint bes' ter depen' too much on pop'larity, ye know, Doc, an' Jim 'll be er little safer over thar than in town. Nobody goes ter my place—less'n I invite 'em,' and Toppy grinned sardonically, as he thus recalled to mind the fate of a poor devil who did go to his cabin without an invitation—from Toppy—in the early days of his housekeeping on the hillside, when a more or less charming little Mexican half-breed damsel was said to have presided over Toppy's domestic affairs.

Being averse to the discussion of people's family matters, I had never conversed with my miner friend on that delicate subject. To tell the truth, there seemed to be very little encouragement to town gossip in Jacksonville—town-talk was too direct a cut to the little collection of white head-boards that decorated a small plateau just outside the town. All my information on such subjects, was therefore derived from more subtle and less dangerous airy rumor.—

"The river was quite low, and a few vigorous pulls from Toppy's stalwart arms brought us to the opposite shore, from which I could see, far up the hillside, the gleaming white walls of the miner's rude little home, where lay my prospective patient.

"Toppy was notoriously careless in his personal grooming, but the little half-breed had evidently inspired a coat of white-wash for the cabin, that endured longer than the sentiment with which its owner had inspired that swarthy little traitress. Possibly that gleaming white cabin was her monument—who knows? The river ran dangerously and temptingly near, considering how short a time it takes to fall a few hundred feet down a steep and rocky hillside, and rumor whispered that Pepita—well, no one knew *where* she was, and women were not so plentiful in the Tuolumne valley that hiding was easy.

"But the Tuolumne kept its secret well—if it had one. Its quick-sands told no tales; they could hide the precious gold of the river bottom, why not, perhaps, a mouldering skeleton?

"On entering Toppy's cabin, completely winded after my climb up the hill that constituted his front yard, I found my patient lying on a cot in the middle of the room. He turned inquiringly toward the door as his host and I entered, and what was my amazement to see reflected in the dim light of the candle with which the cabin was illuminated, the features of the handsome unknown of the San Francisco gambling-house, whose adventure with the unfortunate young southerner I have already related! The recognition was evidently mutual, but I fancied that my patient looked at me with an expression slightly suggestive of annoyance.

"Toppy's introduction was as laconic and characteristic as himself:

"'Doc, this is Jim—Jim, this yere's Doc Weymouth, an' he's all right, y'u bet, 'specially on bullets an' sich things.'

"I was used to California customs, hence the cognomen, 'Jim,' was sufficiently comprehensive, and perfectly satisfactory to me, and after the brief introduction that my miner friend gave me, I proceeded to investigate my case.

"As Toppy had already informed me of the circumstances that led to the reception of my patient's wound, I made no inquiry in that direction. I found also, that Toppy was correct as to the location of the injury—as he had said, the ball had entered his friend's thigh.

"The wound had been inflicted several days before I saw my patient, and would probably have healed promptly enough had it not been for the weary ride he had taken immediately after the shooting—he had come to Jacksonville on horseback. The result of the necessary movement in the saddle, together with the hot sun and dust of the roads, had been to produce considerable inflammation of the injured part. I presume that now-a-days the surgeon would seek for no other cause than germ infection for such a condition as followed the wound that my patient had received—but at that time, things were different; the various sources of irritation to which he had been exposed were a reasonable explanation of the state in which I found his wound.

"The wound was merely muscular, neither important vessels nor bone having been injured, and much to my gratification, I almost immediately succeeded in finding and extracting the ball.

"'Jim,' as I will now call him, stood my manipulations and the cutting I found necessary in the extraction of the bullet, without the slightest indication that such operations were not an every-day experience with him—this was not without its effect upon Toppy, who looked upon his heroic friend with all the pride and tenderness imaginable.

"When I was first introduced to my patient, he had merely nodded his head in greeting. He did not speak thereafter, until I had finished dressing his wound, Toppy meanwhile answering all the necessary questions. It seemed to me, also, that my patient rather pointedly avoided scrutiny of his countenance—he either averted his face or shaded it with his hand, under the pretense that the flickering light of the candle which Toppy held for me affected his eyes, during the entire time of my surgical attention.

"I gave this circumstance hardly a second thought; nothing seemed more natural than that my patient should

desire to conceal any little involuntary expression of suffering that might have disturbed his features during my somewhat rough and exceedingly painful manipulations. I was struck, however, by his conduct as I was preparing to leave—

"'Doctor,' he said, 'I am very sorry that my old friend Toppy insisted on calling you to-night. I could have stood the racket till morning, and your rest was much more important than my worthless existence. I appreciate your kindness, sir, and wish that I could reciprocate in some more fitting manner than by mere financial compensation. However, that's the best I can do now,' saying which, my patient reached beneath the rude mattress upon which he was lying, drew out a bag of gold, and without further ceremony handed it to me.

"'I wish it might have been more, my dear doctor,' said Jim, 'but I came away from 'Frisco in a deuce of a hurry, and without heeling myself properly. However, I have divided evenly with you, and I believe such a rate of compensation is usually considered fair by professional men,' and he smiled somewhat mischievously, his black eyes twinkling with humor.

"My heart warmed toward my patient, I knew not why. It certainly was not because of his liberality, for that was common enough in that rude mining town, where the people were so uncivilized as to believe that a physician's services should be liberally compensated. I kept no books in those days—my patients were so wild and uncivilized that I did not find it necessary.

"'I will see you again to-morrow, sir,' I said, as I nodded in recognition of the liberal fee that my interesting patient had given me, and extended my hand to bid him good morning —for it was then long past midnight.

"'Oh no,' replied Jim hastily; 'it will probably not be necessary, and my friend Toppy here, who is an exceptionally good nurse, can give me all the attention I require. Be assured sir, that you shall be called again if anything unfavorable arises. There's something healing in the California air. The bullet is out, and as I can rest quietly here in Toppy's

cabin, there will be no further trouble, I am sure. I have been there before, doctor'—and he smiled grimly.

"'Very well, then,' I said, 'if you insist on assuming the future responsibility of your case, I suppose I have no right to protest. Remember your promise, however, and call me at the slightest intimation of trouble. I will learn how you are from time to time, through Toppy, and if I should at any time receive an unfavorable report, I might be discourteous enough to call without invitation.

"'I think we understand each other, doctor,' replied Jim, 'and now I believe I'll take a nap; sleep has been a scarce commodity with me for a few days past.'

"As I left the cabin, I could not rid myself of the impression that there was something strangely familiar about my patient. My first acquaintance with him was certainly the night of the affair at the Palace in San Francisco, and yet, he impressed me differently from what might have been expected in meeting an entire stranger. I had an ill-defined impression that Jim had been a factor in my life before. But when, and where? My mind was a blank upon that point, nor was I likely to become enlightened, considering the lack of encouragement with which inquiries into the personal histories of the early California citizen were usually met.

"When we arrived at the bank of the river on our return to the town, Toppy safely secured his little boat to the overhanging willows, and insisted on escorting me back to the hotel. Although this was unnecessary, I was very glad to have the kind-hearted fellow's company, the more especially as I desired to learn something of my new and interesting patient.

"Arriving at the Tuolumne House, I said —

"'Toppy, you have furnished me the opportunity of losing my sleep, and I propose to get even. It is almost daylight, and we may as well make a full night of it. I want to know more of your friend Jim. I don't know why, but he greatly interests me. Not but that I am always interested in my patients, but my feeling toward your friend is a rather peculiar one. Suppose we find a quiet seat somewhere and talk a little about him?'

"Toppy acquiesced, and having declined the cigar I proffered him, in favor of a stubby old pipe that he produced and lighted, we seated ourselves upon an old stump, a little way from the hotel, and he began his story:

"'Wall, Doc, I don't s'pose et's ness'ary fer me ter tell y'u thet Jim's my best fren'. He's ther best I ever hed, since—wall, since I come frum ther States. I've got good reasons fer likin' him, ez you'll obsarve.

"'I fust met Jim et Angel's Camp, erbout three years ergo. I wuz prospectin' 'roun' thro' Calaveras county, an' used ter make my headquarters et Angel's.

"'I used ter booze er lot in them days—more'n I do now, Doc—guess my hide wuz stretchier then, an' use' ter hold more. I wuz allus er leetle bit exciterble when I wuz drunk, an' everlastin'ly gittin' inter trouble—thet's how I fell in with Jim.

"'I happened ter be raisin' partickler h—l 'roun' town one night, an' drifted inter Ned Griffith's place. I'd bin thar lots o' times, an' ez everybody knowed me, an' I wuz purty pop'lar, I never hed no trouble till this night I'm tellin' ye erbout.

"'Et jest happened thet er crowd uv fellers hed come down frum Murphy's Camp ter hev er little fun on the'r own account, an' et wuz jes' my d—d luck ter run agin ther gang 'bout ther time they wuz beginnin' ter feel the'r oats purty lively, an' uv course I hed ter git inter er muss with 'em.

"'Ez I didn't hev no fren's in ther place et ther time, an' folks don't mix in other fellers' rows much in ther diggin's, I wuz buckin' agin er dead tough game. Ez luck 'd hev et, I happened ter git mixed up with ther toughest cuss in ther crowd—Three-fingered Jack, er feller whut'll ornyment er tree yit, see ef he don't!* I got my gun out, but ther d—d thing wuz outer fix, an' ef et hedn't bin, I wuz too bilin' drunk ter hit er cow et three paces.

"'Wall, Jack jes' played with me with his bowie, kinder carvin' me up on th' installment plan, ye know. He'd socked er few purty good sized holes inter my ole carkiss, an' wuz gittin' ready ter finish up ther job in good shape, when Jim

*And ornament the gallows-tree he did, several years later.—AUTHOR.

come in an' took er han' in ther game with his own little bowie.

"'I wuz too full er booze ter 'preciate ther show, but

"KINDER CARVIN' ME UP ON TH' INSTALLMENT PLAN."

they do say ez how Jim did er purty neat job. Jack got well arter er while, but he didn't act very sosherble with ther folks et Angel's enny more.

"'When I found out how Jim hed saved my life, y'u kin jes' bet I didn't lose no time er lookin' him up an' squarin' myself. I'd heerd er Jim afore, an' I knowed he wuz er gambler by perfession, but he played er game thet night, thet made er big winnin' fer yores trooly, an' I've jes' bin layin' fer er chance ter do him er good turn ever since. He may be er gambler, but he plays er squar' game—an' poker et thet—thet's why they calls him "Poker Jim." He's er gentleman born an' bred, thet's dead sart'in, an' he's got more eddication an' squar'ness than er hull lot er people whut never gambled in the'r lives. When Poker Jim makes er promise, et's kep'. Ef he shud borrer er thousand dollars uv me—an' he could hev et too, ef *I* hed et, y'u bet!—an' he should say, "Lookee hyar, Toppy, I'll give this back to yer, nex' Monday et five erclock, an' he wuzn't on han' with ther stuff, w'y, then I'd know thet suthin hed happened ter him. Poker Jim 'll keep enny promise thet he makes, ef he's erlive when ther time fer squar'in things comes.'

"'You have excellent reasons for your loyalty to your friend Jim,' I said. 'He certainly deserves your friendship and respect, no matter what his occupation may be. I have met him before, and under circumstances that proved him to be a truly noble character. But tell me, Toppy, how does it happen that you and Jim drifted so widely apart?'

"'Wall, ye see, Doc, 'twuz this way. Ther folks up et Angel's got so virtoous arter er while, thet gamblers wuz too rich fer 'em, an' they ordered all ther gams ter vamoose. Jim got ketched in ther round-up 'long with ther rest, an' hed ter git 'twixt ther light uv two days. He couldn't lick 'em all, less'n they'd come one et er time, so he jes' played git up an' git with t'other sports. He went ter 'Frisco, ter play fer higher stakes than Angel's Camp could put up, an' I come down hyar. Ye see, I wuzn't none too pop'lar, on ercount uv standin' up fer Jim, an' ez I don't gin'rally fergit ter say my say, I got inter er little argyment with one uv ther prom'nent cit'zens uv Angel's one day. I wuz sober on thet

erkasyun, an'—wall, I come down ter Jacksonville fer my health. I writ ter Jim ez soon ez I got hyar, an' told him whar I wuz, an' ez soon ez he got inter trouble he knowed whar ter find er fren' whut'll stan' by him ez long ez ther's er shot in ther locker—savvy?'

"'Well,' I said, 'Poker Jim will soon be able to take care of himself again, and I hope he will not experience any annoyance from his recent duelling experience. He certainly is possessed of great courage, and I should dislike to see his bravery get him into further trouble.'

"'Y'u kin jes' bet Jim's got sand! Y'u air all right on thet pint, Doc. Thar aint er braver man livin'. D'ye know whut I seed him do one night up ter Sonora? Wall, thar wuz eight uv us fellers went up thar to er fandango, an' Jim went erlong ter kinder give ther thing er little tone, ye know.

"'Mericans aint none too pop'lar with ther greasers, 'cept with the'r women folks, an' them fellers up et Sonora wuz jes' bilin', when they seed us come inter the'r ole fandango. When we got ter cuttin' 'em out with ther black-eyed senoritas, they wuz ugly 'nough ter slit our throats, an' et wuz jest our blind luck thet fin'lly kep' 'em frum doin' et.

"'Jim don't off'n drink enny licker, but he wuz feelin' purty good thet night, an' jes' spilin' fer er row with ther d—d greasers. Things wuz gittin' too slow fer him, so he takes er piece o' chalk, goes out inter ther middle uv ther hall an' draws er gre't big 'Merican eagle on ther floor. Then he pulled his gun an' called for some d—d greaser ter step on ther bird! We seed we wuz in fer et, an' gathered 'round him ready fer ther music ter begin. Each side wuz er waitin' fer t'other t' open the ball, when ther feller whut run ther hall hed ther lights blowed out. We grabbed Jim an' hustled him out, an' made him take leg bail 'long with ther rest uv us. He wanted ter go back, but we wouldn't hev et—ther game wuz jest er leetle too stiff fer us, y'u bet! Oh yes, Poker Jim is dead game!

"'An' now, Doc, I'm goin' ter tell yer suthin' on ther dead quiet. Jim's got er wife an' child down in 'Frisco. He married er little Spanish gal erbout two years ago, an' she wuz er bute, I kin tell ye! They've got er leetle baby 'bout

er year ole, an' Jim's ther proudes' feller y'u ever seed. Ez soon ez thet 'Frisco scrape is through with, he's goin' ter send fer his fam'ly, an' I'm goin' ter quit my cabin an' let Jim an' his folks hev et. My place is kinder outer ther way an' private like, an' thet'll jes' suit Jim.'

"'Well, Toppy,' I said, 'I am more interested in your friend than ever, and I hope that you may soon consummate your plans to domicile him and his family among us.'

"It was now almost daylight, and the voice of the devout Dave Smuggins could be heard ringing through the halls, and vibrating the very roof of the hotel, as he hoarsely shouted his pious appeal to the slumbering boarders.

"Toppy accompanied me to the hotel bar and joined in an 'eye-opener,' after which he bade me good morning and returned home, while I prepared to do full justice to Keyse's immortal flapjacks."

"As Toppy had planned, Poker Jim subsequently became a citizen of Jacksonville. Advices from San Francisco showed the excitement caused by the duel to be practically over after a few weeks, and, his wound having healed, my patient quietly installed himself among the sporting element of our population, resuming the occupation that had earned for him the *sobriquet* of 'Poker Jim.'

"The inhabitants of Jacksonville had often heard of the cool, quiet gentleman who had called down and cut up Three-Fingered Jack. Many of his new fellow townsmen knew him personally. No questions were asked therefore, when Poker Jim quietly and unostentatiously identified himself with our thriving town. Nor did our citizens become more inquisitive, when, a short time afterward, Jim's family arrived and took possession of his friend's cabin. A few curious looks were bestowed on Toppy, when it was learned that he had given up his cabin to the gambler and his family and had taken quarters at the Tuolumne House. Curiosity being discouraged in our little burg, however, and Toppy being inclined to keep his own counsel, there was no disposition to press matters to the point of disturbing his serenity.

"The same conservative tendency with which the townspeople regarded the arrangement between Toppy and his friend Jim, also protected the family of the latter from intrusion. Jim never alluded to his domestic affairs, and as Toppy did all of the necessary chores and errands for his friend's family, the personnel of the latter was entirely a matter of speculation.

"Despite the prejudice which even a mining town entertains against the professional gambler, however leniently his occupation may be regarded, Poker Jim became very popular. His squareness and undisputed courage, associated with his quiet, unobtrusive demeanor and the never-failing accuracy with which he handled his revolver, gained for him an esteem, which, if it was not respect, had about the same market value as that sentimental commodity.

"Jim's field of operations was necessarily such that I did not often come in contact with him. I had endeavored to cultivate him at first, but he seemed to be decidedly averse to continuing my acquaintance and even appeared to avoid me, much to my bewilderment. I often wondered why he should have conducted himself so strangely, and also, why his appearance and ways seemed so familiar. I sometimes wished I might have the opportunity of conversing with him, but he so persistently avoided me that I finally gave up all hope of ever learning more about him.

"Time passed quickly in Jacksonville, and in the pressure of work that was forced upon me by numerous cases of rheumatism and other effects of exposure during the stormy weather of the winter season, I found plenty to occupy my attention, hence I had heard very little of the affairs of our people at large, for some time. I was therefore quite surprised one evening to find that my fellow-citizens were in a state of rather pronounced excitement, and, incidentally, greatly concerned about the moral status of our community.

"It seemed that a wave of moral purification had been gradually passing through the mining region from one town and camp to another, and the fever of moral reaction had finally struck Jacksonville.

"At a more or less informal meeting held at the Tuolumne House, at which Tennessee Dick presided with more enthusiasm than knowledge of parliamentary laws, it was finally decided that the gambling element of Jacksonville was a superfluous and dangerous quantity in the body social, and must therefore be removed—and that quickly. With the gambling fraternity there was included in a sweepingly condemnatory resolution, certain other unwholesome elements in our primitive social system—of the feminine persuasion.

"It was noticeable that those of our citizens whose losses at the gaming table were largest and most recent, or whose morals in another direction were least worthy of commendation, were the noisiest champions of social reform. As is usually the case with meetings where the universal tendency is to pretend a virtue though one has it not, the party of reform—and noise—carried the day.

"The meeting was well-timed, for the only man who might have interposed an objection to the sweeping tone of the final resolution, was absent from town—Toppy had been in Stockton for several weeks. Poor fellow! He remained in blissful ignorance of the social revolution that menaced the safety of Poker Jim, until long after it was too late to defend his friend—in this world at least.

"Public opinion developed into concerted popular action very quickly in California mining towns, and by the following morning, due notice had been served on every individual who was in any way identified with the undesirable element of the population, to leave town within twenty-four hours.

"Most of the persons who were ordered to move on, had been in similar straits before, and were constantly on the *qui vive* of expectation of some such emergency. As practice makes perfect, and delay is not healthful after one has been told to leave a mining town for the good of its morals, the majority of the individuals who had been warned, took time by the forelock and decamped early. Indeed, by nightfall, everybody who had been given the ultimatum of the citizens, had departed—with one exception.

"It was nearly mid-night of the day of the exodus. A large party of our citizens was congregated in the bar-room of the Tuolumne House, discussing the important event that had so effectually cleared the moral atmosphere of our town. The subtle essence of sanctity apparently already pervaded our social fabric.

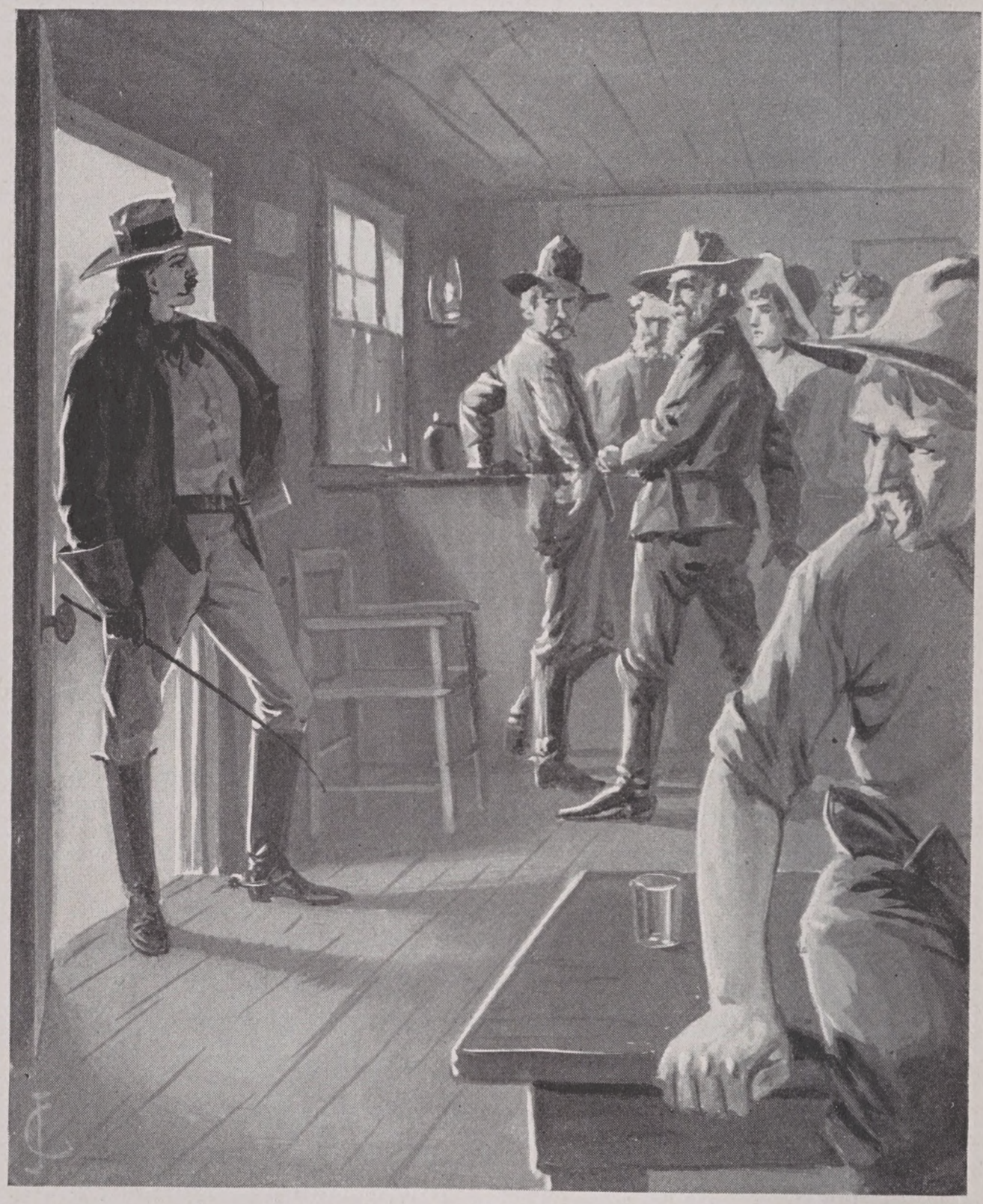
"Mutual congratulations had been in order for some time, and the resultant libations had considerably disturbed the equilibrium of the crowd; each man, however, realized that he was a thoroughly good fellow, and that everybody else present was pretty good. There was not a man in the crowd, who did not feel that he was a modern Hercules, jubilating after the successful accomplishment of a task beside which his ancient prototype's experience as chambermaid in the Augean Stables, was but a trifling thing indeed. Commingled with the self-congratulations of these moral reformers, were bloviating remarks expressive of the awful things the speakers would have done, had not the persons who had contaminated the very air of our moral little burg, opportunely left in good season after having received their *congé*.

"The proceedings of the extempore mutual-admiration-society-of-social-purists were at their height, and our citizens were fast becoming inflated to the superlative degree, when a step was heard on the hotel porch, the door opened, and there on the threshold, with a smile of mocking gravity upon his handsome face, stood—Poker Jim!

"He had evidently been riding hard, for his boots and clothing were covered with the red dust of the Tuolumne roads, and his long hair was in a condition of dusty confusion that was totally unlike his usual immaculateness.

"The sudden quiet that fell upon the noisy crowd was something phenomenal, and as a disinterested observer I was duly impressed by it. My fellow townsmen were not cowards, but they were now face to face with a quality of bravery which was more than mere physical indifference to danger. Poker Jim was a man whose presence conveyed the impression of great intellectual and moral power—and it was not without pronounced effect upon those rude miners.

"'Good evening, gentlemen,' said Jim, blandly, 'I hope I'm not intruding on this scene of festivity and rejoicing'—and he looked about him somewhat sarcastically. 'As you do



"THE DOOR OPENED, AND THERE STOOD POKER JIM."

not seem at all disturbed by my presence,' he continued, 'I conclude that my company is at least unobjectionable, and with your permission I will join your little party,' and Jim

strode up to the bar, his huge spurs clinking a merry defiance as he walked.

"'You see, gentlemen,' he continued, 'I have a very important engagement, which will temporarily necessitate my absence from town, and as I start in the morning, I thought I would drop in and bid my fellow citizens good bye. It will save you the trouble of sending a committee to see me off—I prefer that you should not give yourselves any trouble on my account. Should you, however, appoint a committee to escort me back to town again, I shall not object; indeed, I should feel obliged to you if you turned out *en masse* and greeted me with a brass band. And now, fellow townsmen, friends, and former patrons, have a parting drink with me. I see your hand but cannot call you.'

"Whether it was because liquor was just then *en règle*, the spontaneous revival of Jim's popularity, or his cool, sarcastic assurance, is open to question, but the crowd fell to with a will, and everybody, with one exception, drank with him. For the moment it seemed as though our citizens had forgotten that Jim was under the ban.

"Among the party who had been celebrating the reform movement of our enterprising town, was a fellow by the name of Jeff Hosking, a comparatively recent addition to our population, who hailed from Murphy's Camp. Whether Hosking had an old-time grudge to settle with Poker Jim, no one ever knew, but it was afterward rumored that a feud of long standing had existed between them.

"From whatever cause, however, the gentleman from Calaveras County remained conspicuously apart from his sociable companions, insolently shaking his head in refusal of Jim's proffered hospitality. To accentuate his discourtesy —for such conduct was considered the acme of rudeness in our little community—he smiled in a manner that was an unpleasant combination of superciliousness and contempt.

"The assembled company looked at Jeff in open-mouthed astonishment for a few seconds, but Jim affected not to notice the implied insult, much to the bewilderment of the rest of the party.

"The situation was, to say the least, embarrassing, and Dixie, with a pardonable desire to smooth things over, said—

"'Wall, Jeff, whut's ther matter, hev y'u lost yer appetite fer licker?'

"'No sirree, mister Dixie!' replied Hosking, 'but I aint drinkin' with gamblers jes' now, 'specially them thet aint on ther squar', an' some folks thet I knows of, haint improved much since they wuz chased outer Murphy's.'

"'Drink your liquor, gentlemen,' said Jim, quietly, 'and then we will investigate this very interesting affair.'

"The liquor having been disposed of, Jim lounged leisurely toward his insulter, looked him steadily in the eye for a moment and then said—

"'And some people's manners have not greatly improved since *they* left Murphy's. As for my squareness, that's a matter for argument, but one which you are hardly competent to pass an opinion upon, unless you have changed greatly in the last few years. Now, Mr. Hosking, I'm going to tell you something that may interest you.

"'At nine o'clock this morning, I was notified to change my location within twenty-four hours. I propose to get away from town as quietly and pleasantly as possible. Let me inform you, however, that until nine o'clock sharp to-morrow morning, I am a citizen of Jacksonville, and shall stand for my rights and self-respect accordingly.'

"Emboldened by Jim's apparent indisposition to begin a row, and, like all bullies, mistaking hesitancy for cowardice, Hosking replied—

"'Y'u make er mighty purty speech, mister man, but y'u aint on ther squar' jes' the same, an' I—'

"We never knew what Hosking was going to say—his mouth was slapped so quickly that his intentions became a matter for conjecture.

"It was impossible to see exactly what happened next—the two men sprang at each other so fiercely. There was a short, sharp struggle, a shot from Hosking's revolver, that sped harmlessly over the heads of the crowd, lodging in the wall, and Jim, bowie in hand, was bounding toward the open door, leaving his insulter lying upon the floor with a clean cut

in his chest through which his life was ebbing away as fast as the escaping blood could carry it!

"As Jim ran, some one in the crowd fired a shot after him! Everybody rushed to the door, but Jim was in the saddle and away, amid a shower of pistol balls, which, much to my relief, apparently flew wild of their mark!

"I was so interested in the safety of the fugitive that I forgot poor Jeff, and, with a pang of remorse, I hastened back to his side, only to find that Poker Jim's work had been too skillful for any surgeon to undo—the man was dead!"

"With the killing of Hosking, well deserved though it may have been, Poker Jim's popularity was a thing of the past. While under the ban of public sentiment, he had killed a reputable citizen of Jacksonville in a quarrel—he was now an outlaw, upon whose head a price was set.

"But he was not to be caught.

"No one supposed that Jim would be mad enough to venture near his cabin, even to see his wife and child, yet the citizens set a watch over the place as a matter of ordinary precaution, and for the purpose of learning her destination whenever his wife should undertake to follow and join her husband. I, meanwhile, saw that Jim's family wanted for nothing, a duty in which the sentiment of the town duly supported me, for, rude as they were, our people were tender-hearted to a fault. With uncouth yet delicate discernment, the boys kept away from the little cabin, hence no visitor but myself ever crossed the threshold.

"Toppy's description of Jim's wife had not been overdrawn—she was indeed beautiful, and as charming a woman as I have ever met. She was plucky too—she was apparently not at all uneasy about her husband, and seemed to have perfect confidence in his ability to take care of himself. The child, a little boy, resembled his father, and was such a sweet, pretty little thing that I fell quite in love with him. The little one in some vague manner recalled a little curly-headed boy baby that I used to tote about when I was a lad, and whom I thought the cutest little brother that a boy ever had. I resolved that Jim's family should not want a friend as long as I

could care for them. Toppy's loyalty I well knew, and I was therefore sure of being ably seconded on his return from Stockton.

"But our towns-people were soon to have more important matters to think about, than the capture of Poker Jim."

"The latter part of the winter of 1860, and the early spring of 1861, will never be forgotten by the inhabitants of the Tuolumne valley—I certainly have reason to remember it as long as I may live.

"As I have already intimated, the spring freshets of the California valleys were a matter of yearly experience. The inhabitants had become accustomed to them and had usually been able to escape serious disaster, but they had not yet realized what the elements could do at their worst.

"The winter had been a hard one, there had been an excessive rainfall, and reports from the mountain towns showed a greater amount of snow than had ever before been experienced in that region. When the mountain snows began to melt therefore, and the terrific storms characteristic of the breaking up of the winter season came on, a volume of water began pouring down into the valleys, which was as alarming as it was unprecedented.

"We had heard vague rumors of serious trouble in the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and as the Tuolumne had risen to a point hitherto unheard of, the oldest settlers became somewhat uneasy.

"Fearing lest the Tuolumne—which was fast becoming a raging torrent—might eventually become impassable, I saw that 'Mrs. Jim,' as I used to call her, was well supplied with necessaries. I knew that the water rise would be of but short duration—for so tradition had it—hence I was not uneasy about my interesting charges.

"The river had finally risen to a point nearly two feet beyond the highest water mark ever known; it then began to subside and we felt much easier—the end was apparently in sight. But we deceived ourselves most thoroughly.

"The people of Jacksonville, congratulating themselves on the beginning of the end of the greatest freshet ever

known, retired one night to sleep in fancied security, only to be rudely awakened early the following morning by the surging of the water of the Tuolumne against the very beds on which they slept. The river was seeking its revenge—a revenge that was soon to be fully accomplished.

"Within twenty-four hours there was but one safe point in the entire town—the high ground upon which stood the Tuolumne House. Practically every other building in town was washed away. One sturdy miner upon whom fortune had smiled, had built himself a pretty little cottage, which he determined to save. He passed a cable through a door and window at the corner of the house, and guyed it to a huge tree upon a hill opposite. The cottage swung about at the end of the rope until the waters subsided, when the triumphant miner anchored it in a new location, this time on higher ground—the original site of his home having gently slipped into the river. But Nelson was an exception; his brother miners were not so fortunate.

"The hotel was overflowing, and tents were at a premium. Mining was a forgotten industry. The chief occupation of the citizens was counting noses to see who was missing, and fishing up such articles of value as they could, from amid the debris of the flood. For entertainment, they counted the buildings and studied the wreckage that the waters brought down from the towns and camps higher up the valley. An occasional corpse was seen floating along among the flotsam and jetsam carried past by the raging river—a ghastly reminder of the seriousness of the situation.

"Almost directly opposite the Tuolumne House was a dam in the river. There were times during the dry season when the Tuolumne was so low that one could walk across it *via* the dam. Now, however, it was a small Niagara. It was interesting, as well as harrowing, to watch the destruction of the buildings as they toppled over the brink and were broken up. Occasionally a house, larger than the rest, would lodge at the dam for some time before going over. At one point quite a mass of debris had collected and bade fair to remain indefinitely blocked up against a projecting part of the dam.

"Just beyond the farther end of the dam I could see Toppy's little cabin, gleaming white and clearly cut against the dark green background of the hillside whereon it stood, far out of the way of all possible danger from the rising waters.

"A group of our citizens was standing on safe ground near the hotel, quietly discussing the apparently hopeless misery and total destruction that had befallen our industrious little town, when our attention was attracted by a house, larger than any we had yet seen, which came drifting rapidly down the middle of the stream in full view.

"As the house came nearer, Dixie called out—

"'By G—, boys! thar's a man in ther winder!'

"And so there was, and a badly frightened one at that! As he came well within sight, he could be seen waving a garment of some kind in wild and emphatic signals of distress. His voice could soon be heard, calling for assistance in a series of wild yells that would have done credit to an Indian war-dance.

"There was great excitement among my fellow citizens for a few moments, and groans of despair at our inability to rescue the stranger were plentiful, when suddenly some one in the crowd yelled--

"'It's er d—d Chinaman, ez sure ez shootin'!

"And so it proved to be.--

"I trust that the philanthropy of my fellow townsmen will not be underestimated, if I frankly state that an unmistakable sigh of relief went up from the crowd when it was discovered that the poor devil whose fate it had just been bewailing, was a despised Mongolian.

"The nationality of the hapless passenger in the floating house and the hopelessness of an attempt at rescue, even had our citizens been so disposed, served to silence the spectators of the Chinaman's fate. In justice to my old friends, I will state that I have never doubted that an effort to save the hapless Mongolian would have been made, had any means of rescue been at hand. Not a boat was left in town, and even had there been a hundred at our disposal, it looked like certain death to attempt to traverse the terrific torrent that confronted us.

"The Chinaman was clearly doomed, and the end was only a question of minutes, a fact which the poor fellow himself appreciated even more keenly than we did, as was shown by the renewed vigor of his frantic cries for assistance, as he caught sight of the dam that his strange craft was so rapidly nearing.

"But, as Big Brown was wont to say, 'nobody hez sich good luck ez er fool, 'ceptin' er d—d Chinaman.' The house in which the luckless voyager was making his unwilling and terrible journey, caught upon the debris that had accumulated near the center of the dam! Here it remained poised for an instant, almost upon the very verge of destruction, then swinging squarely about in the swiftly-rushing current, it lodged broad-side to, in such a manner that it came to a full stop and remained motionless.

"The unfortunate Chinaman now redoubled his pitiful cries for assistance, and the crowd, in silent awe, awaited the giving way of the temporary obstruction and the inevitable destruction of the house and its unhappy tenant.

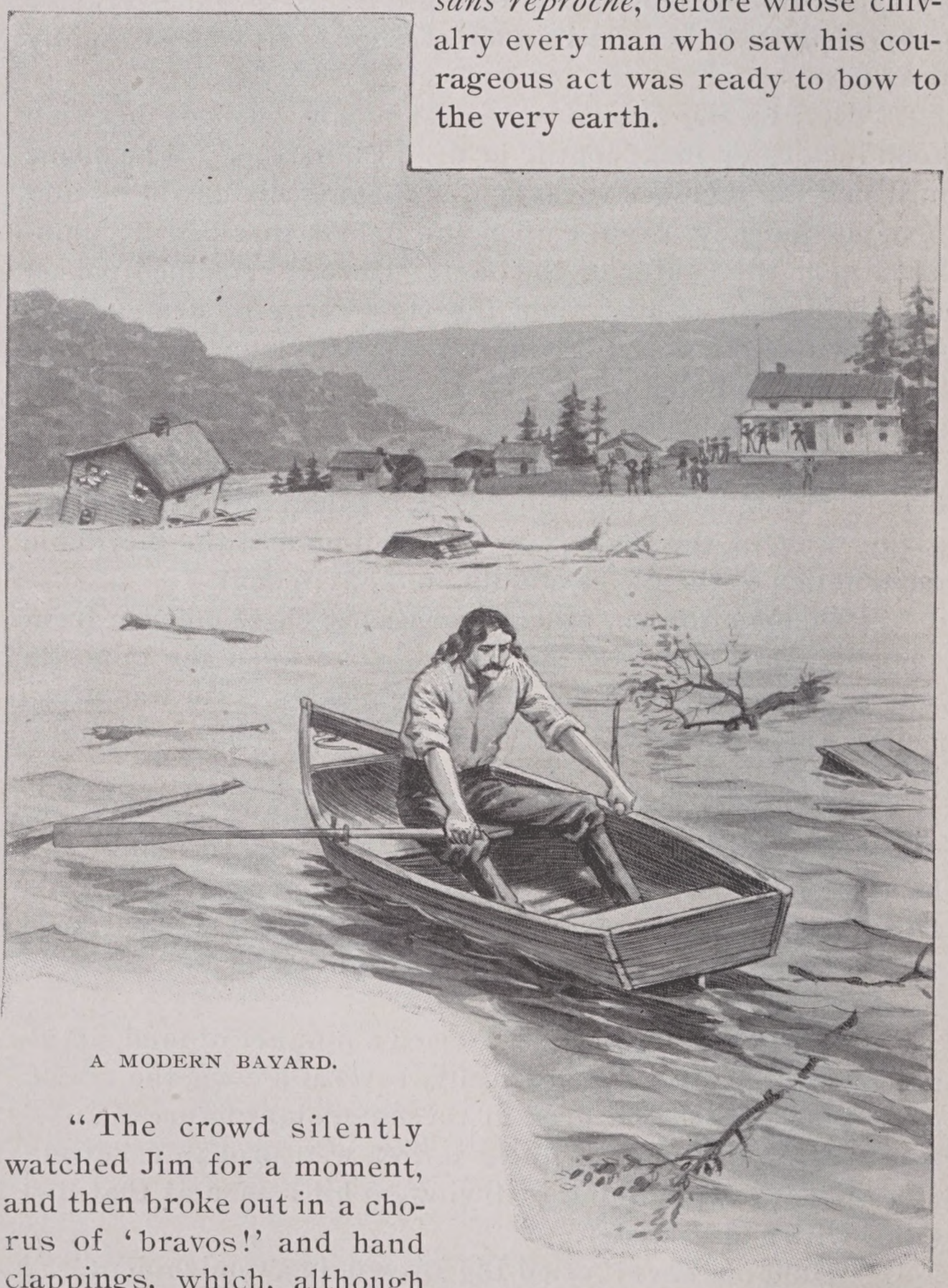
"A moment later, and a man was seen to emerge from some scrub pines near the water's edge upon the opposite side of the river, just below Toppy's cabin. He was dragging a small boat, that had evidently been concealed among the trees.

"The man pushed his little craft into the swiftly-running water, sprang in, and pulled boldly away from the bank! As he did so, he stood upright for a moment and turned his features squarely towards us. Even at that distance, there was no mistaking that magnificent physique and fearless bearing!

"'It's Poker Jim, by G—!' cried a number of men simultaneously. Almost automatically, several among the crowd drew their pistols and fired at the far-distant figure—a useless feat of bravery, as their target was probably beyond rifle-shot, to say nothing of trying to hit a man at that distance with a six-shooter.

"'Hold on, boys!' cried Big Brown, in astonishment, 'Ef he aint goin' arter thet d—d Chinee I'll eat my hat! Wall, I'll be kerflummuxed! ef thet don't beat h—l!'

"Now, if there was anything the early settlers of the diggings worshipped, it was reckless, fool-hardy bravery. From that moment Jim was a hero, a Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, before whose chivalry every man who saw his courageous act was ready to bow to the very earth.



A MODERN BAYARD.

"The crowd silently watched Jim for a moment, and then broke out in a chorus of 'bravos!' and hand clappings, which, although they impressed the object of their admiration not at all—even if he noticed them, which is doubtful—expressed in

unmistakable language a change in the sentiment of our towns-people toward him whom they had so recently outlawed.

"The first burst of applause over with, we watched the hero in almost breathless anxiety, as he skillfully directed his little boat toward the house, the Chinaman meanwhile having stopped his yelling, in anticipation of the approach of his rescuer.

"Whether Jim had intended to bring up against the side of the house that lay up-stream, as seemed wisest, would be difficult to say; if such was his intention however, he certainly miscalculated, for his boat disappeared behind the end of the house which was farthest away from us.

"The rest of the tragedy we could not see, for we had hardly lost sight of Jim, before the obstructing debris gave way and the house shot over the dam, sweeping everything before it!

"So died a hero!

"A searching party went out a short time afterward, and, at great risk, found and secured the body of Poker Jim, battered and bruised, but still classically handsome and debonair, even in death. As the boys were sorrowfully returning to town with the body of the man whom a few hours before they had tried to kill, they spied upon a mass of wreckage that had lodged in a partially submerged tree-top a few feet from shore, a badly frightened but still yelling individual, at the sight of whom Big Brown almost collapsed—

"It was the Chinaman!"

"Early the next morning, a *cortège* composed of every citizen who was able to walk, climbed slowly and sorrowfully up the road leading to the little cemetery, just back of town. At the head of the solemn procession were six stout miners, hat in hand, bearing upon a rude stretcher the body of Poker Jim. Just behind the body another party was carrying a rough coffin, composed of pieces of wreckage, hastily thrown together.

"By no means the least sorrowful feature of the funeral was the fact that we had no means of communication with the dead man's wife, nor did we indeed, even know whether she had witnessed his death or not.

"The cemetery reached, and the body having been laid in the clumsy coffin that was placed beside the grave which the kind-hearted miners had already dug, there was an embarrassing pause—

"I had been asked to say a few words, in lieu of a clergyman, and had agreed to do so, upon the condition that some one else be selected to say something in behalf of the mining population proper. Dixie was the man who was selected to co-operate with me, but was evidently waiting for me to give him his cue, so I opened the service as well as I could.

"For some unaccountable reason I could hardly find voice to say a word. I finally, however, managed to give a brief eulogy of the dead man, revolving chiefly around the incident that happened in the San Francisco gambling-house on the occasion when I met Jim for the first time. My remarks were received with a running fire of muttered eulogies of the deceased hero, which were as sincere as they were inelegant.

"Dixie now mustered up the necessary courage, mounted a stump and began:

"'Feller citizens, we air hyar ter do a solemn dooty. One uv our mos' prom'nent an' respected citizens is lyin' hyar dead, an' we, ez his fren's, air hyar ter give him er good send-off. Poker Jim hez passed in his checks; he hez cashed in fer ther las' time, an' ther aint nobody hyar whut'll say thet his las' deal wuzn't er squar' one. Sum mout say ez how Jim wuz er d—d fool, ter play sich er dead-open-an'-shet game, with er d—d wuthless Chinaman fer stakes, but, my feller citizens, Jim cut ther cards on ther squar', an' he died ez squar' ez enny man thet ever stepped in shoe-leather.

"'An' Jim died game, an' with his boots on. He wuzn't no white-livered coyote, Jim wuzn't. Ef thar wuz enny yaller streaks in him, w'y, nobody ever knowed it. He wuz er sandy man frum way up ther creek, y'u bet!

"'I wisht we knowed whut Jim's States' name wuz, but thar aint nobody hyar ter tell us, an' ez we hev allus knowed

him ez Poker Jim, w'y, thet's ther name we'll bury him by. It wuz good 'nuff fer him livin', an' it's good 'nuff fer us, now thet he's dead.

"'I aint no speechifier, ez y'u all know, an' Doc, hyar, hez done ther hansum by Jim in thet line, so I aint goin' ter spoil er good thing, but I'm jes' goin' ter say one thing, an' say et plain. We all made er mistake on ther deceased. He mout hev been er gambler—I don't say he wuzn't—but, my fren's, Poker Jim wuz er gentleman, an' he died like one, d—d ef he didn't!'"

"'Within a few days the flood had subsided sufficiently to warrant an attempt at crossing the river. Having succeeded in procuring a large boat from one of the neighboring river towns, a party of us went over to Toppy's cabin in quest of Jim's family.

"There had been no sign of life about the place since the day of Jim's death, hence I was not surprised to find the cabin empty. Not a trace of the dead man's wife and child could be found! Nor were they ever heard of again. Whether the poor little woman had witnessed the disaster that made her a widow, and the raging Tuolumne had received the sorrowing, despairing, desperate mother and her innocent child, we never knew. I have always entertained a vague hope that Jim had already conveyed them to a place of safety when he met his death.

"As our party was searching about the cabin for clews to the disappearance of Jim's family, Big Brown found upon a shelf in the little cupboard where Toppy's rather primitive supply of dishes was kept, a letter, carefully sealed, and addressed to me. He handed me the letter, and I fancied his voice trembled a little as he said—

"'Wall, Doc, Jim never fergot his fren's. I don't know whut Toppy 'll say when he gits back ter town.'

"'Poor Toppy!' I said, 'It will grieve him sorely, when he learns that the gallant Jim is gone forever.'

"A few days later, a white head-board, rather more pretentious than was the prevailing fashion in Jacksonville, was

erected at Jim's grave. I was consulted regarding an epitaph, but could find no fault with the rudely carved inscription suggested by Dixie—

'HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
POKER JIM—GENTLEMAN.'"

The doctor removed his spectacles, and, as he wiped them upon his handkerchief, I fancied that his eyes were suspiciously humid.—

"But what about the letter that was found in Toppy's cabin?" I asked. "It was, of course, written by Poker Jim.—Did he reveal his real name?"

"My boy," said the doctor softly, "the letter was signed, 'James Weymouth.'"

"Then Poker Jim was—?"

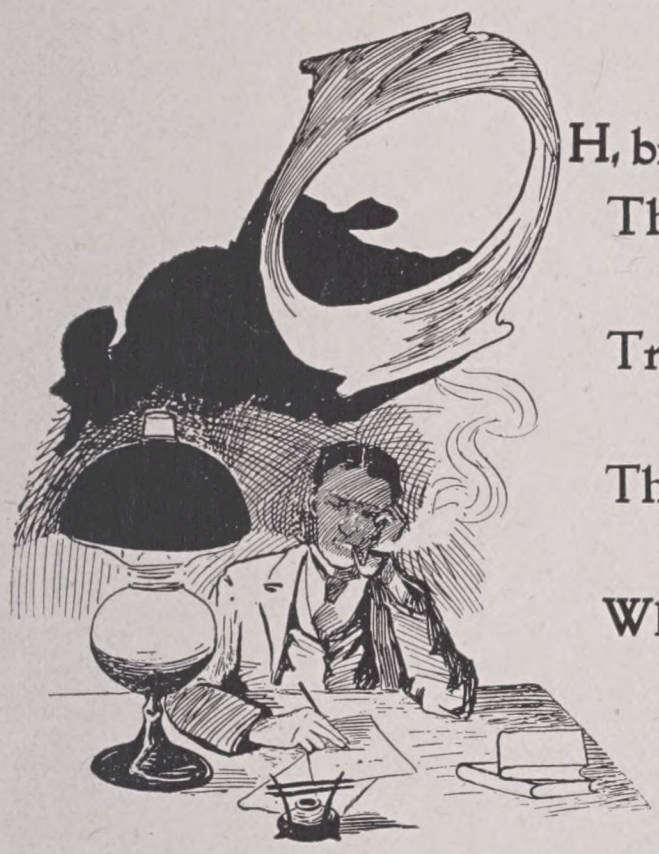
"Little Jim!"

"Well, young man, examination time is approaching, and it will not do to keep you from your much needed rest in this outrageous fashion.

"Good night, lad, good night."

THE PASSING OF MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

I.



H, brother of the lamp and pen—
Thou who canst not say of fame, "'Tis won!"
True happiness is ever thine, and when
Thy work before thee lies—well done,
What more, oh faithful one, couldst ask the world
To do for thee, than leave to read thine own?
Thy creations to thine eye unfurled
Are fair, tho' hard and cold as heartless stone,
The critic—with lip all sneering curled
In proud and calm disdain of thee, oh slave!
He'll hear thee not, till thou art in thy grave!
So, brother, read thine own, and laugh, and joke,
And veil ambition in this fragrant smoke.

"MAY I INQUIAH WHERE THAT D——D GREASAH IS?"

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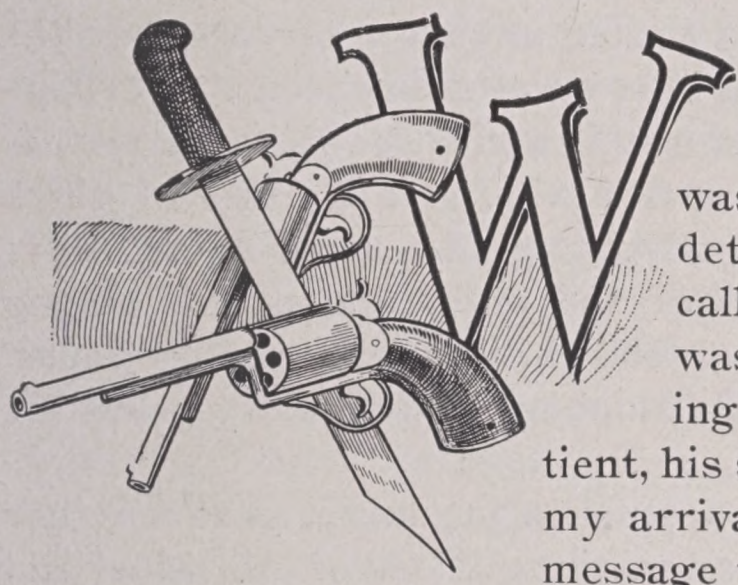


WHEN I arrived at Doctor Weymouth's house, he was at dinner. He had been detained quite late by his calls, and, as he expressed it, was now assiduously attending to his most exacting patient, his stomach. Pete announced my arrival, and returned with the message that his master wished to see me in the dining-room. I found the doctor eating his repast in solitude.

"Ah! good evening, sir," he said, "I am more than glad to see you. Mrs. Weymouth went to a ladies' reception this afternoon and has not yet returned, consequently, I was beginning to be a bit lonesome. Will you not join me?—I have but just commenced my dinner."

"I thank you, doctor," I replied, "but I have just arisen from the table myself, and could not possibly do your hospitable board full justice."

"Oh,well," said the doctor, "you will at least partake of a cup of coffee—there's always room for that, you know. Besides, I want you to keep me company for my digestion's sake. And, by the way, I haven't had time to glance at the evening paper yet—would you mind looking it over and reading anything that seems interesting?"

"Why, I should be glad to do so, sir," I replied.

After scanning the headlines for a moment,I turned to the editorial page and said, "Well, doctor, I don't see much

in the news columns that I would consider interesting, but here are several editorials which seem rather suggestive."

"Ah, indeed!" said my friend. "Pray read them."

I then began reading an article on the suicide problem, in which the suicide was stigmatized in unmeasured terms as a coward. Doctor Weymouth interrupted me with—

"That is enough of that, my boy. The editor is singing the same old song upon a subject he knows very little about. I presume there are some persons who commit suicide because they had rather face future unknown terrors than the tangible and more realistic horrors of the present. Perhaps such persons are cowards, but I cannot see it, for, after all, they simply choose between two evils, to face either of which requires bravery. Again, admitting that many suicides are cowards, they are not *all* of the unfortunates, for among them will be found lunatics, fools, heroes and—philosophers. You smile at the word 'philosophers,' but history bears me out.

"There is a serious question in my mind, as to whether some cases of suicide are not manifestations of individual and personal right that are perfectly just, fair and logical. I protest against any law, civil or religious, that says to the incurable sufferer whose agonies are not to be alleviated by human skill, 'Thou shalt not go out, and if thou dost, thou shalt be forever damned.' We are not very kind to incurable, suffering humanity—shall it not be kind to itself if it so elects?—Shall it not have the privilege of choosing the lesser evil?—Shall man not say, when in hopeless agony, 'I can and will sleep?'—Did not Epictetus—wise old philosopher—say, 'The door is open?'—And who shall gainsay our individual right to pass out?"

"Well, my dear doctor, I confess that I have never looked at it in that way, you know the divine command was—"

"Pish! tush! There you go, in the same old rut! The scriptures contain many so-called 'divine commands' that everybody knows were cruel and which are very much out of date. Is it not possible that our views of the suicide question also require modification? Why, it is really a pity that there could not be a public chloroforming committee, to relieve some

people of their agonies. Wait, my lad, until you have seen as much human suffering as I have, and you will realize that we are kinder to the brute creation than to humanity.

"But what of the suicide clubs?" I asked.

"Pah! Such people make me sick!" said the doctor, contemptuously. "The idiots who constitute their membership ought to be put in the care of some asylum for the feeble-minded."

"An absurd feature of such editorials as the one you have just read," continued the doctor, "is the fact that the newspapers themselves are responsible for a large proportion of suicides. Certain individuals receive the suggestion that impels them to the act, and learn various methods of its performance, by reading the blood-curdling, sensational accounts of suicides in the daily press. The same is true of various forms of vice and crime. Of course, the public is ultimately responsible, for the newspapers are in duty bound to give it what it demands."

"Hallo!" I said, "here is a comment on that bungling execution that occurred in St. Louis the other day."

"Read it," said the doctor.

"Just as I thought," said he, when I had finished. "The editor grows maudlin over the bungle that was made, but says not one word against the system. Just think of it, boy—that man was fumbled about for over forty minutes, before they succeeded in getting the old noose off and a new one on! Forty minutes of agony—and then the legalized thugs strung their victim up again! Ye gods! And this is the end of the nineteenth century! Must we always follow the Mosaic law? If we must, for heaven's sake let's do it under chloroform!

"Why do I object to capital punishment? Well, sir, even when properly performed, it is a relic of barbarism—it is a blot upon modern civilization. It necessitates the taking of human life by somebody, and whether this be done legally or not, it is enough to horrify intelligent humanity. It brutalizes society, and lessens, rather than increases, respect for human life. It has been a signal failure as a deterrent of crime—as have all methods of 'punishment.' This is shown by the fact that crime is alarmingly on the increase. The

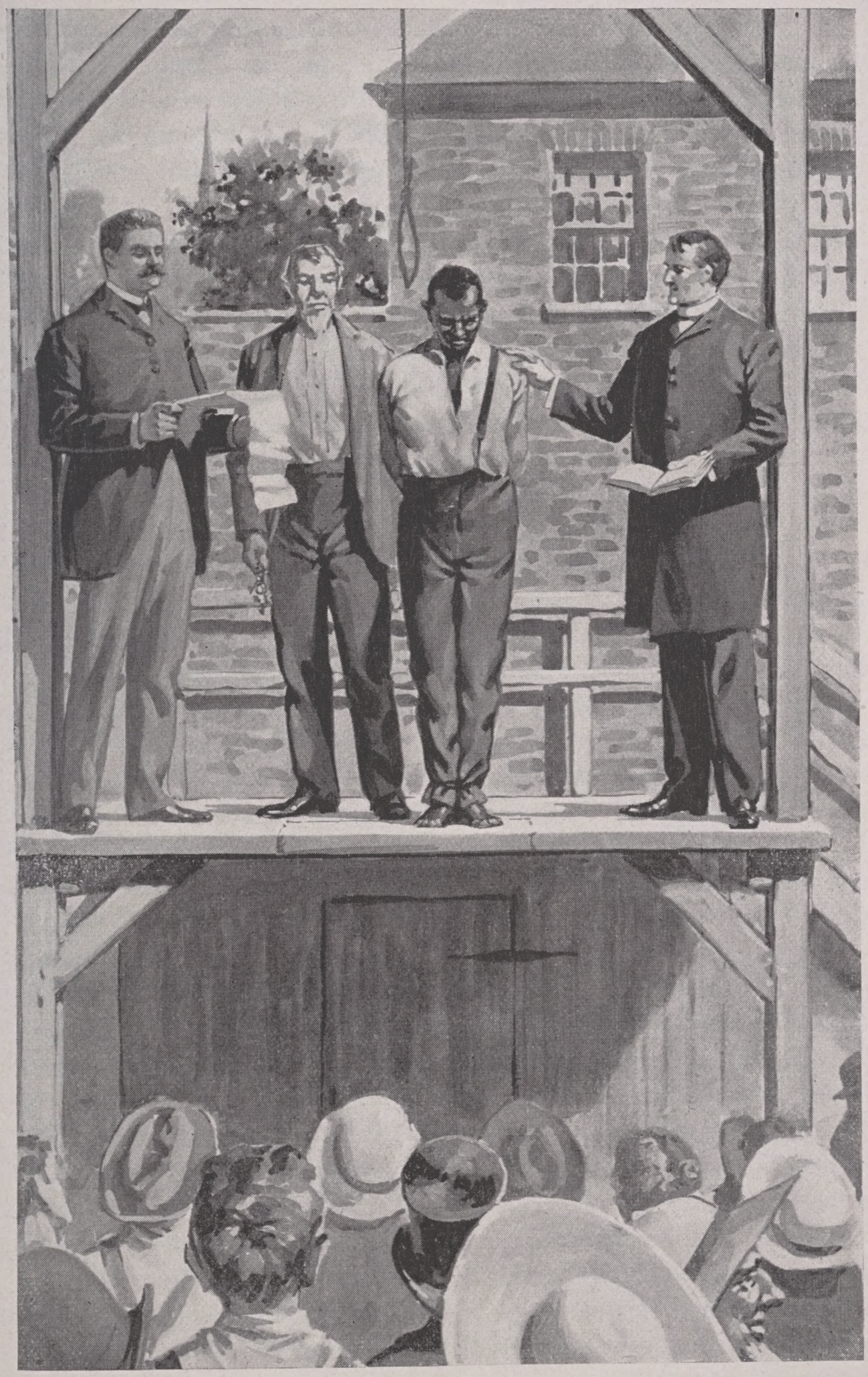
proportion of murders has not decreased in social systems in which capital punishment prevails, nor has it increased where executions have been abolished; on the contrary, the latter have made a very favorable showing. Last, but not least, capital punishment does not punish—it is followed by forgetfulness, especially by the one who is supposed to be most impressed by it.

"The best criticism that was ever passed on capital punishment, was fathered by my friend, Opie Read, in his 'Arkansas Hanging.' The darky who described the execution said —'Dey done led dat man up dar on dat flatform, dey did, jes' like he wuz some po' ole dawg, dat dey wuz gwine fo' ter kill cayse he done got too ole. An' den Marse Sheriff done read er gre't long paper ter dat man! Now, Marse John, whut de debb'l did dey want ter read dat paper ter dat man fo'? W'y, sah, dey gwine kill dat man—he wouldn't know nuffin 'bout dat termorrer!'

"Was not that the light of a simple-minded philosophy thrown on a dark subject? That poor negro, like some children, was more philosophical than his betters. Well, it will not do at present to go any farther into that particular phase of a subject which has been of life-long interest to me.—

"Speaking of the crime question in general, there is one fact you must not overlook: Society makes its own criminals; they are the refuse of the social body. Society takes illogical methods for correcting its evil works, however. What chance does the waif of the streets have to become a respectable citizen? None, sir, none! You look skeptical, my lad—I suppose you think me a crank, to thus criticise our social system.

"My self-complacent young friend, did you ever explore our American London—New York City? Do you know anything from personal observation of 'Darkest America,' as it exists in all our large cities?—I take it for granted that you will answer in the negative, and without further parley will proceed to act as your guide, and, mentally at least, depict for you a scene that comes back to me, all too vividly, as I saw it one summer night many years ago.—



A TASK FOR THE MEMORY.

"We take a Battery-bound car, and leaving the brilliantly lighted thoroughfares and palatial mansions of upper-tendom far behind us, we roll along into 'Old New York.' We finally alight in a portion of 'Lower New York' to which, out of respect to the mathematical genius of the old Knickerbockers who platted it, is applied the euphonious sobriquet of 'Tangle-town.' Turning due east, or attempting to do so as nearly as may be, we thread the bewildering maze of gloomy streets until we are in the midst of a district known by the still more graceful and characteristic title of 'Hell-town.' Here, the haunts of depravity and disease are found in their highest state of cultivation—here is the soil in which the gardeners of vice force to quick and full development the upas trees of immorality, disease and crime.

"We turn into a narrow thoroughfare that seems livelier and more brilliantly lighted than its fellows. It is hardly a lane; it is certainly a burlesque on a street, and would disparage the fair fame of an alley. If Whitechapel has worse thoroughfares, it needed no Jack the Ripper to make it notorious. Murder most foul could scarcely accentuate its malodorous qualities.

"Look at the character of the buildings—low, tumble-down and dilapidated, most of them, yet they rent well, and in some instances bring in a princely revenue to their not over-scrupulous owners—who, be it remarked, dwell in more fashionable localities.

"On the first floor of the one on the right, is a cheap grocery with a bar in the rear, where liquid murder, concentrated insanity and the quintessence of crime and disease are retailed at prices that would bankrupt a dealer in fusel oil. This description will fit half the buildings on the street. Every other rum-shop is a cheap variety and dance hall, from which a flood of discordant and harshly vibrating 'music'—save the mark—is ever pouring forth and mingling with the ruder yet more tolerable sounds of the streets. Now and again a bloated, bleary and besotted wretch—male or female, staggers forth from these dens of vice, and is lost to view among the motley denizens of the quarter, who have crowded upon the street this warm summer evening, in the delusive

hope of getting a breath of air—something that is denied them in the miserable tenements of iniquity I have described.

"How they swarm, and how dirty they are! Look at the faces in that group at the corner of the alley!—Stay, one of the worst of the lot is approaching us! Not a comforting observation, truly.—Just as we are considering the advisability of giving 'leg bail,' the tough calls out, 'Hello, Doc!' As I gaze at him, bewildered, he says—'Don't ye remember Bill Harper, who was doin' time at the Island and was orderly in the hospital?' The recognition of a grateful patient—chiefly found in prisons, by the way, and rarely seen running at large or in great numbers—makes me feel much better. In fact, I have rarely been more pleased at finding a friend in need. To my great satisfaction, Bill offers to help us 'do the street,' and, under his guidance and protection—for he seems to be a king in this environment—we not only do the street, but see more of the slums than we might have seen in all our natural lives under any other leadership.

"'It's better to go with me,' he said, 'there's nary a copper down here; they say there's chills and fever hereabouts, and I reckon it *is* unhealthy—for coppers.'

"And what sights we see!—Dirty, unkempt and brutal masculinity—slatternly women, with here and there a pitiful attempt at finery and gewgaws, that herald all too plainly the calling of the wearer, though a sign is unnecessary where open solicitation is fashionable.

"Sitting on the curbstone, or playing about in the gutters, are filthy children, looking more like gnomes of the hills than infants—if, indeed, filth and squalor can be so picturesque. The sight of these woe-begone little creatures, toddling, swearing and fighting about among the feet of their disreputable elders—these children of all ages, both sexes, and varying degrees of misery, is a lesson that moralistic cranks and alleged reformers might do well to study. Dirty, vile, and prematurely aged, exposed to both the contagion and example of immorality, these children may well be pitied. Some one has said that the children of the very poor and miserable are never young—that they are born old—lo! also, such as these are never innocent.—

"How the denizens of this hell-hole reek, and swarm, and how vile they are! Look at the faces of that group on yonder corner!—Is it necessary to call attention to the moral turpitude and brutish cunning depicted in those faces?—If facial expression goes for anything, robbery is a duty, and murder a pastime with these people—whenever the hope of reward is

WHERE "THE CHILDREN OF ISHMAEL" ARE BRED.

in any degree commensurate with the danger incurred. What wonder, for is not this district a breeder of, and a school for criminals, both in one?

"Here and there, along the lane of abominations, the gilded balls of the pawn shop indicate the 'fence'—a *sine qua non* in this locality. Passing in and out of these accessories of crime may be seen a few poor devils who are bartering for the price of a gill or two of rum, the spoils they have risked their lives and liberty to obtain.

"Standing out in bold relief from the sombre shade of the adjoining buildings, may be seen several more pretentious structures, painted in a sarcastic symphony of white, with those everlasting green blinds—so peculiarly and suggestively ajar. Alas! for the wrongs of white paint! Their cleanly exterior is no criterion of their tenants, for here dwell the lowest grade of the unclean harpies of the great metropolis. Poor unfortunate breeders of disease and vice! Who shall judge thee? As Booth so appropriately says—'How many there are, who would have been very different had their surroundings been otherwise.'

"Charles Kingsley puts this very bluntly when he makes the Poacher's widow say, in addressing the Bad 'Squire—who drew back—

"'Our daughters, with base-born babies, have wandered away in their shame—

"'If your misses had slept, 'Squire, where ours did, they might have done the same.'

"Placed in the same or similar circumstances, how many of us would have turned out better than this poor, lapsed, sunken multitude?

"Here is the key-note to the situation: Criminals and moral lepers are born in this atmosphere of moral and physical rottenness. Here are bred moral and physical typhus, here arises the social miasm, the poisonous effluvium that taints both blood and morals.

"Not very alarming is this atmosphere, however, to yon crowd of maudlin sailors. Yet, even *they* recognize its physical dangers, for how many times does the solitary sailor come ashore for a 'lark,' and never again answer the boatswain's pipe at muster call. They know full well the safety of larking in squads—in this locality at least.

"Here is the fountain-head of the river of crime and vice. Here is the source of that slimy ooze that the preacher and moralist rarely penetrates. Here is the field in which Gen. Booth, the erstwhile 'crank,' has made himself undying fame as a philosophical moralist, to the everlasting shame of some of the fashionable temples of our grand avenues.

"Misery, poverty, idleness, drunkenness and disease—these are the grandly offensive pillars that support and make necessary our reformatory system, yet receive no attention from it.

"Is punishment the remedy for these things? Has society the right to permit the existence of such a social cesspool, and tax honest and industrious people to stamp out its results? Ah, me! What of the logic and philosophy of those who believe that such conditions are to be combatted by stamping out their effects? This is treating the sick man for his fever but forgetting to wash out some infecting sore, which, though covered from sight, ever breeds a new and varied supply of putrescence to poison his blood.

"In spite of all the well-meant but misdirected efforts of the churches, and the blatant pretensions of a certain class of noisy 'reformers,' there is a constant and endless stream of thieves, murderers, drunkards, prostitutes, beggars, lunatics and hospital patients, issuing from such recruiting stations as Hell Town. And there are many of these holes of disease and vice. Hell Town is but a type of what may be found in every great metropolis. And in the land of the great unknowable, the spiritual and moralistic quack shall see an endless procession of miserable and hollow-eyed wraiths, pointing toward him with accusing and ghastly fingers and saying: 'Thou couldst not cure our souls, because thou hadst forgotten our bodies. Shame upon thee, thou canting hypocrite, thou imbecile in philosophy, thou child in logic!—And the curse of our children and of our children's children be upon thee and thine forever!'

"But the hour is late, so we bid good-bye to our ex-convict guide, and wend our weary way homeward.

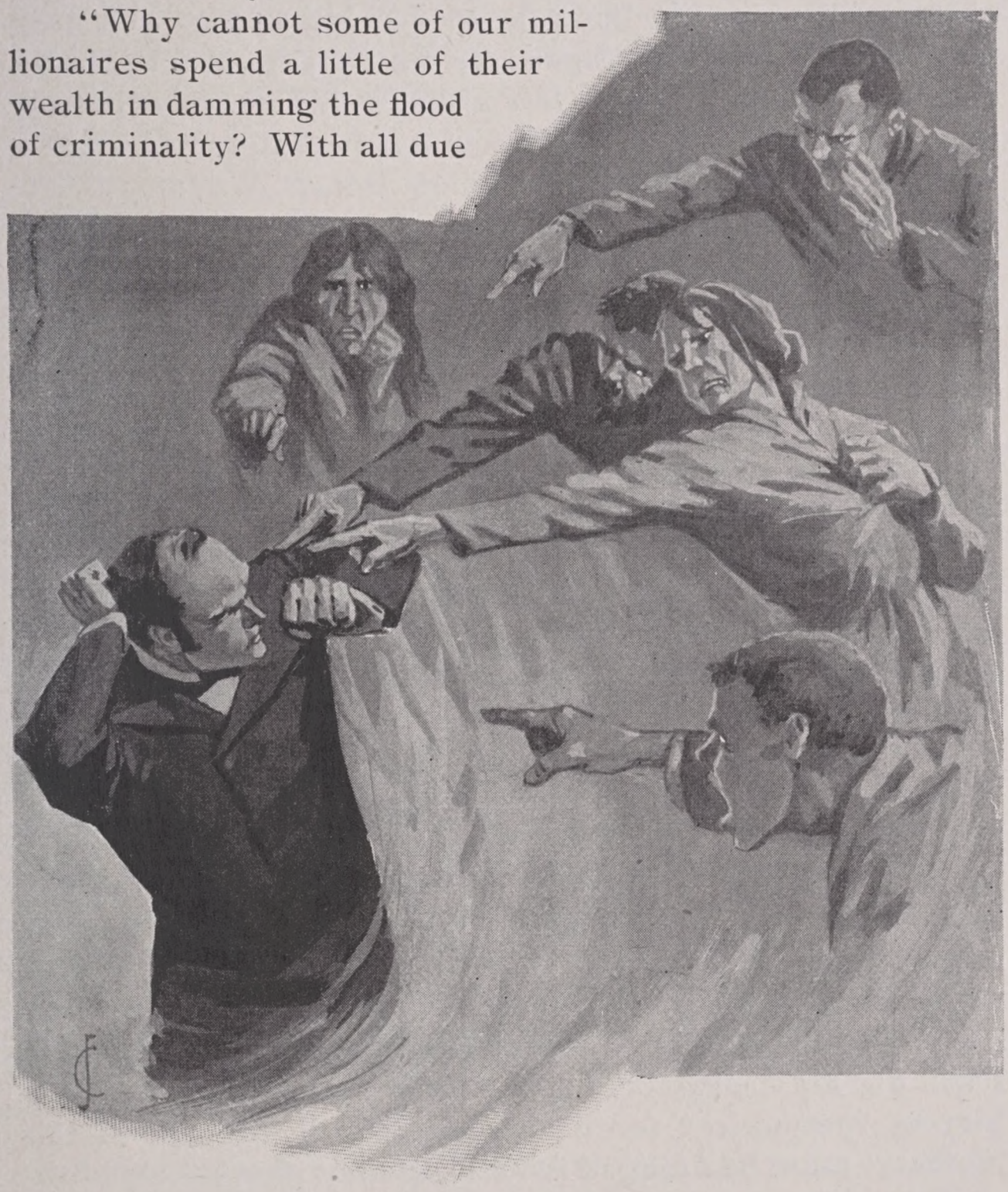
"And now, my young friend, what think you of preaching as a cure for the conditions you have seen?

"And what of the remedies for the sick man—society?

"Clean the locality, clean the people, educate the children, and prevent criminals from intermarrying and breeding moral imbeciles and physical wrecks.—More soap and water and fewer tracts.—Give those who would work, an incentive and opportunity for honest labor.—Improve the bodies of the

criminal stock by beginning with the child.—Give him healthy parents, if you can, to begin with.—Do all these things, and then—well, preach to him if you must—he may now be able to understand you.

"Why cannot some of our millionaires spend a little of their wealth in damming the flood of criminality? With all due



"THOU HADST FORGOTTEN OUR BODIES,"

respect for the magnificent universities that some of them have endowed, they might do humanity at large, much more good in the manner I suggest. We have millions for foreign missions, millions for sectarian universities, millions for

armies, millions for churches, millions for prisons and law machinery, but nothing to save the waifs of the land—nothing to save the criminal from himself."

"Well," I said, "to digress somewhat, here is an account of one millionaire who knew how to use his money. He gave his physician an annuity, and at one time a fee of fifty thousand dollars. When he died, he left a hundred thousand dollars to the doctor, a cool half million to found a medical school, and—"

"Great Scott! boy," exclaimed Doctor Weymouth, excitedly, "let me see that paper!"

I handed the paper to him, and after reading it eagerly for a moment, he said, disgustedly—

"Of course, it had to be a man who was never heard of, and who lived in a town that was never on the map! That's the way it always is. But then, newspapers must live, and startling novelties are necessary, even though they *be* 'faked,' as they say in press parlance."

"But I mustn't talk on irritating subjects to-night. Let us repair to the library. I am in a reminiscent frame of mind, and the soothing fumes of the hookah will probably bring before me more interesting experiences than those we have been considering thus far this evening."

"Well, sir, are you in a mood for one of my long-winded yarns?

"Very well, then, you mustn't cry *peccavi* if the story drags a bit. I'm going to give you a character sketch, and I never let go of a character till he's dead and buried—the true professional instinct, you know. To carry the professional analogy to a point where a medical student can appreciate it, I will dig my character up—for he is really dead—and use him as the subject for a narrative. The subject, in this instance, must be dragged from his musty pigeon-hole in the archives of my early professional career in the wild and woolly west."

"It was early in the 'sixties,' while practicing in the town of E——, in the mountainous mining regions of California, that I first met the hero of this sketch. I had drifted into that part of the state just after the war of the Rebellion

broke out, having left the lower country as soon after my brother's death as I could make the necessary arrangements. There being nothing to attract me to 'the States' and the little mining town of Jacksonville having become absolutely unendurable to me, I resolved to go to some part of the country that civilization had not yet demoralized into that peculiar condition so characteristic of frontier towns, in their early struggles to become centers of culture and refinement. As you may perceive, I still love the wild, adventurous and unconventional freedom of the mining camps. I not only liked the peculiar environment afforded by those rough-and-ready settlements, but I loved the people, with their devil-may-care, here-to-day and there-to-morrow spirit, their brawny-handed, honest industry and hair-triggered ethics. The polish and refinement of civilization are often developed at the expense of manliness and rugged honesty. The rough miners whom I knew in the early days of my professional life, were as loyal as they were unpretentious, and my thoughts revert to them with the kindliest feeling.

"I do not know why I happened to select the town of E—— for my new location, but I presume that it was because the place seemed to be more nearly my ideal of primitive life than any other part of California. Be that as it may, I found myself one fine day, with what few books, instruments, surgical dressings and drugs I could get together, snugly quartered in a pine shanty near the 'postoffice' of E——.

"I can assure you that my stock of drugs was never very large, but I afterwards concluded that it was love's labor lost to bring them to E——. I don't believe I could have used a half pound of quinine or a gross of compound cathartic pills in that town in a decade. In justice to my discriminative faculties as exhibited in the selection of a location, however, it is only fair to state, that while I was long on drugs I was continually short on surgical dressings. Whenever I think of my experience in that little town, I feel quite superior to most of the army surgeons whom I have met. I had a larger variety of cases of—asking the pardon of my old neighbors and patrons—lead poisoning in the concrete, than have been recorded in the surgical history of the war.

"As you might imagine, I met with many quaint and interesting characters, during my experience in that little mountain town. Some of them were *sui generis*, but the most unique individual of all—and indeed, the most unique I have ever met—was Major Merriwether.

"I first became acquainted with the Major in the bar-room of the 'Miner's Rest,' a ramshackle of a hotel, but the best and only hostelry in the place.

"I had received a 'hurry-up' call from the hotel, to attend a young 'greaser' from the lower country, who had drifted into town with a skin-full of 'aguardiente,' and who, with singular lack of discrimination, had run against one Jerry Mapleson—otherwise and more familiarly known as 'Mapes.'

"Jerry was the best operator in his line that I ever knew, and having his lancet—bowie pattern—handy, proceeded to evacuate some of the bad blood and worse whisky with which the greaser's hide was distended.

"The operation was hardly up to Jerry's best—for he was the most distinguished rival I ever had, in that section of

the country—but the greaser very nearly went the way of many another victim of a 'brilliant and successful operation;' he was almost dead from hemorrhage when I arrived.

"To his credit be it said, Mapes assisted me in dressing the greaser's wound—which narrowly missed the fellow's jugular, to say nothing of some other important things in the immediate neighborhood. He also slipped a double eagle in my hand at the completion of the operation—he was a frontier patron, you know.

"I fancied, however, that he looked rather sheepish, while acting as my assistant; indeed, when I called his attention to the narrow escape of the internal jugular and carotid, he averted his face.

"'Well,' said I, 'you know, Jerry, "a miss is as good as a mile."'

"'Now, see here, Doc,' said he, 'don't rub et inter er feller too hard. Y'u've kinder got ther bulge on me in 'natomy, an' 'sides, I wuz drunk, an' y'u couldn't cut straight yerself, ef yer wuz drunk.'

"Mapes evidently thought I might allow my professional jealousy to impel me to criticise his operative technique. However, I accepted his apology, and restored the *entente cordiale* by acknowledging that I couldn't do much better work than he, drunk or sober. I was a regular practitioner, my boy, and it would have been unethical to criticise a professional brother—especially one who handled a knife so beautifully. Then, too, Jerry's consultation business was worth a great deal to me—I couldn't afford to offend him.

"Having finished my work, I left my patient lying comfortably upon a cot in a little room at the rear of the bar-room, and was about to leave for my humble 'office,' which served me as hotel, professional headquarters and operation room, all in one—and a small one at that. Mapes, however, insisted on my joining him in a 'night cap.' I didn't wear one, but concluded to humor him. The memory of that throbbing carotid and quivering jugular was still fresh in my mind.

"Standing about the bar were a number of men, who were engaged in an animated discussion of the recent pas-

sage at arms. Their conversation was plentifully sprinkled with allusions to 'd—d greasers,' and such remarks as 'Never missed his man afore!'—'Mapes must ha' bin full!'—'Does Doc think he'll pull

"A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE."

through?'—and so on. The situation was so puzzling to Jerry's admirers that a spirited discussion seemed imminent.

"Just at this moment there appeared at the door communicating with the street, the queerest looking individual I

had ever seen in my life. Imagine a man of six-foot-six, perhaps fifty years of age, lanky as a lath, but as straight as a gun barrel, and with a breast like a pouter pigeon, and you have the general appearance of the new-comer.

"Upon his head was a chapeau, not unlike that which we see in the pictures of the first Napoleon. This chapeau was the crowning glory of a full military uniform of a German officer of cavalry. At his side hung an old fashioned rapier, while his belt was garnished with an array of guns that made the man look like a walking arsenal. His feet and legs were encased in military jack-boots, that were ornamented by a pair of huge Mexican spurs, the rowels of which looked for all the world like small circular saws.

"The visage of the man was quite as imposing as his raiment. His upper lip was adorned with an enormous, bushy, gray mustache, that might—

'For a hundred years have bristled and grown,
Where scissors and razors were quite unknown.'

"The ends of the mustache, as likewise a long goatee that ornamented his chin, were waxed to the point of bristling, savage defiance.

"But the most unique feature of this formidable-looking personage, was the wonderful array of medals that glittered and trembled synchronously with the tumultuous heaving of his warlike, manly chest, upon the front of his coat.

"He was, indeed, a most martial-looking man, even to his Roman nose, that stood out from his face in a strikingly combative fashion.

"It seemed to me, however, as I looked at the man more carefully, that his eye was a little too fishy, and his complexion too ashy, to fit the rest of the warrior. I fancied, moreover, that there was just a suspicion of the 'wobbly' about his knees—still, on reflection, I thought I might be mistaken, as I knew nothing of his habits, and there is a great deal of wobble and lachrymation about western 'red eye.'

"Seeing the group of distinguished citizens engaged in the peaceful pursuit of acquiring kidney disease and gin-

drinker's liver, the apparition seemed to gain confidence, and advanced to the center of the room.

"Striking a most tragic and 'Where is the villain?' attitude, he said, with a rich, but, I fancied, an overdrawn southern accent, 'Ah! gentlemen, I pahceive that yo' all are enjoyin' yo' liq'ah in extreme quietude. May I inquiah where that d—d greasah is? I hope that yo' all have not killed him, an' thus dahfeated ma righteous angah!'

"At these words a large wink appeared to permeate the entire assembly, which, as one man, struck an attitude of attention and gave the warrior a military salute in the most approved style.

"Mapes having given me the cue to follow him, we now joined the party. Saluting the new-comer as the rest of the boys had done, Jerry said—

" 'Good evenin', Major. I'm glad ter see ye, sir. I've bin informed thet ye wuz in ther bar-room earlier in th' evenin' when ther trouble with thet d—d yaller belly beginned. I kin assure ye, sir, thet only ther pressin' necess'ty uv gittin' quick ackshun on me airly in ther game, indooced me ter hurry ther thing afore y'u kum back. P'raps et's lucky fer ther greaser, fer Doc, hyar, sez he'll pull through, an' I know thet ef I'd left him ter y'u, he wouldn't er bin good fer nuthin' but er pos'-mortem!'

" 'Ah! ma deah fren', Mistah Mapleson, it was yo' chivalric conduct, then, that dahfeated ma pu'pose, which was to return hyah, as soon as I could propahly prepah fo' the occasion, suh, an' slay that ungentlemanly greasah with ma own pistol, suh!'

" 'But perhaps 'tis bettah so, suh, as I do not like to embrue ma han's with human goah, so soon aftah ma return to ma old haunts, suh. I will tha'fo' accept yo' excuses, Mistah Mapleson, an' if yo' will ask yo' fren's to join yo', suh, I would be very glad to have yo' all drink ma health, suh.'

"Everybody crowded up to the bar, and as soon as the opportunity offered, Jerry introduced me to the Major.

" 'Major Merriwether, I'll make yer 'quainted with Doc Weymouth, our new med'cine man, who come hyar whilst y'u wuz er doin' Europe. Doc, this is Major Merriwether, one

uv our mos' prom'nent an' respected cit'zens, an' the braves' man in ther hull county, sir!'

"'Ma fren' Mistah Mapleson, does me too much honah, but I'm mo' than cha'med to meet yo', suh,' said the Major, as he affectedly grasped my hand. 'Ouah town, suh, is a paradise fo' professional men, an' I have no doubt, suh, that yo' will prove a worthy successah to that distinguished disciple of, ah—Esculapius, the late Doctah Prebyl, suh, who was shot by Jack Allen, through a little misundahstandin' ovah a lady, suh, an' I'm suah that yo' are quite as gallant as he was, suh.'

"Jerry nudged me at this point, and, taking the hint, I very politely expressed my delight at meeting so distinguished a soldier, and assured the Major that it was a pleasure to know that I was henceforth to be a member of a community in which gallantry and bravery were so highly appreciated as in E——. I informed him that, while I could not hope to emulate either him or my distinguished predecessor, in the matter of gallantry—especially with the fair sex—I could modestly state that I was considered quite formidable with certain weapons, and as I only had one pair of boots and didn't care to go into eternity bare-footed, I should quite likely die with them on—or words to that effect.

"After a few more rounds of liquor, the party broke up.

"As he bade me good-night, the Major again expressed the pleasure he had experienced in making my acquaintance.

"'I hope, suh, that the acquaintance begun undah such extraord'nary circumstances, will continue, to ouah mutual benefit, suh. I'm suah that there is always room fo' brave an' talented men on ma list of fren's, suh. I hope to entertain yo' at an early date at ma own humble lodgin's. Good night, Doctah, an' suh to yo'.'

"Jerry and I were the last to leave the place. I was a night owl, and my friend was one of those individuals whose peculiar faculties are to be seen at their best after midnight. As we strolled leisurely along, down the main street of the town toward my modest domicile, I resolved to know more of the Major, and feeling certain that Jerry was well posted

in that direction, I suggested that he stop at my office and chat awhile.

"'I wish to hear more of the Major, Jerry, and I am sure you are not yet ready for bed. You are not used to seasonable hours, and, as your professional adviser, I am compelled to inform you that it would be absolutely dangerous for you to suddenly change your habits by retiring thus early. I might also remark, that I have recently received a demijohn of fine old bourbon whisky from my Kentucky home, which I have not yet sampled. Before indulging in the luxury of drinking it, I feel that I am in duty bound to get your expert opinion upon it.'

"'Wall, since ye put et in thet way, Doc, I kain't refuse yer. Kaintucky licker aint picked up ev'ry day, an' anyhow, I like ter 'blige er fren', et all times.'

"In justice to my old friend Mapes, I will confess that he did not slight the work involved in sampling my whisky—indeed, I have often wondered how he could have been so self-sacrificing—and live.

"We had been seated in my office for at least an hour, with our feet cocked up on the old pitch-pine table—which served me alike for operating table, book-shelf, gynæcological chair and dining-room table, and from which I got my supply of whittling material, toothpicks, and pine knots for starting the fire o' mornings—

"Jerry had bravely started on his tenth round of drinks, with myself a close second in the race, and the demijohn of whisky ahead of both of us—for I could see it disappearing in the dim, shadowy distance.

"To tell the truth, I had almost forgotten the Major—and everything else, for that matter—when Jerry, tiring of the old clay pipe that I had handed him on entering my shack, laid the smoke-stained veteran down upon the table, extracted a plug of 'nigger-heel' from some portion of his raiment, drew his bowie, cut off a huge 'chaw,' surrounded the same and began:

"''Twuz in ther year fifty-eight, er thar 'bouts, thet Maje fust struck this kermunity. He hed bin prospectin' down Quartz City way, an' hed struck hard-pan—which wuz

dead easy ter do in thet section, I kin tell ye. The man whut staked out Quartz City, hed plenty uv imagernashun, but d—d little brains in ther pint er hiz pick.

"'Some uv our boys—I think 'twuz Frisco Bill an' Bob Vandoozer—with er crowd uv th' up country fellers, wuz chasin' up er hoss thief.

"'They happened ter git side-tracked inter one er them canyons, thet's thicker'n bar tracks down thar, an' wuz follerin' erlong whut prov'd ter be er wrong scent, when, all ter wonst, they fetched up in er little valley lyin' thar 'mong ther hills, clean shet in on all sides, 'cept et ther canyon whar ther boys hed come in. Thar 'd bin er purty heavy fall er snow, an' ye kin jes' bet thet trampin' wuz'nt enny snap, so ther boys 'cluded ter rest er while, an' git er bite uv "salt horse" an' hard tack an' some hot coffee.

"'Whilst Bob Vandoozer wuz rummagin' 'round, tryin' ter git 'nuff wood tergether fer er fire, he stumbled onter er miser'ble little tumble-down cabin, half buried in ther dirt an' rubbish thet hed fell down frum ther hillside up erbove et.

"'Not thinkin' uv ther posserbility uv ther cabin hevin' er perpri'tor, Bob went in, an' mos' fell over whut he fust s'posed ter be ther karkiss uv er man!

"'He 'mejutly yelled et ther rest er ther boys an' they come rushin' up ter 'vestigate his find.

"'Ter the'r s'prise they foun' on removin' ther snow-kivered blankets thet ther serposed dead man wuz wrapped in, thet the'r diskiv'ry wuz erlive—not very much so, et's true, but nev'therless, onmistakerbly erlive.

"'Hed ther ockerpant uv ther cabin bin ondisturbed er little while longer, he wouldn't hev panned out 'nuff life ter pay fer onwrappin' 'im.

"'It wuz plain ter be seed howsomever, thet ther half dead man wuz sufferin' frum er combernashun uv starvashun an' freeze up.

"'Ther boys soon hed er huge fire er blazin', an' by smart rubbin' an' givin' him plenty er red-eye, they fin'lly got the'r pashunt 'round.

"'Skercely hed ther poor devil come ter his senses an'

power uv lokermotion, afore he tottered ter his feet, give 'em er mil'tary s'lute an sez—ez ther boys told ther story—

"ER MOS' ONPROMISIN' LOOKIN' FIND HE WUZ."

'"Ah! gentlemen, I–I welcome yo' all to ma–ma humble abode, an'–an'–an'–I trust yo'll pahdon me fo' ma 'parent

disco'tesy in failin' to greet yo' in the propah mannah—the hospitable mannah of the Sou-South.

"'Ma-ma fren's have depa'ted in su-su-su'ch of-of provendah, an' ma supplies have-have run rathah low, suhs, an' I haven't even a-a-cigah to offah yo'all, suhs, but-but-bu-b"—

"'Down he went, inter ther snow, kerslump! His dignerty, true south'n horsp'tality, an' stren'th give out all et wonst. Ther strain wuz too much fer 'im, an' even th' ole red-eye—an' thet wuz er dead-raiser frum 'way back—couldn't keep 'im on his pins enny longer.

"'Like all uv our true westerners, ther boys wuz er kind-hearted lot er fellers, an', ez the'r ruther awk'ard find wuz too weak ter mosey, they stayed in ther little valley sev'ral days. Luck'ly ther weather sud'nly changed—ez et's likely ter do 'mong our mountains—an' ther sun come out right warm, so thet ther sick man got better, purty rapid-like.

"'Er few squar' meals under his vest an' ther poor chap wuz ready ter talk er blue streak, but ther boys stood 'im off, till they thort 'twuz safe fer 'im ter spread hisself er little.

"'When they fin'lly did 'low 'im ter move erbout, an' talk, they took 'count uv stock, ez 'twuz, an' kinder begun sizin' the'r diskiv'ry up—an' er mos' onpromisin' lookin' find he wuz, y'u bet! He lookt ez ef he wuzn't wuth workin', an' didn't hev a ounce er payin' rock in 'im.'

"'Er giant in statur', an' er pine-tree in build, he lookt jes' like ther handle uv a ole pick, He'd never bin none too fat, an' it's easy ter 'magine how he lookt after his hard-scrabble 'sperience. Dirty, bleery-eyed, an' tangle-haired—he wuz er leetle ther toughes' lookin' critter ther boys ever seed.

"'His name, he sed, expandin' his chest with his pecool-yar dignerty, wuz "Majah Merriwethah, suh!" He wuz er native of "Kaintucky, by gad, suh!" an' wuz er vet'ran uv ther Mexican "wah."

"'Et seems thet ther Major hed bin prospectin' with er party uv three Englishers, thet he accident'lly fell in with. They hed fin'lly landed in ther little valley whar our boys foun' th' ole feller. Ther Englishers hed diskivered thet

they knowed ez little uv prospectin' ez they did uv princ'ple, an' hed quit ther camp.

"'Ther Major—pore devil—knowed even less 'bout prospectin', but he could er give em' pints on manly princ'ple an' "honah." In his confidin' innercence—er ignerance, wich 'mounts ter 'bout ther same thing—he jes' 'lowed them fellers ter mosey off on er pertended hunt fer supplies, leavin' him ter keep house. He kep' house—shore 'nuff—an' thet's erbout all he did keep. S'posin' thet his pardners would, uv course, come back, he kep' on er keepin' house till he wuz clean knocked under, when he rolled hisself up in his blankets ter nap, till his fren's got back—ther pore ole sucker!

"'He'd er bin nappin' thar yit, in thet lonely valley, ef our boys hedn't found him, but d'ye know, thet d—d ole fool is still er wonderin' what become of "ma deah fren's?" He is "suah somethin' se'ious must have happened to them, suh," an' is still regrettin' thet they didn't come back, so thet he could "entahtain yo' all as a Southern gentleman should, suhs."

"'Wall, ther boys brought th' ole Major back ter town with 'em, an' he's bin one uv our mos' prom'nent cit'zens ever sence. He growed very pop'lar ter wonst, an' ther very dogs, soon larnt ter like th' ole man. If he'd hed jest er little more brains—er even er little less—he'd er bin er shinin' perlitikal success 'fore now.'

"'But,' I said, 'your Major has some peculiarities that appear to me to be rather dangerous attributes in a town like this.'

"'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Jerry—'He does talk an' act like er fire-eater don't he? Wall, ye see, ther boys wuz dead onter th' ole man 'fore they ever struck town with 'im, an' ez everybody in this hyar town knows 'im, an' thar's plenty uv us fellers whut brags less an' shoots more'n ther Major does, thet's dead willin' ter do his shootin' fer 'im, strangers don't trouble 'im much. Wonst in er while, one uv ther boys hez ter take an "affaih of honah, suh," off'n th' ole Major's han's, but not frequent. Still, th' ole feller hez quite er few lodgers in er little proxy graveyard er his'n over yonder, an' ther way he terr'fies er tender foot is er caution!'

"'But he really has been a soldier, has he not? Else whence comes his martial air?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes, he hez bin er soger, an' no mistake. We fin'lly diskivered thet he wuz er drum-major in er milishy reg'ment somewhar er uther. Et seems thet he did 'list in ther reg'lar army, but ther perticklers uv his mil'tary k'reer hez never been found out. Ye see, Doc, we folks out hyar don't worry our cit'zens much 'bout the'r prevyus hist'ries—'twouldn't do, ye know'—and Jerry winked knowingly.

"'Ter be sure,' said he, continuing, 'ther Major's pecoolyer ways don't jes' zackly fit his yarns uv how "we all fout the Mexicans 'long with General Scott, suh," but ez we aint no mil'tary men, we don't zackly know whether he hez raaly killed ez many men "to ma own so'd, suh," ez he claims, er not.

"'We hev never give 'im er chance ter show his brav'ry in his own way but wonst. Ez much ez we love th' ole man, we kaint help playin' tricks on 'im 'kasionally, an' I'm most ershamed ter say thet I put up er job on 'im wonst myself.

"'Ye see, 'twuz this way: Ther Major hed hed er lot uv whut he b'lieved ter be ha'rbreadth 'scapes frum killin' people, an' so on, an' we hed noticed thet he us'ally crawled out uv his soshal obligashuns through ther delay w'ich allus seemed ter be ness'ary in his prep'rations fer er row. He either hed ter go ter ther barber-shop ter git his ha'r cut, 'coz his head sweated so when he got mad, er ther gun he hed, wuz out er order an' he mus' go an' git er bigger one, er else his boots pinched him so thet he wuz erfraid his aim ud be onstiddy, an' he mus' git his "dress boots, suh."

"'Sometimes ther Major's performance wuz varyated by —"I haven't th' honah of youah 'quaintance, suh, an' I mus' inquiah as to yo' social standin', suh. In case I should find it satisfactory, suh, I shall be pleased to 'commodate yo' suh."

"'By ther time ther stack uv condishuns perposed by ther Major hed bin fixed up, some feller 'mong his num'rous proxies hed us'ally settled ther thing—er got settled hisself.

"'But th' ole feller hez allus bin very lib'ral in offerin' ter take his fren's own little erfairs off'n ther han's. P'raps ye noticed thet featur' uv his make up, ternight. Hed ther

greaser bin still er standin' when ther Major got back ter ther hotel, I dunno whut would er happen'd. Suthin orful, I reckon. Ye see, Maje wuz thar when ther row begun, an', with er reques' ter ther boys ter keep cool till he come back, went home ter git ready fer ther fray.'

"'Well,' I said, 'the gallant soldier evidently has great confidence in his friends.'

"'Yep,' said Mapes, musingly, as he fondled the handle of his huge bowie—'he does understan' us purty good.

"'Wall,' said my friend, continuing, 'ther boys fin'lly calkerlated ter make ther Major give us er show down.

"'Ther late Tom Wolcott wuz sheriff et thet time, an' ez quick et er joke ez he wuz on ther trigger. Pore ole Tom, we wuz good fren's until—wall, Tom wuz ready fer ennythin' in ther line uv fun, an' wuz dead willin' ter help us put up er job on ther Major.

"'One mornin', ez er party of us boys wuz standin' in front uv Bill Hewlett's place, talkin' horse, and cock fightin', an' list'nin' ter ther Major's 'count uv his explites in ther Mexican war, Tom Wolcott rode up, an' called out, "Hallo, thar, Major! I'd like ter see ye er minnit!"

'"Ah, good mo'nin', Mistah She'iff, I'm pleased to see yo', suh—just one moment, suh!"

"'With this, ther Major went on with his modest descripshun uv one uv his blood curdlin' adventur's.

'"As I was sayin', gentlemen, they came on, shouldah to shouldah, as feahce a lot of greasahs as evah yo' saw! Ma fren' on ma right, an' ma fren' on ma left, each fetched his man, an' by gad, suhs! *there were five cah'casses on the groun' befo' yo' could wink yo' eye, suhs!* In less than a qua'tah of a minute we all had—"

'"Say, Maje, ye blood-thirsty ole fire eater y'u! Kaint y'u stop er wallerin' in gore, long 'nuff ter talk bizness with me?"

'"W'y, of co'se, Mistah She'iff, I'm delighted, suh, but these deah boys are so impo'tunate, suh, that I can nevah give them enough of ma modest adventuahs, suh. How can I assist yo', ma gallant fren'?"

'"Wall, I'll tell ye, Major," sez Tom, "knowin' yore

brav'ry an' public sperrit, I hev come ter ask ye ter 'sist me in er very 'portant dooty. I'm called out uv town, an' mus' leave et wonst. I hev jes' got er messidge frum Placerville, ter th' effeck thet thet d—d cutthroat, Comanche Dick, is on his way hyar, an' 'll prob'bly git hyar this evenin'. Now, I want y'u ter take er couple uv yore fren's, an' corral thet ruffy'an. I sh'd like ter hev ther credit uv capturin' him myself, but I kaint stop, an' thar's nobody more deservin' uv th' honor than yerself, an' I'm dead sure ther rep'tashun uv our town is safe in yore han's."

'"Yo' flattah me, suh," sed ther Major, drawin' hisself up till he looked like er shot tower, "but yo' may be suah yo' reques' shall be complied with. That d—d ruffian is as good as hung, suh!"

"'Ther sheriff now perceeded ter sw'ar Maje in ez er dep'ty, selectin' Dutch Bill an' me fer his 'sistants.

"'Arter er minoot descripshun uv our man, an' er few partin' words uv advice, in w'ich we wuz warned not ter let ther desp'rader git ther drop on us, but ter kill 'im on ther littlest show uv fight, Tom rode erway.

"'Night come, an' with et, ther news thet Comanche Dick hed arriv, an', with his us'al nerve, wuz act'ally playin' poker, down et ther Minerva saloon.

"'Ther Major gathered his forces, an' in single file—ther Major bringin' up ther rear—we "deployed," es he called et, in ther direckshun uv th' enemy.

"'Ye jes' orter hev seed us, Doc! Thar never wuz er bloody buckerneer heeled like we wuz! Talk erbout bein' armed ter ther teeth!—W'y, our very toe-nails wuz sharpened up fer ther perspective scrimmage!

"'Dutch Bill an' me livened up ther way ter ther Minerva by 'rangin' our earthly erffairs in sich er way thet ther one uv us whut happen'd ter live, could perform ther ness'ary min'strater's dooties fer th' estate uv his deceesed pard. We alser axed th' ole Major whut we could do fer him, in thet line, but he seemed ter be too bizzy tryin' ter walk 'thout wobblin', ter listen t' our fren'ly guff.

"'On arrivin' et ther saloon, we wuz goin' direckly in, but ther Major 'lowed thet, ter be strictly mil'tary, we'd

orter rek'niter er little fust, an' then send in er advance guard. We tharfore peeked through ther winder, but 'thout diskiverin' our man.

"'Ther Major now showed his erthority, an' ordered Dutch Bill inter ther place ez er scoutin' party.

"'Be suah yo' have him located pufec'ly, suh, so we all won't make a mistake an' injah the wrong man, suh!" sez Maje, ez Bill went in.

"'Bill fin'lly come back, an' sed thet our man wuz er settin' et ther furderes' table.

"'Ye kaint miss him!" sez he. "He's er great big cuss with er Mexican sombrero on! His mug is jes' like a Injun's, an' his ha'r is long an' black jes' like 'em! He's got two big six-shooters er layin' right in front uv him on ther table! Ye kaint make no mistake, 'coz he's th' only feller et thet table whut haint got no whiskers!"

"'Ah!" sed ther Major, 'we have him suah, an' will now proceed to effect his captuah. But, bless ma soul! If I haven't come down hyah in ma light boots, an' ma straw hat! An', come to think gentlemen, I have only ma small derringers with me! I will immediately retiah, an' prepah maself propahly fo' this impo'tant affaih. I want yo', gentlemen, to entah the saloon an' stan' close to ouah man. Don't let him escape, an' above all suhs, don't do anythin' to rob me of th' honah of his captuah!"

"'Wall, fer wonst ther Major wuz fooled—we waited, an' er good hour et thet.

"'When he fin'lly showed up, dressed in er reg'lar ole slouch hat, with his pants tucked inter er pa'r uv cowhide boots, an' er couple uv mount'n howitzers slung onter him, Bill an' me, wuz standin' on both sides uv our fren' Hank Dixon, alias Comanche Dick—ez tough er lookin' desp'rader ez ever scraped his whiskers off, er wore a Injun wig.

"'When ther Major come inter ther saloon, he wuz par'lyzed, but he hed ter face ther music. Bill an' me jest grabbed er arm uv ther desp'rader while some feller snatched erway his guns!

"'Come, Major,' sez I, 'th' onner is yore's—come an' git et!'

'"Tha-tha-thank yo', suhs," sed ther pale-faced, totterin' hero ez he tremblin'ly stumbled to'ard us.

"'Walkin', er ruther wobblin', up t' our pris'ner—who wuz er glarin' et ther Major like er she painter et bay—our brave sojer put one han' on ther ruffyan's shoulder, drawed er shooter with t' other an'—fainted dead away!

A BOLD CAPTURE.

"'Comanche Dick got loose, an' got erway in th' excitement—thar wuz nobody in town but ther Major thet could deliver ther goods.

"'Uv course, ther Major hed er windy excuse ready fer Tom Wolcott when he got back nex' day.

'"So d—d embarrassin', suh, to have that old wound that I received at the battle of Resaca, suh, ovahcome me with one of ma old attacks of vertigo, just at the wrong moment, suh. If I had only not been compelled to retu'n fo' ma pistols,

suh, I would have fetched ma man befo' the spell came on me. But yo' mustn't blame the othah boys, suh, they are dead game men—quite as game as masef, suh."

"'But there's one thing that puzzles me, Jerry,' I said, 'Kentuckians don't usually have to go and get their hair cut, or anything else, before they fight. "Ole Kaintuck" is a state where heroes are bred, and while Kentuckians are not all fire-eaters, most of them are taught in their early childhood, that running away or hiding behind trees in time of danger, are not the accomplishments of a true and spirited gentleman. There's a false note in your Major, somewhere.'

"'Now, see hyar, Doc, don't fer all ther world serpose thet I'm er puttin' ther pore ole Major up ez er sample uv ther Kaintuckian. He hez ther instinks uv er gentleman, an' the top-lofty feelin's uv er hero—but ther kind ole feller hez got er soul like er mouse.

"'I'm frum Tennessee, myself, an' 'twixt you an' me, I don't b'lieve ther state over ther line ever perduced anythin' like ther Major. Ter my notion, he's er big, chicken-hearted, white-livered ole fraud! Howsomever, he's er kar'kter—an' thet's er hull lot.

"'Arter th' ole Major located 'mong us,' continued Jerry, 'he hed purty hard scratchin' fer er while. Ez I hev already sed, ther boys tuk er great shine ter th' ole feller, so thet ther staple art'kles ness'ary ter life in this hyar place—terbacker an' licker—haint never cost 'im nothin'. His brillyunt prospec's—ter be re'lyzed in ther "neah futuah," hez got 'im onlim'ted credit et ther diff'runt bar-rooms 'bout town. His slate, uv course, hez bin taken keer uv purty reg'lar, by sich uv ther boys ez happen'd ter be on top fer ther time bein'.

"'By er little 'rangement with Pete Waters' wife—'twuz ter her boardin' house thet ther Major wuz rek'mended on his errival in town—he hez never been hard up for provender—he hez never missed er meal ner paid er red.

"'Uv course, er gentleman uv ther Major's standin', hez ter hev spendin' money, an' this wuz took keer uv, too. Th' ole man is er fa'r poker player, when he's on ther squar, an' er holy terror when he's crooked; so betwixt whut ther boys hez lent 'im, er 'lowed 'im ter win, wonst in er while,

an' whut he hez skinned off frum some tenderfoot er uther, frum time ter time, ther Major hez kep' his soshal persishun up ter high-water mark.

AN IDEAL MINING SITE.

"'Durin' his res'dence hyar, ther Major hez kep' on er prospectin', with 'bout ther same jedgment ez he use ter hev. Fer downright, blunderin' imbercility, he is ther wust miner in ther hull kentry. He's jes' ez likely ez not, ter sink er hole in some place er other jes' 'coz ther grass looks green an' ther flowers is purty 'roun' thar. An' then he'll say, "Ma dear suh, we should look fo' nachah's wealth where she showahs her gif's in the mos' profusion, suh."

"'But, "er fool fer luck!" ez a ole sayin' hez et. Th' ole Major fin'lly did strike et rich. He never kerried his find beyond his prospec' hole, howsomever—er synderkate bought

et uv 'im fer forty thousand dollars, spot cash. Ef th' ole fool hed only held onter it!' Jerry groaned.—'Thet d—d synderkate uv blue-bellied Yankees hez made over er million out er th' ole man's find, an' haint got th' ore all out yit—more's ther pity.'

"'I presume that the old man made good use of his money,' I said. 'Forty thousand dollars, well invested, is sometimes as a bird in hand unto two in the bush.'

"'Wall, Doc,' said Jerry, 'y'u don't seem ter understan' ther Major's kar'kter yit.'

"'Th' ole man hed off'n sed, thet ef ever he struck pay dirt, he wuz goin' ter take er trip 'roun' ther world, an' no sooner did he git hold uv his money, than he perceeded ter graterfy his ambishun. He left us, jes' six months ergo—with flyin' colors. He got back er few days ergo, after havin' got erway with er mighty small po'tion uv his sirkit uv th' earth.

"'He came home t' us clean busted, but ez happy ez er clam, an' with his fire-eatin' perpensi'ties still onquenched—in fack, et seems ter me thet his dignerty is more easy ter ruffle than ever. Intermate 'soshiashun with kings an' queens, hez so inflated him thet he's now with us in ther body only—his soul is in ther clouds.

"'In spite uv ther serspishun thet his roy'l fren's wuz blood relashuns uv some pot'ntaters thet we hev right hyar in town—hull packs uv 'em in fack—we've hed er heap er fun outer ther Major's descripshun uv his num'rous adventur's.

"'Now, thet y'u hev got erquainted with ther gall'nt Major, yer likely ter git yer own ears filled with some uv his orful explites.

"'Et's easy t' understan' whar ther Major's prospec' money went. He bought more d—d fool things whilst he wuz in Europe, than y'u could 'magine ter save yer! His mos' remark'ble "soov'neers," ez he called 'em, wuz er lot er mil'tary an' other unerforms. He hez er big collecksh un uv all kinds—more'n I s'posed ever wuz wore.

"''Mong uther things whut he brought back with 'im, wuz er 'sortment uv medals, wich, ercordin' ter his 'count,

wuz persented to 'im by varyous mighty pot'ntaters, frum ther Zar uv Rooshia to ther Pashaw uv Egyp'. Ter be sure, et would er took er life-time er travellin', ter gether up all er thet thar stuff in ther way uv soger cloze an' dek'rashuns, but nuthin' is onposserble t' our gall'nt Major, whose 'maginashun travels in seven-league boots, even ef he didn't.

"'Wall, Doc, I hev given ye ther Major's hist'ry an' strikin' pecoolyar'ties up ter date. Ez yo're er better jedge uv human natur' nor mos' men, an' er expert in kar'kter studyin', ye'll prob'ly find 'im wuth cultervatin'.

"'An' now, I mus' say good mornin'. I want ter git washed up fer breakfas', an' it's mos' sun-up already. So long, Doc.' —

"To my surprise, I found that my entertaining companion was right. The first rays of the sun were darting up behind the hills, gallantly piercing the morning fog that filled our little valley and feebly struggled against the brilliant darts of its mortal foe.

"I wonder if there are any other such sunrises and sunsets, the world over, as we used to have there in the heart of the Sierras. I have seen many, afloat and ashore, but never the equal of those of my mountain days. They were, to me, kindly greetings and gentle benedictions. I often wonder if in the bay of Naples—but there; one is not always young, and the sunrises and sunsets of our later years, must have more of fog and cloud than those of the olden time. They have more of the sombre tinge of Autumn than of the warm and rosy glow of Spring. 'Twas surely of a morning of his youthful days that the poet wrote—

> 'Hail to the joyous day! With purple clouds
> The whole horizon glows. The breezy Spring
> Stands loosely floating on the mountain top
> And deals her sweets around. The sun, too, seems
> As conscious of my joy, with brighter beams
> To gild the happy world.'

"Heigho! I wonder how my early experiences would impress me, could I but go through them again, and weigh them with maturer judgment and less keen sensibilities. Doubt-

less they would be quite commonplace, and hardly worthy of recital.

"'But, my boy, there is such a thing as too much, even of a good story—granting that you consider this to be one. It is past midnight, and time we were quitting our story-telling, so we will say good night to each other, and *au revoir* to the gallant Major.'"

THE PASSING OF MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

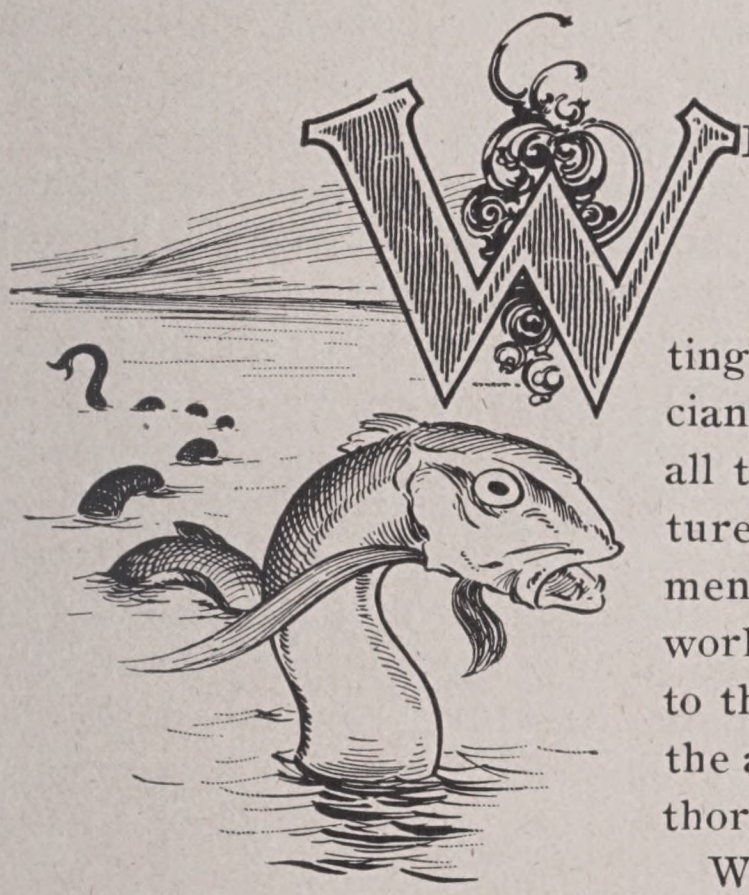
II.

AS the smoke ascends—what fancies arise,
What visions of old be-wilder the eyes—
What mem'ries come trooping out of the past,
Each new one brighter, by far, than the last!
See how they glimmer and glow,
Yet fade, tho' we love them so—
The roseate fancies that memory lends,
As the fragrant smoke to the skies ascends.

"A PUFFEC' DARE-DEVIL, SUH."

THE PASSING OF MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

II.



WHILE waiting for the doctor, I found upon his library table a recently published book by a distinguished American physician, containing a collection of all the evil things that literature has had to say of medical men. The small size of the work was very complimentary to the medical profession, for the author had evidently been thorough and painstaking.*

While glancing through this interesting book, it occurred to me to ask Doctor Weymouth to say something upon the general subject of the doctor in literature. That my friend took an interest in the subject is well shown by his remarks.

"The doctor has always been a favorite theme with authors, and of recent years several medical characters in literature have been quite noteworthy.

"It is probable that no more beautiful character sketch has ever been written, than that of Doctor William MacClure by Ian MacLaren. In reading this story, one cannot help feeling that the self-sacrificing country practitioner has had justice done him—for once.

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*"Le Mal qu' on a dit des Medecins" (Witkoski). Translated and annotated by Dr. Thos. C. Minor.

"Sancho Panza remarked, that men were 'as God made them, and sometimes a good deal worse.' Doctors are as God made them—or as nature designed them, if you please—and usually a great deal better.

"The doctor has ever been a colossal figure in the drama of life, and among all the strolling players who make the world their temporary stage, none have played their part better than he; indeed, the play could hardly go on without him. Whether the curtain is rising or falling, whether the actors are coming or going, be the play all tears and sorrow or all joy and laughter, he is the central figure.

"It is by no means remarkable, therefore, that the giants of literature have found the doctor an ever fruitful theme; not only is he indispensable to the legitimate drama of life, but apparently to the comedy as well. Whether he be the hero of romance or the butt of literary ridicule, the doctor's make-up is always irreproachable, and he has never been known to forget his lines. When he turns his own hand to the doing of romance, or even to the creation of comedy, then indeed, do we realize how much the world of letters owes to the doctor. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a literary giant.

"The doctor's place in literature has the flavor of antiquity; the warrior surgeon of the olden time was immortalized by Homer, in his Patroclus, who, according to the ancient myth, shared with the mighty Achilles and with Esculapius—our patron saint—the instruction and counsel of sage Chiron, the 'sire of pharmacy.'

"But not all authors have followed Homer's example in doing us honor. The doctor of the comparatively recent past, was apparently the favorite target of the humorous writers of the day. 'Medicine,' said a writer of the early part of the last century, 'is a very difficult science, because the theory depends upon the understanding, and the practice on the imagination. It is a science founded upon conjecture, and full of danger to the patient, for, as Plato says, "the conjectures of physicians are very uncertain."' Whether the members of the royal academy of undertakers were subpœnaed as witnesses in the case, deponent sayeth not, but this verdict was quite generally accepted.

"Dryden was a consistent scorner of physic, as might be expected of so brilliant a mind, regarding a science so unsatisfactory as was medicine in his day. He, like many others, believed in throwing physic to the dogs—providing the dogs belonged to his neighbor. But Dryden asked too much of medicine, as shown by his lines—

'Physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.'

"Dryden was not the only literary knight who broke a lance with the luckless disciples of Esculapius. The redoubtable Ben Johnson, Dean Swift, Byron, Hogarth, Tobias Smollett and a host of others, lampooned, caricatured and smote the profession, hip and thigh.

"The explanation of this animosity is in several instances not difficult. Lord Byron's brain was as clubbed as his foot. Hogarth would have caricatured the vestal virgins, and Smollett was an unsuccessful physician himself. Both literature and medicine have cause for thanksgiving in the failure of Smollett to gain a livelihood by the practice of physic. Smollett set the pace for all professional failures, and even unto this day, none kicketh so hard as the disappointed doctor.

"It was certainly unbecoming in Smollett to allude to his one-time confreres, as 'A class of animals resembling so many ravens hovering over a carcass, and plying for employment like scullers at Hungerford stairs.'

"Poor old Tobias! Ten grains of calomel would have removed the toxins from his liver, and taken the taste of those sour grapes from his mouth. There was much of wit, in the adventures of Peregrine Pickle, but more of biliousness. With Smollett, the best guesser was the best physician—the more power to him!

"Dean Swift gave the doctors credit for one important accomplishment. He had much faith in their prognostic ability—in fatal cases: Said he, 'Rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity by a seasonable dose.'

"It is sad to reflect that even Shakespeare, had little sympathy for the doctor. He said, 'Trust not the physician; his antidotes are poisons.'

"It must be confessed that the doctor of the olden time, was an easy mark for the critic's cannon. He saw according to his lights, it is true; but his vision was cut on the bias. Accident taught him something now and then. Glancing back a few decades, we find good old Ambroise Paré—he of immortal fame, who has been styled 'the father of French surgery,' pouring boiling oil into wounds, to purify them! It so happened that, after a great battle, he ran short of oil and used up what little he had, on the officers. When, like a good soldier, he went his rounds the next morning, he found the rank and file very chipper, I thank you, while the 'blooming hofficers,' as Kipling would say, were having a 'bally time of it'—those who had not joined the silent majority during the night. Then came some *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, philosophizing, and surgery took a giant stride in advance.

"The surgeon of the olden time learned his trade in the butcher shop, judging by his methods. Lisfranc, a surgeon of the old *régime*, nearly died of a broken heart, after the battle of Waterloo. It was not for France that he grieved.—He wept not for the downfall of the hapless Napoleon. It makes one's very blood run cold, to hear his pitiful lament—'Alas! there are now no more of those magnificent grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, who had such beautiful thighs—to amputate.'

"And then the good old man consoled his tortured spirit, by bleeding every occupant of the hospital to the very verge of the grave. Verily, those were the halcyon days of the critic! He had many victims for his lash, when, as that most illustrious member of our profession, the late Doctor Holmes, expressed it, 'mankind was afflicted with doses that required three men to take them; one to take the medicine, one to hold the taker, and another to pour it down.'

"We, of modern days, laugh at Doctor Sangrado, but Gil Blas, without him, would be like the play of Hamlet without the moody Dane.

"Was Sangrado overdrawn? I wot not, my young friend. He was but the prototype of men who are to-day flourishing and waxing fat in our very midst! Sangrado's ever-ready lancet and hot water were all well enough in their way, but what of some of our modern fads?

"Do you wonder that medicine has been lampooned?

"Let us yearn for the day when the seeker for truth shall find naught but the golden fruit of the tree of rational medicine to gaze upon. In that glorious epoch, he who would laugh at medicine, must peep into the valley of dead lumber, where he may take his choice between Christian science, the liver pad, and the left hind foot of the white rabbit.

"It is a striking fact that most of the doctors of modern literature have been very creditable to our profession. Was it not Weir Mitchell who said that he was compelled to go outside of his own profession to find his villains? Holmes held a similar opinion. There is much of truth in this assertion. Your Doctor Jekyll must become a layman, if he would play the villain. Mr. Hyde must assume the burden of his own villainy—Doctor Jekyll is a thing apart. There is much that is instructive in this illustration. Your doctor may be a villain, but once a good doctor, always a good doctor; he must drop the rôle of doctor, else his villainy will be but a poorly acted part.

"The elder Dumas, in his 'Memoirs of a Physician,' attempted to portray the villainy of a doctor, but he made a signal failure. Joseph Balsamo was a combination of astrologer and alchemist, who dabbled chiefly in that black art that loves late hours, deserted church yards, haunted castles and all eerie, creepy and unwholesome things. The incantations and mystery of Balsamo were not the arts of physic, but the deviltry of the mountebank and charlatan.

"But literature has, after all, done our noble profession much honor. One touch of realism, in certain phases, sweeps away the rubbish of a century of criticism, like so much chaff. Wherever the milk of human kindness flows most abundantly across the fair fields of literature, there will you find the doctor. Whether he be of the gig, or saddle-bags and cross-roads, or rides in a stylish brougham about the city

streets, the doctor is always identified with the hopes, and joys, and fears of the human heart. He it is who shares the

"HE ALONE, KNOWS WHERE THE FAIRIES KEEP BABIES FOR SALE."

joys and sorrows of the little children, those divining angels whose keen perception sees the doctor as he is, beneath his austere demeanor and professional dignity. Do they ever

doubt him, when he tells them how he bought that sweet little baby brother from a man down the road, and brought him straight to them because they are his pets?

"Never! And, when the dear little pink blossom is blighted by some affliction that even his wisdom cannot avert, the good, kind old doctor, is their only consolation. He alone, knows where the fairies keep babies for sale, and only he, can promise to bring them another, some day, to replace the one he brought and took away—the one they loved and lost.

"Where is there a grander character in literature, than the doctor?

"He is a 'skeptic,' they say. Some critic has gone farther, and said, 'Scratch a doctor's back and you will find an infidel.' Occasionally, perhaps, but you will usually find a man.

"There are hundreds, aye, thousands! of such 'skeptics' and 'infidels' wearily trudging about in this broad land, sacrificing their own interests for those of their fellow men, this very moment. The storm that is raging without, is beating against many a noble man who is on an errand of mercy to some suffering one, where not the remotest prospect of a fee awaits him. The infidels and skeptics of the profession, seem not to weary of doing their own duty—and a large part of that of their more saintly fellow citizens.

"Whatever their motive may be, whatever creed they may hold, the doctors of this country, sacrifice yearly, more in time, skill, labor, comfort—yea! even life—for the benefit of humanity, than the entire clergy.

"Glory to thee, oh Medicine! for verily, this shall be thine only terrestrial reward.

"The doctor must build his mansion in the skies at his own expense, and of such materials as he may himself select.

"Remember, all ye medical skeptics, that the solaced woes and mitigated sufferings of many thousands, will not furnish a single golden brick for a celestial home. The gratitude of unnumbered millions, will not furnish one drop of cooling dew, to assuage the agony of thine eternal punishment, oh, thou infidel!

"Cast the search-light of criticism where you will, in literature, and wherever you find the true physician, there also will you find a true man, kind, considerate and tender-hearted, with eye on the beacon light of progress, working hard in the treadmill of toil, but ever mindful of the welfare of humanity. In the sunlight of truth, the shafts of criticism can never touch the body medical.

"Let us all do our part in giving literature examples of the physician as he is to-day—a man whom it is not only unjust, but unsafe to lampoon. We may not all be builders in the temple of fame; we may not all aspire to be enrolled among the immortals of science, but to every physician is given the privilege of being a professional gentleman, and of rounding out his life as best he may, with the materials at his command. By doing our duty to ourselves and our noble profession, we mould the destinies of the doctor in the literature of the future. Though we may say with the immortal bard of Avon—

> 'The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples; the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
> And, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind; we are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life,
> Is rounded with a sleep'—

"Let us still remember that we owe a duty to our profession, both to-day and for the future.

"See here, young man, why do you allow me to ramble on in this fashion? I must surely bore you.

"But it's your own fault. You are too polite altogether; you shouldn't allow a garrulous old man to talk you to death.

"The Major? Well, I thought it was high time you were asking after him. He's not very well this evening, I thank you.

"Let me see, where was I?

"Oh, yes, the sun had just risen over the mountains—an important point, yet one that has no particular bearing upon the continuation of my story:"

"Owing to the pressure of professional duties, it was some time before I had an opportunity of doing more than pass the time of day, with the boys about town. I had not seen the Major, since my first introduction to him. He was still celebrating his return home, and as his fellow townsmen were more than generous, he was likely to remain in blissful ignorance of current events for some weeks at least. As the scene of his celebration was shifted from one saloon to another, and I had not been called for some days to repair damages to any of my fellow citizens, inflicted in free-for-all fights, the saloons were out of my regular round of calls.

"One morning, however, as I was passing Mrs. Waters' palatial abode, her little boy, Johnny, came running excitedly after me:

"'Say, Doc, hold up!' he cried.

"I resented the 'Doc' salutation from such young lips, but nevertheless stopped, and waited for the youngster.

"'Well, what is it, Johnny?' I asked.

"'My Ma wants y'u ter come an' see one uv our boarders, an' please sir, Ma thinks he's got 'em!'

"This seemed important, if true, so I retraced my steps and followed the boy to the house.

"Mrs. Waters was a business woman, and as crisp as her own piecrust, so without ceremony I was ushered upstairs and into a little back attic room, where I saw—the Major, or what remained of the old hero.

"The boy was right, the old man did have 'em—and he had 'em bad.

"Poor old fellow! he presented the most pitiful spectacle I have ever seen. His eyes were no longer fishy—his visions would have brightened up Dick Deadeye himself. They had scared the Major almost to death.

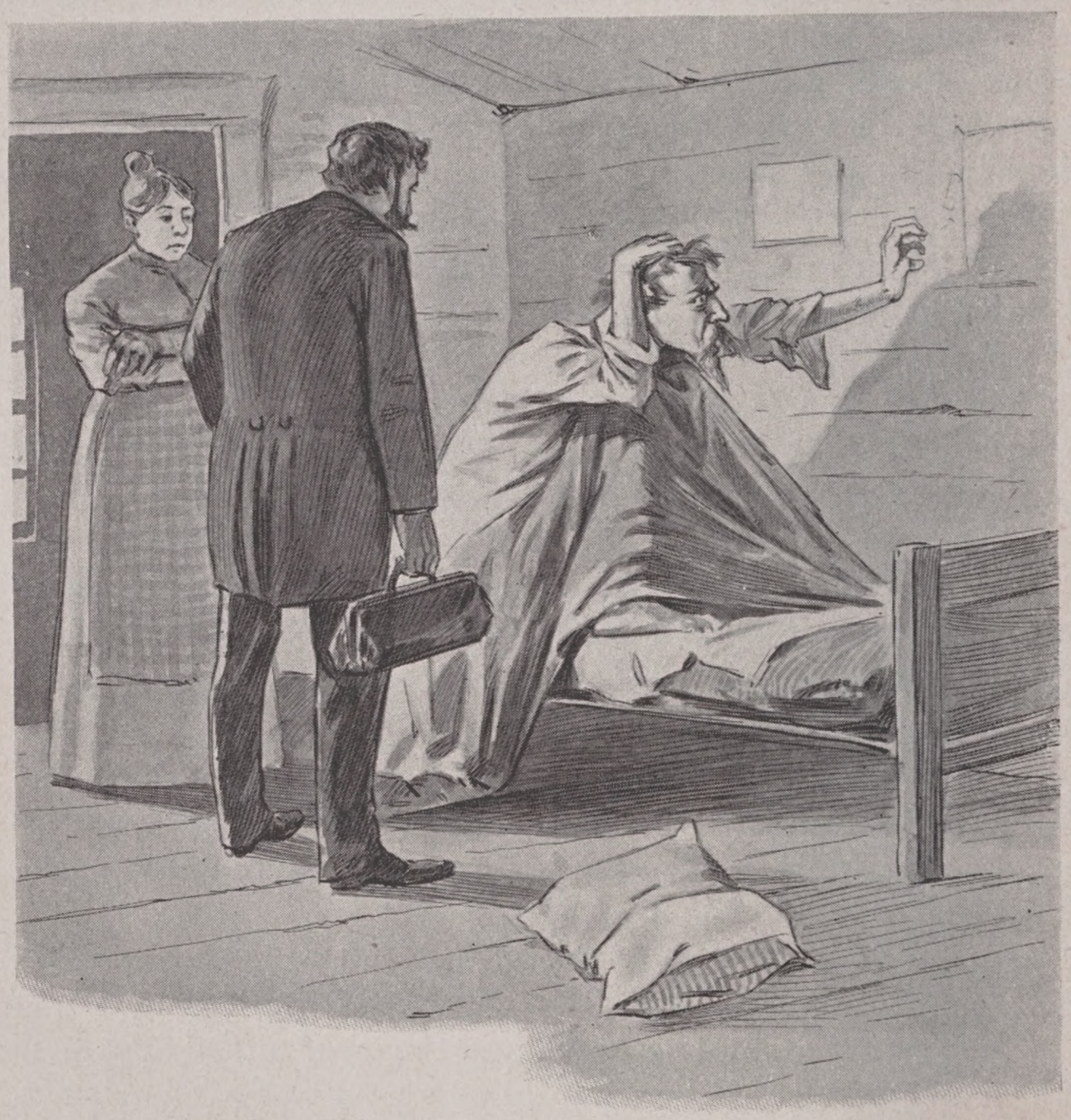
"Some people see snakes, but I'll wager that the old Major saw a modern reproduction of Noah's Ark—with not a passenger missing.

"Whew! How he did rear, and tear, and howl!

"The old fellow was so tall, and his cot so short, that in his efforts to escape the zoological figments of his imagina-

tion, he would have put a professional contortionist to the blush.

"It was hard work pulling the Major through his illness —his age had begun to tell on him, and his habits of life hadn't helped matters much. I finally, however, got him on



"THE OLD MAN DID HAVE 'EM."

his feet again, and if gratitude is fair compensation for work well done, Major Merriwether has a large balance to his credit on my books.

"The old man actually fell in love with me, and, as a result, I afterward had abundant opportunities to study him; though I will confess that the Major was not a hard subject

for analysis—he was an open book. Never in my life, however, have I seen another such book. No book of fairy tales ever equalled it. The Robinson Crusoe of my youth and the Munchausen of my later years, hung their heads for very shame, in the presence of Major Merriwether.

"My friend 'Mapes,' as I have already told you, had given me some idea of the old Major's popularity, but I did not realize the depth of affection that the towns-people had for him, until he became my patient. I was obliged to have daily bulletins at my tongue's end. The boys were constantly asking for information regarding the distinguished sufferer. Nothing was too good for 'th' ole man,' and such luxuries as the town afforded, were fairly lavished upon him.

"When the old fellow was in condition to receive visitors, he held court in the most approved fashion—indeed, he demonstrated that his European experience had not been lost upon him. And the recipient of the honor accorded him by his neighbors, was by no means unappreciative.

"'As I have befo' had occasion to remark to yo', doctah,' said the Major, 'the citizens of this commonwealth are quite appreciative of, ah—people of talent an' courage, suh. Such qualities, suh, are suah to win in this community, an' I predict fo' yo', a popularity almos', if not quite, equal to ma own, suh.'

"A few days later, I received a rather ceremonious call from a party of our most prominent citizens. So ceremonious was it, that if my friend 'Mapes' had not been at the head of the delegation, I should have been a trifle uneasy. The crowd looked not unlike some 'notice ter quit this hyar claim' committees that I had seen.

"But the errand of the committee was both peaceful and entertaining:

"'Howdy' do, Doc?' said Jerry, cordially, extending his hand.'

"'I am quite well, I thank you, Jerry, and very glad to see so many of my fellow townsmen. To what may I attribute the honor of this call? You certainly are not all sick, are you?'

"'Oh, no, Doc, we're feelin' purty well, thankee. We jes' drapped in ter chin 'bout ther Major.'

"'The Major!' I exclaimed, somewhat startled, 'why, what's happened to him? He was all right this morning!'

"'Oh, thar aint nuthin' happen'd ter th' ole man. He's er doin' bully, thanks ter y'u knowin' yer bizness, Doc, an' we boys 'll remember thet ye done the squar' thing by him, y'u bet.

"'But we've bin er thinkin' thet ther Major orter hev some light ockerpation, an' we've 'cluded thet we kin help th' ole feller out. He's gittin too ole ter be overworkin' hisself like he hez bin, an' we reckon thet er perlit'kal job 'll jes' erbout hit 'im right. Aint thet so, boys?'

"The boys winked solemnly at the ceiling—bless their rugged hearts!—and 'lowed that it was 'jes' so.'

"'Now,' said Jerry, continuing, 'Sam Barker, ther postmaster uv this ere town, is goin' back ter ther States, on erkount uv some money whut his uncle left him, an we've bin er thinkin' thet thet air job is jest erbout Maje's size, an' we air goin' ter make er pull fer et.

"'Uv course, ther gov'ment aint likely ter go back on his fren's hyar in this ere town, but we thort we'd like ter hev ther thing kinder systermatick like, an' git er stiffkit uv diserbil'ty frum y'u. D'ye see ther pint?'

"It was quite easy to see Jerry's points—and to feel some of them—so I hastened to assure him that it would give me great pleasure to assist in so worthy a cause.

"A few minutes later, armed with my formal opinion as to the necessity of rest and light employment in the Major's case, and loaded with a goodly part of the greatly depleted contents of my demijohn, my distinguished visitors departed.

"As they triumphantly passed out of the door, I heard some one say, 'Aint Doc jest er bully boy with er glass eye?'"

"The Major had been convalescent and about for some weeks, when he surprised me one evening by calling at my humble quarters.

"The old man was evidently feeling pretty well satisfied with the world in general, and himself in particular. He

fairly beamed with self-satisfaction, and I noted a shade of dignity rather deeper than I had yet observed upon his face. His usually stony eyes were actually twinkling with animation. His cheek was tinged with a rosy flush, which was by no means due alone to blooming health—for he had evidently disobeyed my directions, and was on the brink of a relapse, judging by his pungent breath.

"'Good evening, Major,' I said. 'It is evident that all goes well with thee. But why this unwonted hilarity?'

"'W'y, suh, haven't yo' heahd?'

"I promptly confessed my ignorance of the subject in hand.

"'Well, suh, the gov'ment of this gre't an' glo'ious country, has tendah'd me th' office of pos'mastah of this thrivin' city, suh. Aftah due an' propah deliberation, I have concluded to take it, suh, an' I have called to accept yo' congratulations, ma deah doctah, an' to join with yo' in congratulatin' the cit'zens of this commonwealth, on their public spirit an' entahprise, suh. As I have befo' had occasion to remark, suh, this town is a place where intelligence, executive capacity an' courage are appreciated, suh.

"'It is not nec'sary to say to yo', ma deah fren', that I shall at all times welcome yo' at ma office, suh. Yo' may be suah, doctah, that the good will of the gov'ment officials of this town is already spoken fo', fo' ma physician.

"'I have called thus early, to exten' the propah co'tesies to yo', because in the pressuah of official business, I might fail to show yo' the propah amount of attention. Yo' are ma best fren', suh, aftah ma fren' th' hon'ble Mistah Mapleson. I am free to confess, suh, that yo' education an' social position are such, that ouah relations are much mo' unconventional than would be poss'ble between gentlemen of less cultuah than ouahselves, suh.'

"I assured the Major, that I not only congratulated him upon the appreciation shown him by our great commonwealth, but also upon the esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens. I remarked, however, that the Government of the United States was really the gainer by the transaction.

"'You know, Major,' I said, 'that public office is often trying and laborious. In my opinion, we are most fortunate to have among us so distinguished a citizen, who is willing to sacrifice his own interests to those of the public.'

"'Yes,' said the Major, drawing himself up to as near his full height as my ceiling would admit, meanwhile inflating his chest until it looked like a balloon, 'But, yo' see, ma deah doctah, somebody mus' sacrifice himself fo' the commonwealth, an' if men of honah an' brains do not come fo'ward, what's to become of our gre't an' glo'ious country, suh?"

"At this juncture I noticed that the Major's voice was getting a trifle husky. I knew that if I did not provide a remedy he would obtain it elsewhere, and I preferred to regulate both quality and dose, myself. Then, too, the occasion was one for rejoicing. I therefore brought my bourbon to the front. There was no difficulty in finding it. All I had to do was to follow the Major's thirsty glances—which had been transfixing that devoted demijohn ever since he entered my shanty.

"The demijohn was somewhat disfigured, yet still productive, when the Major and I began upon it, but it was no longer worth cultivation when we got through with it. Ye gods! What a horrible drought the dear old man had acquired during his sickness! For a moment I felt a pang of regret that I had cured him—that was such awfully good whisky, and no more of the kind to be had nearer than Henderson county, Kentucky.

"But I got the worth of my liquor before the evening was over.

"The old Major soon got warmed up, and began talking on his favorite theme—himself.

"'Do yo' know, doctah, that puss'nal courage, an' a high degree of intell'gence, suh, are appreciated all the world ovah? Now, in Kaintucky—ma native state, I'm mos' happy to say, suh—I had gre't trouble in preventin' ma fellah cit'zens from sendin' me to Congress. There was no opposition wo'th mentionin'—I was really the unan'mous selection of ma district, suh.'

"'Well, really, Major, you ought to have embraced the opportunity. You might have enrolled your name upon the records of your great state, along with those of some of our most renowned statesmen.

"'Henry Clay, sir, is a name which will ever adorn the brightest pages of our country's history, and with the name of Merriwether side by side with that of her other great sons, Kentucky history would have gained a lustre which would have made the very sun grow pale and wan with envy. Frankly, you did not do your duty.

"'Well, to be puffec'ly candid with yo', suh,' said the Major, 'such little opposition as ther' was, came from certain pussons who based their antag'nism upon a few little incidents in ma careah, which ma fren's thought 'twas best not to bring fo'ward too prom'nently.

"'Yo' see, suh, there was a little feelin' at the time, against the code of honah, suh, an' ma fren's, fo' the sake of the cause, consid'ed it unwise to risk bringin' it up as an issue, suh. The cry of "fiah eatah!" would have attracted the attention of the North in such a mannah as to damage the cause, suh, an' threaten the integrity of one of ouah mos' sacred institutions, suh.'

"'I presume that the opposition would have had no great amount of difficulty in proving a case against so gallant a blade as yourself, sir,' I said.

"'Well, ah—I may say, suh, that there *was* a little color to the cha'ges of the opposition. Most of ma little affaihs did not attract much attention—such little mattahs were so common with us, suh. But aftah I shot Kunnel Maxwell, suh, fo' insultin' one of ma lady fren's, there was some grumblin'. Yo' see, the Kunnel was a very prom'nent man, an' his affaihs usually went the othah way. Ah! he was a game man, Maxwell was!'

"'But the crit'cisms were not very seveah till I cut Majah Cartwright, suh, an' I mus' say that I was in disfavah fo' some time aftahward. 'Twas claimed that the Majah was too drunk to put up a good fight, but I can assuah yo' that he was no drunkah than—than I am, suh.'—

"I assured the Major that I didn't think his antagonist could possibly have been drunker than he was. Passing over my satire with lordly disdain, he continued:

"'No, suh, they were wrong, suh. The Majah was dead game, suh, an' I still carry the marks of his bowie. Cut ma lung clean thro', suh! Howevah, I soon went into the army, havin' secured a commission as Majah, an' ma glo'ious career in the Mexican wah, soon blotted out the mem'ry of those old time trifles, suh.'

"'I suppose, Major,' I said, 'that you fairly eclipsed yourself when you were fighting the battles of our country.'

"'Well, I may say, suh, that I did do a little fightin'. Ma fren' Gen'ul Scott, said, aftah the battle of Resaca, where I was wounded in capturin' a batt'ry with ma own hand, suh—that I was the gre'test fightah in the army—a puffec' dare devil, suh!'

"'With such a record, sir,' I said, 'you should have been a general of division at the very least, by the time victory crowned our banners at the close of the war.'

"Ah, ma deah boy, so ma fren' Scott used to say! But that cursed sense of honah of mine, again proved an obstacle, suh. Yo' see, I was pop'lar in the army, but aftah ma affaih with Kunn'l Gordon got to the eahs of the political fellahs at Washin'ton, ma goose was cooked, suh. To be suah, the affaih was mos' hon'able. The Kunn'l died like a gentleman, suh, an' he was the aggressah—little game of draw, yo' know, an' too much liquah abo'd—but that was not considah'd by those fellahs at headquatahs. 'Twas said that it was a cleah case of, ah—homicide, suh. Yo' see, I was the best so'dsman in th' army, an' I natu'lly s'lected the so'd to settle the mattah. I remembah the Kunn'l's ga'd was dem'd po', an' I spitted him like a turkey, suh, but I, of co'se, supposed that he was a so'dsman.'

"'But, Major, I am surprised that you have not tendered your sword to our government in the present crisis—or are you, perhaps, in sympathy with the South, as are many of your Kentucky friends?'

"'Well, ah—' said the Major, as he hurriedly surrounded another adult dose of my fast ebbing *elixir vitæ*, 'Yo' see,

suh, I feel that I am needed heah in this growin' community, an' I'm compelled to make the sacrifice of ma own ambitions. Then too, I'm in symp'thy with the Fed'ral gov'ment, suh, an' I don't like to embrue ma han's in the goah of ma fellah cit'zens of Kaintucky, suh, Besides, I have always hoped to serve ma country heah in the West, an' ma hopes have, as yo' know, at las' been re'lized.'

"'So, yo' see,' said the Major, with a doleful sigh, 'I mus' be resigned to ma humble lot, an' not seek fo' mo' glory with ma so'd, suh. As I said to the Shah of Persia, when he tendah'd me a commission of General in his army, suh, "Duty to ma fellah cit'zens, must evah be above ma own glory an' puss'nal int'rests, suh."'

"'Ah, my dear Major,' I said, 'with a few more such men as yourself in this country, the outcome of the civil war would not be open to the slightest question.'

"'Yo flattah me, I'm suah, suh, but I'm proud to b'lieve that yo' are sinceah, tho' yo' cert'nly ovah-estimate ma talents, suh. But, as I once rema'ked to the Prince of Wales, "the exaggerated, ah—estimate of ouah deah fren's, is the mos' delicious sauce of existence, suh."

"'Speakin' of the Prince of Wales, suh, do yo' know that the deah boy almos' tem'ted me to stay in Lunnon? One of the Kunn'ls of the Royal horse was thrown from his chargah an' killed, just at the time I was there. Yo' see, Wales had ordahed a review fo' ma entahtainment, an' while we were inspectin' the troops, this Kunn'l was thrown an' killed befo' ouah eyes. Wales insisted on ma takin' command of the regiment an' finishin' the review. As I happened to have on a full dress uniform of Kunn'l of the Guards, which the Prince had ordah'd from his own tailah, specially fo' the occasion, I fin'lly consented.

"'I suppose that you covered yourself and our country with honor and glory, my dear Major. You certainly were placed in a conspicuous and responsible position.'

"'Ah—yes, yo' may be suah. But I'm suah that ma mil'tary trainin', suh, modest tho' it has been, did not reflect discredit 'pon ouah glo'ious flag, suh. The Prince rema'ked afterward, that if his officahs would only learn to ride like

Majah Merriwethah, there would be no mo' killed in the distressin' mannah that his Kunn'l of Guards was.'

"'It is no wonder the Prince wanted to keep you in his service,' I said.

"'Wanted to keep me, suh! Well, suh, I had dem'd ha'd work gettin' away at all, suh! W'y, that man Wales is the mos' persistent fellah yo' evah saw, suh.'

"'Well,' I cried, raising my glass, 'England's loss is California's gain. Here's to our new postmaster! May his shadow never grow shorter, nor his thirst thirstier. May he prove that the cancelling stamp is mightier than the sword—and may spongy degeneration ever be the lot of his gastro-intestinal mucous membrane. May his courage never grow less, nor his kidneys fail him. May his liver be the grave of sorrow and the birthplace of joy. May his salary swell with the passing of the years, and his mustaches never grow flaccid. May he marry "the apple of his eye," and bring up in our midst a large and interesting family of little majors and majoresses, with the courage, beauty, gallantry and veracity of their talented father! To the most distinguished soldier of modern times; that relic of a more robust and chivalric age—Major Merriwether—sir to you!'

"And down went the last of the golden sap of Henderson County.—

"Vale, sweet nectar! Thou wast my friend when the world was new! Thou didst lend a rosy glow to the dreams of mine youthful ambition—thou didst gild the mountain tops of mine hopes and illumine the valley of my despair! Never shall I look upon thy like again, oh demijohn of uncouth mould and heavenly contents!

"Too much sentiment over a jug of whisky, eh? Well, young man, you didn't know the times, nor the difficulty of getting good liquor in those days. And you didn't know the boys, nor that particular jug of whisky, and—and you didn't know the Major, nor me."

"As the old man bade me good night, I once more congratulated him upon his good fortune, and promised that I

would call upon him at an early date and enjoy his hospitality in his new quarters.

"As he staggered away into the gloom of the night, I said to myself—'Here, among these bleak and rocky hills, I have at last found that *rara avis*—a happy man? Oh lie! where is thy sting? Oh truth! where is thy victory?'—

"And then I went to bed, and dreamed that the Major was President of the United States, and had just appointed me Surgeon-General of the Union army, with a salary equal to a prince's ransom."

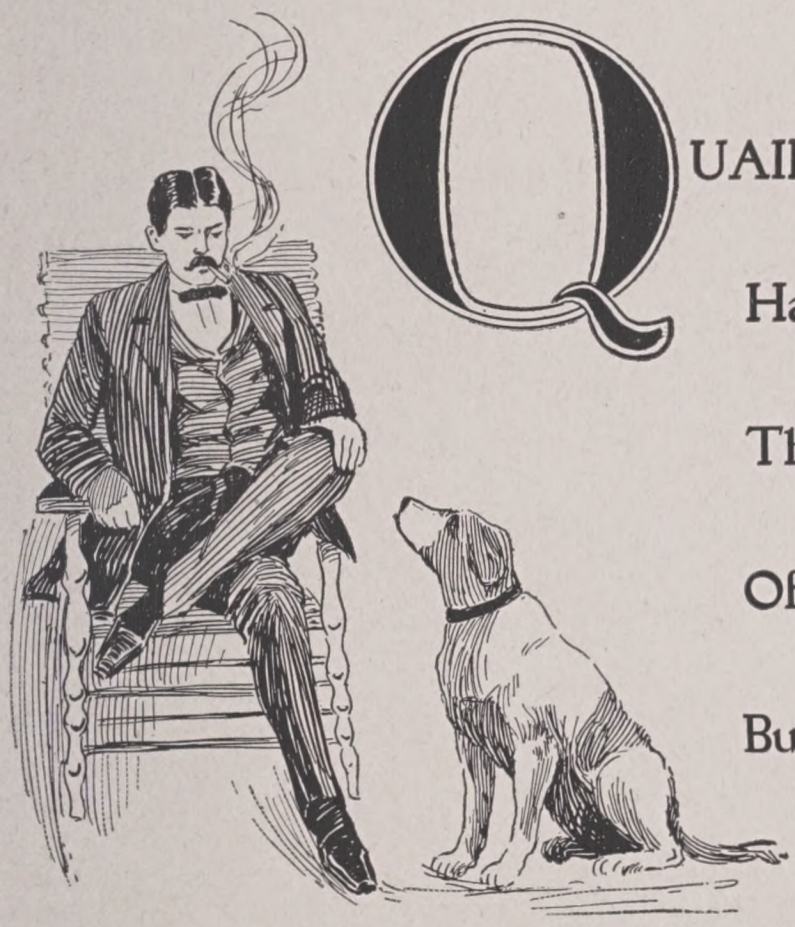
"Which reminds me, my dear boy, that if either of us intend to do any dreaming to-night, it is high time we parted. I have much more to tell you about the Major, but we will have to put the old man back in his musty pigeon-hole until our next meeting. Suppose we drink a parting bumper of punch? Let me propose a toast:

"Here's to the gallant Major Merriwether P. M.!

"Good night."

THE PASSING OF MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

III.



QUAINT poets in the days of old
Have told in song and story,
Their tales of priceless gems and gold,
Of war, and martial glory,
But now the blissful poet sings,
In ballad and hosanna,
Of clouds that rise in fragrant rings
From pipe or fine havana.

BULL-FIGHTING A LA MODE.

THE PASSING OF MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

III.

IT was plain to be seen that the doctor was cross—vexation is rare with him, but it always shows upon his countenance so plainly that he who runs may read. Then, too, my dear friend has a habit of expressing himself quite emphatically at such times; so there is rarely any difficulty in determining his exact state of mind. When he *is* ill-natured there is but one way to remedy his condition—agree with him in the view that things *are* all askew, draw the cork of his wrath bottle, and then sit back and listen with as much sympathy in your expression as you can muster up for the occasion. When he has finished firing his intellectual Gatling gun—providing he hasn't hit you with some of his random shots—you may safely approach his majesty on almost any subject you like. The genial aroma arising from his hookah and the diffusible good nature of the punch, will do the rest.

"Well, if I haven't had a day of it! It seems to me that every blessed fool that happens to be enrolled on my list of patients, has taken a notion to be sick to-day. The weather is execrable, and slopping around in the snow and slush is not the most agreeable task in the world, I can tell you!

"'Beautiful snow,' forsooth! Do you know, my boy, that snow reminds me of human character? It's such a beautiful

thing to study *au naturel*, but when it is contaminated with worldly dross and dirt, it is vileness itself. I wonder if the angels, that are said to live up yonder somewhere, could endure the earth much better than the snowflakes do. Possibly the snowflakes are used by the angels very much as a sounding line is used by mariners. If the plummet gets mud on it, the navigator strikes a lively gait for deep water. It would be interesting to know what the navigators of the skies—if there are any—have to say about to-day's soundings.

"I don't wonder that most doctors look like worn-out hacks. And it's not all weather that worries 'em either. The inequalities, eccentricities—yea, and the cussedness of human nature, beat any sort of weather I ever expect to meet in this world, and if there's any worse—hot or cold—in the world which the good folks say lies beyond—

"Well, I'm not going to practice medicine over there, anyhow, so I guess I can stand almost anything. I can face some of my old patients with a little more *sang froid* if I'm a gentleman of leisure and not a medical drudge, on the other side of the Styx.

"It seems to me that the meanness and stupidity of patient—or more properly, impatient—human nature, runs in streaks.

"At my first call this morning, I found an old woman, who has bothered me just often enough to call herself my patient—save the mark—doubled up with a terrific intestinal colic. On inquiry, she said she had been sick for a week.

"'Why did you not call me earlier?' I asked, impatiently. 'You might at least have selected better weather and a time more suited to my convenience, to send for me!'

"'Oh, well, ye see, doctor,' she replied between groans, I didn't think it 'mounted ter much. I thought I could break it up with some simple home rem'dies. But I've kep' er growin' worse an' worse, an' I made up my mind this mornin' that I'd have to have er doctor.'

"'Well, madam,' I said, 'I'm very glad that you have concluded to have a physician, although I'm inclined to quarrel with your selection, as there are plenty of good doctors who live near you. What have you been taking?' I inquired.

"'Oh, I haint taken anythin' much. You see, our med'cine chest was nearly empty, an' Maria had lost Doctor Quackem's fam'ly med'cine guide, so I had ter get along with what few things Missus Thompson, who lives next door, happened ter have by her.'

"'Yes, yes, my dear madam! but will you kindly enumerate the various simples you have taken.'

"'Oh, well, ye see I'd been takin' Dosem's Sars'prilla fer my blood fer sev'ral weeks, an' I thought I ought ter have somethin' ter act on my liver, so I took about six er Purgem's pills. They didn't act well, so Missus Thompson said I mus' work 'em off with er dose er salts an' seeny, but after all, I had ter take two big spoonfuls er castor ile, an' I think that rather upsot my stomach, for I haint been able ter eat anythin' much but some potato salad an' sausages with er little cabbage, fer sev'ral days. I got so weak that my husband had ter jest *make* me take some whisky toddy, an' I've kep' that down pretty well. When the pain come on, I don't know what I'd er done if Ezra hadn't got me some Jerry's pain killer from ther drug store. Even *that* didn't do much good an' I fin'lly had ter take some pep'mint and paregoric, but it haint helped me much, an' I'm afraid I've tuck on inflammation.'

"'Excuse me, madam,' I said, after quieting her with a hypodermic, 'but what is your age?'

"'Fifty years old ther first of las' month,' she replied.

"'And how long have you lived in the city?' I asked.

"'Why, doctor, I've lived here fer twenty-five years,' she replied.—

"Oh, drivelling imbecility, fat-headed stupidity and infinite cussedness of humanity! 'Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, thine infinite variety!'

" And so the world has merrily wagged, all the livelong day.

" Ah, my boy! What were life without this hookah and my tobacco? Really, I commence to feel quite sociable again. I don't believe I could grumble any more if I tried.

"The punch seems better than usual to-night, doesn't it? It is like that famous wine of Montebello, that contained the

imprisoned smiles of all the beautiful peasant girls of sunny France.

"Which reminds me that our parting bumper at our last meeting was drunk to the gallant Major.

"'Um—where were we? Oh yes, we had just celebrated the old man's appointment as postmaster."

"Although the post-office was but a short distance away and the Major was now my near neighbor, it was several days before I saw him within hailing distance. The weekly stage was not yet due, hence no letters could arrive and there was no occasion to inquire for any. For a wonder, the old hero had kept pretty sober since my demijohn ran dry—possibly because my liquor had given him such an aristocratic taste that the plebeian 'bug-juice' of the town no longer tempted him as of yore. At any rate, the boys said that his drinking had been quite moderate since he entered upon his duties as postmaster. To be sure, his temperance streak was destined to be short-lived, but we must give the old man credit for even his temporary sobriety.

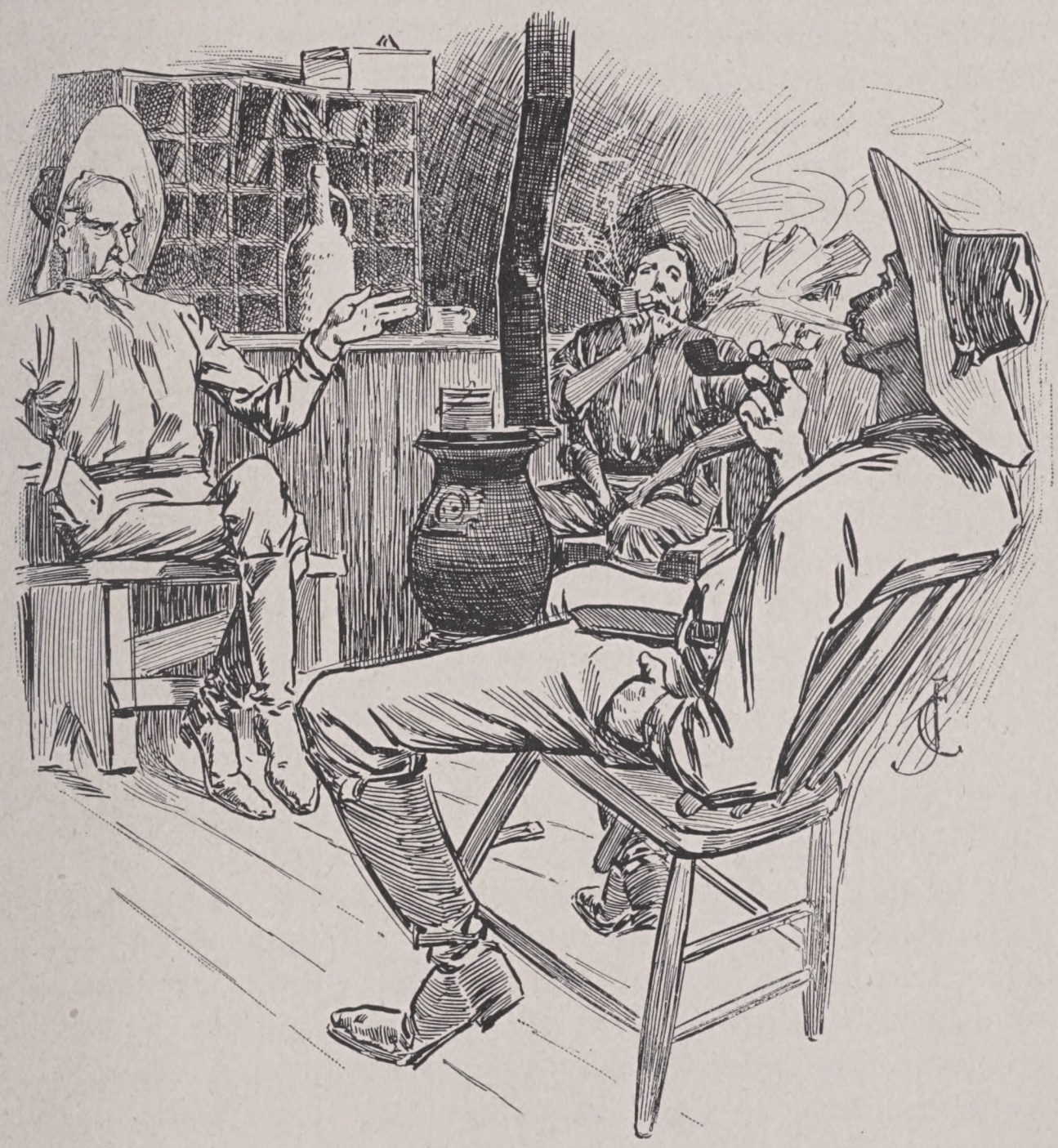
"One beautiful morning, after having made a few calls—which were all I had planned for the day—I bethought me of the Major. Being curious to see more of the old fellow, and anxious to learn how his new environment had affected him, I resolved to make a formal visit to the post-office.

"I found the old man seated in front of the crazy-looking set of pigeon-holes that constituted the post-office part of the furniture, surrounded by a number of his friends and admirers, to whom he was relating some of his European experiences, his audience meanwhile listening as sedately as a lot of old owls. Their solemn visages, however, did not fit their ocular expressions, for it seemed as though each one was trying to out-wink the other.

"As I entered the majestic presence of the postmaster, he was in the midst of a peroration descriptive of a thrilling incident that occurred at a bear hunt, to which he had been invited by the Czar of Russia during his European tour.

"'Yes, gentlemen, the Czar often said aftahwa'd, that if it hadn't been fo' me, the throne of Russia would have been

vacant. I assuah yo', suhs, that the battle was a royal one. Fo' a moment, I was in a very per'lous position, suhs. Ma rifle missed fiah, but ma trusty bowie—Well, I declah, heah's ma deah fren', the doctah! Yo'll excuse me, ma fellah cit'zens,



"FO' A MOMENT, I WAS IN A VERY PER'LOUS POSITION, SUHS."

I'm suah. W'y, ma deah doctah, how d' yo' do? I'm cha'med to see yo' at ma office, suh!'

"After assuring the Major that the honor and pleasure were entirely mine, I joined the party, and became an interested listener to the recital of the gallant postmaster's European adventures, for the remainder of the evening.

"The old man apparently forgot his rescue of the Czar of all the Russias, but he by no means ran short of material —indeed, he took the floor and kept it, no effort being necessary to draw him out.

"That the old Major was the prince of entertainers, was never disputed in the town of E——, but on this occasion he fairly outdid himself. Several of the boys endeavored for some time to get a word in edgewise, but without avail, until the Major stopped for breath, when Charley Mason got the floor and began a description of a bull-fight he had once witnessed in the City of Mexico, which, to his mind, appeared to compare very favorably with some of the Major's wonderful experiences.

"'But, uv course,' said he, 'ther Major hez never hed ther chance ter see er bull-fight, seein' ez how when he wuz in Mexico 'long with Gineral Scott, he wuz too busy killin' greasers, ter waste his time watchin' bull-fights. Ennyhow, by ther time ther Major got through killin' 'em, thar wuzn't Mexicans 'nuff left whar he wuz, ter git up er fust class chicken-fight, ter say nuthin' uv er bull-fight.'

"The Major accepted this rather fulsome tribute to his valor, with his usual modesty, but immediately took exception to the introduction of a Mexican bull-fight as a competitor of his European adventures.

"'Ma fren Charles is very kind to mention ma exploits in Mexico, I'm suah. I mus' say, howevah, that I'm surprised, suhs, that he has been so impressed with the crude methods of bull-fightin' prev'lent in Mexico. W'y, suhs, there's no compa'ison between the prim'tive enta'tainments of the Mexicans an' those of, ah—what may be termed the parent country—Spain, the land of Ferd'nan' an' Is'bella. Ah, gentlemen! I wish that yo' might witness the magnif'cent spectacle presented by a Spanish bull-fight. W'y, suhs, if it were not fo' fatiguin' yo' all, I'd tell yo' of an experience that' —and with a fine show of diffidence he paused.

"There was a general cry of 'Go on, Maje, let's hev ther yarn!' so, after a preliminary round of drinks, he cleared his ever-husky throat, and began:

"'Well, suhs, there's not much to tell yo' all. Yo' see, the Duke of, ah—Aconcagua, whom I met at a reception given by th' American Consul at Madrid, happened to take quite a fancy to yo' humble servant, suhs, an' did me the honah of permittin' me to dine him, a few days latah, at ma hotel. Durin' the dinnah—which comprised fo'teen co'ses an' was tha' fo' quite prolonged—the Duke had the oppa'tunity of cultivatin' ma 'quaintance, an' I can assuah yo' suhs, that he took advantage of it.

"'At the close of the repas', His Highness expressed his delight in makin' ma 'quaintance, an' invited me to visit him the followin' week, at his estate a few miles from Madrid. "I can't do yo' justice, I'm quite suah, ma deah Majah," said he, "but I shall be cha'med to give yo' such modest enta'tainment as ma humble oppa'tunities will permit."

"'Although ma social engagements were very pressin', I accepted the Duke's kind invitation, suhs, an' at th' appointed time was on hand, sev'ral of the nobil'ty of the Spanish Court, who had also been invited, accompanyin' me to the Duke's chateau.

"'The Duke kep' me in a whirl of pleasuah fo' sev'ral days, an' I can assuah yo', suhs, that I had ha'd wo'k to tear maself away.

"Among othah things the Duke provided fo' ma enta'tainment, was a bull-fight, conducted in reg'lar Spanish fashion. The flowah of the Spanish chivalry, an' the mos' beautiful women of the country 'roun', were invited to the *fête* fo' the special pu'pose of meetin' me, suhs.

"'Ah, ma fren's!' said the Major, with a prodigious sigh, 'that was a day to be ma'ked with a white stone—nevah in ma life have I witnessed such a sight as was presented by those grandees an' faih ladies of Ole Spain. An' nevah shall I forget that bull-fight, suhs!

"'I can assuah yo', gentlemen, that yo' all can't imagine how interestin' the bull-fightin' was. What with the gay costumes of the ladies an' the pictu'esque garb of the actahs in that thrillin' scene, it was an occasion evah to be rememba'ed.

"'I wish I could pictuah to yo' all, th' excitin' scenes of that magnif'cent display. Seven hawses an' fo' men killed,

suhs, an' three milk-white Andalusian bulls slain! Jus' think of it!'

"'I beg pardon, Major,' I said, 'but did you say milk-white bulls?'

"'Precisely so, suh, milk-white bulls, each of which was wo'th at least a thousand dollars, suh!'

"'Ma compassion was fin'lly touched by the sight of those magnif'cent an'mals, with their snowy hides all flecked with goah, an', desi'ous of checkin' such a waste of those kingly creatuahs, I waved ma han' at the Duke, who was himself pa'ticipatin' in the fightin'—an' a royal fightah he was, suhs—an' as soon as I succeeded in attractin' his attention, I said that I was fatigued an' would considah it a gre't favah if he would terminate the enta'tainment. It was plain to be seen that the grandees were in favah of proceedin', but the Duke paid no attention to them, an' immediately concluded the exhibition by invitin' me into th' arena an' publickly introducin' me to his distinguished guests. Yo' nevah saw such an ovation, suhs, as I received when they heard ma name! How small the wo'ld is, aftah all! One's reputation is not bounded by geograph'cal lim'tations, yo' may be suah.'

"'I presume, Major,' I said, 'that you made a very careful study of the Spanish method of bull-fighting, while you were participating in that magnificent *fête*.'

"'Well, ma deah doctah, I mus' say that I did, suh, an' the ideah has occurred to me that I may be able to arrange mattahs so that ma fellah cit'zens can get the ben'fit of my expe'ience, suh.'

"'In what way, Major?' I asked.

"'Well, suh, I was thinkin' that if the boys could get a bull that would be sufficiently feahce, I might demonstrate the, ah—Spanish method of bull-fightin', in such a mannah as to affo'd enta'tainment an' instruction to ma fellah cit'zens, suh. I have the propah costume an' other appu't'nances fo' the affaih, an' I can assuah yo' all, that I shall be mos' happy to employ ma feeble talents fo' the enta'tainment of ma fren's.'

"'W'y,' said Charley Mason, 'nuthin' could be easier. Ef yore in dead earnes', Maje, we kin fix ye out in gre't shape. Et's easy 'nuff ter git er bull, an I reckon we kin git

one thet ud hook yer ole Andylusyuns off'n the earth. Uv course ye wants er savidge cuss; them Spanish fellers kin afford ter fool erway the'r time on them kittenish white cattle, but er man uv yore brav'ry, wants suthin' jest about right in the fightin' line. Aint thet so, boys?'

"The boys emphatically agreed that it *was* so, and appeared delighted with the prospect of a genuine Spanish bull-fight.

FROM ANDALUSIA.

"'I would suggest, Major,' I said, 'that your exhibition ought to be given upon a prominent holiday. Now, the Fourth of July is almost here, and nothing could be more fitting and patriotic, than to celebrate Independence Day by a grand *fête*, which shall comprise among other things, a genuine Spanish bull-fight. I will confer with our mutual friend, Mapes, to-morrow, and I have no doubt that he will not only give us the benefit of his counsel, but will also be delighted to co-operate with us. Indeed, if Jerry will kindly consent to assume the direction of the affair, I believe that its success will be assured.'

"'W'y, ma deah doctah, yo' are, as usual, wise an' mos' discriminatin,' an' I think, suh, that yo' suggestion is mos' timely. If, as yo' so kindly propose, yo' will see Mistah Mapleson, I shall be gre'tly obliged to yo', suh. Yo' prop'sition to have the affaih on the glorious Fo'th, is a mos' delicate

compliment, suh, an' I assuah yo' that I shall do ma part to make the occasion wo'thy of the day.'

"After a few more liquid salutes, the Major having meanwhile explained the intricacies of our postal system to me, and assured me that my postal business would receive his personal attention, the company broke up.

"I conferred with my friend Jerry, the following day, and to say that he was wildly enthusiastic over the proposed Fourth of July celebration, would be putting it mildly.

"'W'y, Doc,' he said, 'thet's ther gre'tes' scheme I ever heerd on! We'll hev er show thet'll make them fellers down et Placerville, eat the'r d—d hearts out with jealersy! Er genooine Spanish bull-fight! Wall, by the eternal! Ef we don't show 'em er fight thet'll put ther Spanishers the'rselves ter sleep, ter say nuthin' 'bout par'lyzin' ther greasers, I'll jest eat my hat!'

"Jerry cheerfully assumed the entire charge of the forthcoming event, for which I was not at all sorry, as bull-fighting was a little out of my latitude. My versatility did not extend quite so far.

"About a week later, as I was returning from a call upon a sick miner that had taken me the better part of the day—for the poor devil lived at a little mining camp some miles from E——, I met Jerry, riding leisurely along on his tough little mustang. He was chuckling to himself over something or other which seemed to please him immensely, and would have ridden by me without speaking, so preoccupied was he, had I not hailed him.

"'Hallo there, Jerry!' I cried. 'Don't keep the joke all to yourself! Let an old friend in on it, won't you?'

"At this, Jerry broke out in a hearty guffaw. Recognizing me, he replied: 'Hello thar, Doc! I'm glad ter see ye. Uv course yer in on ther joke. I wuz jest er thinkin' 'bout ther bull-fight we're goin' ter hev nex' week, an' ther practicin' ther Major wuz doin' this arternoon.'

"'Practicing, Jerry, what do you mean?'

"'Wall,' said he, ''twuzn't jes' zackly practicin' uv er bull-fight, but he wuz gittin' his hand in on ther brav'ry bizness in gre't shape, I kin tell yer. Yer see, th' ole man hed

gone ercross ter Bill Hewlett's ter git his reg'lar bracer, wich, 'cordin' ter Bill, is needed 'bout ev'ry half hour durin' ther Major's bizness hours. While he wuz in ther saloon, some uv us boys happened ter be goin' by ther post-offis, an' seed some smoke comin' out er ther place. We wuz jes' goin' ter rush in an' 'vestigate, when ole Maje come er long, he hevin' swallered his licker purty prompt. He saw ther smoke, an' ther crowd uv us fellers er rushin' to'ards ther door uv ther post-offis, an' took ther thing in ter wunst.

"'Rushin' up t' us boys, he yelled, "Excuse me, suhs, stan' where yo' are! Don't move a step, fo' Gawd's sake! Wait fo' me! Wait fo' me!"

"'With thet, th' ole feller bolted through ther door, an' shet et arter hisself.

"'We fellers didn't know whut ther devil ter do. We s'posed ther guv'ment hed some fancy rules erbout post-offis bizness whut we didn't understan', but we wuz oneasy 'bout ther Major, fer ther smoke wuz now porin' out purty strong. We waited er few minutes more, an' wuz jest erbout ter bust ther door in, when who should come eroun' the corner uv ther guv'ment shanty, but ther Major!

"'Yer jes' orter seed th' ole duffer! He wuz dressed in er glarin' red fireman's unerform whut he hed bro't with him frum Europe, an' er hemlet thet looked like the roof uv er 'dobe house. Strung ercrost his breast wuz ev'ry d—d medal he's got! He hed went through ther post-offis inter ther little extenshun in ther rear, whar he's bin campin' out since his appintment, dressed hisself in ther "propah costume," an' come back ter fight ther fire!

'"Come on, suhs!" sez he, "an' let's extinguish this conflagration! Ouah country expec's ev'ry man to do his duty!"

"'An' then th' ole man stood bravely by ther door while we boys went in an' kerried out er bar'l uv ole rubbish, whut he hed knocked th' ashes off'n his pipe inter, jest afore he went arter his bev'ridge.

"'I tell ye whut, Doc, if th' ole Major fights bulls the way he fit thet fire, thar won't be 'nuff steers in ther hull diggin's ter give him animiles 'nuff ter work on.'

"Between our hearty laughter and the dust of the road, Jerry and I managed to get our throats in such condition that I was obliged to suggest liquidation, and as neither of us had

"OUAH COUNTRY EXPEC'S EV'RY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

any liquor just then—I had exhausted my flask on the road—Jerry allowed that his journey was not very important and rode back to town with me. We found the necessary medicine at the Minerva, and while discussing it, Mapes unfolded his plans for the coming bull-fight.

"'I tell ye whut, Doc,' said he, 'we've got a ole black steer thet'll jes' make yer ha'r curl! He's th' ugliest ole Mexican devil thet ever ye seed. Ther greaser whut got 'im fer me, sez he's hooked ev'ry d—d thing off'n th' ranch whar he lassoed 'im. Ther boys hev got him corraled up hyar er piece, an' they go up thar ev'ry day an' tease th' ole chap till he froths et ther mouth an' ta'rs up ther groun' like er reg'lar hurrykane. Oh, he's er bute, he is! I reckon ther Major'll think he's ther ekal uv enny o' them milk-white Andylusyers. Ther Major sez we'd orter hev er good big place fer ther fight, so'z ter giv' 'im er chance ter ev'lute 'roun', an' give ther crowd er show fer the'r white alley. I guess th' ole man's right, too, though he haint seed thet steer yit. We want ter 'sprize him, ye know, on ther day uv ther fight.'

"'I have no doubt that he will be both surprised and delighted by your selection of a foeman worthy of his steel,' I said. 'And, by the way, Jerry, permit me to suggest that in case some accident should happen and—well, you see, my friend, even the best professional torreadors and matadores in the world, are occasionally over-matched, and I should be sorry to see anything happen to the dear old Major.'

"'Wall, Doc,' he replied, with a grin, 'I thort er thet, myself. Uv course, thet steer won't last longer'n er clean shirt when th' ole Major gits arter him, but I kinder thort thet, seein' ez how his hoss might slip, 'twould be ez well ter be kinder prepared like. I hev posted ther boys, an' some uv 'em whut kin shoot purty smooth, 'll hev the'r rifles handy, an' all on us 'll hev our six-shooters slung onter us, same ez ev'ry day. Thar'll be some chances, uv course, but I don't reckon ther Major 'll 'low his brav'ry ter run erway with him —ther hoss is more likely ter, an' he's no racer et thet.'

"With a parting bumper and a promise to be on hand on the Fourth, I left for home. As I was mounting my horse, Jerry called out, 'Say, Doc, ez yore comin' ter ther bull-fight ennyhow, yer might ez well slip er few bandages an' things in yer pocket—in case ther hoss gits hurted ye know!'"

"The Fourth of July dawned bright and beautiful, as was proper and in keeping with a good story. It was evident

that the star attraction of our celebration would not require postponement on account of the weather. The birds never sang more sweetly nor were the clouds ever fleecier, as they floated over those glorious mountain peaks that walled us in like grim, snow-capped sentinels. There was just breeze enough blowing to give a zest to the cool mountain atmosphere.

"Everything was as quiet that morning as a Puritan Sabbath in stuffy old New England. The 'chug' of the pick and the clang of the shovel were conspicuously absent among those rocky hills and crags. So still was the camp, that an elk that was snuffing the air in a spirit of curious and careful investigation, far up on the mountain side, came nearer and yet nearer, tossing his huge tree-like horns in defiance at first, and then standing stock-still as if amazed. When he had finished his tour of investigation, he turned and stalked majestically away down the side of a rocky gorge that would hardly have afforded safe footing for a cat. He glanced back several times as though bewildered, and finally, with a farewell toss of his kingly head, disappeared among the scrubby pines and firs that fringed even the steep canon sides of those mighty mountains of the Sierra range.

"Even Nature herself, seemed out for a holiday. The scream of a panther, far off in the woods, and the less terrifying and more familiar cry of the cat-bird, split the air with an echo as of alien sounds. Even the pretty 'Bob White! Bob White!' of the mountain quail, actually surprised the ear.

"As I stood at the door of my little shack, and inhaled the invigorating balm that was brought by the early morning breeze from the mountain firs and pines, the decided holiday aspect of the camp struck me most forcibly. It was evident that my fellow citizens had unanimously agreed upon a holiday, and were making a good beginning by prolonging their morning nap.

"While breathing in huge doses of the sovereign lung remedy of the hills, I thought my friend the Major was especially fortunate in having the elements with him. On such a glorious day, a man ought to have courage enough to whip his weight in wildcats, to say nothing of a Mexican steer.

"I had a vague hope that the Major would find some excuse to weaken, before the afternoon—I did not want his sublime yet cowardly egotism to bring him to grief. I had some misgivings as to his ability to keep out of the way of the animal that had been provided for his amusement—indeed, I had suggested to my friend Mapes, that he ought to let the old man have his horse for the occasion, but Jerry didn't see it that way.

"'Ye see, Doc,' he said, 'it's ther hoss thet mos' allus gits ther wust uv these ere bull-fights. Th' ole Major hez er two ter one better show ter keep frum gittin' hurt than his hoss 'll hev. I like th' ole feller better'n most ennybody, but I kaint do bizness without thet little buckskin nag o' mine. Besides, ez I've told ye, ther boys 'll be on hand with the'r rifles, so yore mind kin be easy 'bout our center uv attrackshun et ther comin' show. Th' ole feller 'll git his purty cloze mussed, mor'n likely, but thet's 'bout all.'

"I did feel somewhat easier in mind after this reassurance, but I will candidly confess that I was by no means free from anxiety.

"As I stood there at my door enjoying the beautiful sunrise, I saw a solitary horseman emerge from the midst of some chaparral bushes that fringed the road leading toward Placerville. It required no critical survey of the equestrian to recognize him, even at the considerable distance that intervened. Those long legs and windmill-like arms could belong to no other human being but my friend, the Major.

"I wish that I might describe the old man as he appeared that morning, with sufficient accuracy to depict him to your mind's eye—but it would be useless to try. Nothing short of a photograph would do the subject justice. The miserable little screw of a mustang that he bestrode, was the picture of attenuated, hungry, despairing resignation. Experience had taught him that patience was a cardinal virtue, for long association with his master had convinced him that the world was but a satire on happiness and a burlesque on comfort, and that there were no other virtues worth cultivation. Spirit, that mustang certainly must have had—in his earlier days—but numerous attempts to unhorse his gallant master

had shown him the futility of attempting to throw a man whose legs were like a giant pair of calipers, or, perhaps, to use a simile more vital and organic, twin boa-constrictors—hence he was now as tame as a hack horse.

"Whether the Major's legs had slowly but surely strangled both breath and spirit out of his modern Rosinante, I cannot say, but the beast was certainly crushed out of all semblance to the fiery steed which so gallant a soldier should have bestrode.

"The Major had many wonderful deeds to relate, in which 'ma chargah, suh,' took a prominent part, and the boys said that he had been most solicitous about the care of his steed, when he left it in charge of one of his numerous friends on departing for Europe. I doubt not, that he would have found it difficult indeed, to duplicate the cast-iron ribs and enduring stomach of that tough little mustang, hence his solicitude for his fiery charger's welfare was not surprising.

"As the old soldier rode along up the steep incline of the road, I thought of the treat Cervantes had missed—Don Quixote was but a weakling beside this modern knight-errant, and compared with the Major's mustang, Rosinante was as a kitten might have been unto Adonis' fiery stallion.

"The Major was not usually an early riser, and I was at first at a loss to understand his morning ride. He finally, however, turned aside, and I saw him carefully picking his way toward a little plateau just outside of town, where, in plain sight, stood the corral-like enclosure in which the long-looked-for bull-fight was to occur. Not until he rode up to the barred entrance of the enclosure, and, letting down the bars, ambled into the arena of the forthcoming battle royal, did I grasp the situation.

"'By Jove!' I exclaimed, 'if the old warrior hasn't sneaked out to the battle-field for an early morning rehearsal!'

"It seemed to me to be hardly fair for the Major to take such an advantage of his forthcoming antagonist—the steer really should have had an inning at the rehearsal business—but as I knew nothing of bull-fights, I never said anything to the boys about this particular feature of our celebration. I afterward wondered what kind of rehearsing the Major did

GOING TO REHEARSAL.

that morning. I would have given a great deal to have held a stop-watch on him. He surely must have done pretty well, else he could not have made such a wonderful record as he did later in the day. One thing is certain, however, and that is, that if the bull *had* done any rehearsing, the Major's *time* would subsequently have been so intimately commingled with eternity, that his record would not have appealed very strongly even to his own monumental vanity.

"The bull-fight was set for three o'clock in the afternoon, but long before the appointed time the town was swarming with visitors from the surrounding mining camps. Some of the miners had come for miles, to witness the 'cap sheaf' of E——'s glorification—a bull-fight, under the management of the only specialist in the genuine Spanish article in America. Never had those rough miners looked cleaner or happier. Their shirts were redder and their six-shooters shinier than ever before.

"Our home boys were in high feather, and it was an easy matter for any decent and peaceable chap to own the town. Whisky flowed like our own mountain streams, but although there was many a skinful of bad liquor in camp that day, the boys scored the best record that had ever been made in that region since it was opened. An occasion of festivity without a cutting or shooting scrape! Such a thing was unprecedented. Why, the town was actually safe for half-way decent greasers, and on the day when the boys failed to score one of those bilious-looking fellows, then, indeed, did white-winged Peace hover over our camp.

"'To be sure, there was something lacking in our influx of guests, the fair sex being conspicuously scanty in representation. An occasional squaw, dirty and picturesque, with here and there the bright gewgaws and jingling bells of a coquettish, greasy and unwholesome Mexican woman of the lower class, was about the extent of our female guests from out of town. But stay; there was the somewhat ancient, but still buxom Mrs. Rafferty, who took in washing, and, for aught I know, scrubbing, for our neighbors the Placervillians.

"'Our own ladies were necessarily few in number. Mrs. Watson, and her angular, but not unprepossessing

daughter, with a few miners' 'wives' whose records would have hardly borne inspection—as might also be said of their personal hygiene—constituted the sum total of the fair sex of our town who were expected to do the honors at our hitherto unrivalled celebration. They were enough, however, I fancied, to inspire the valor of so chivalric a knight as the gallant Major Merriwether.

"When the hour appointed for the bull-fight arrived, it was evident that everybody was prepared to be entertained. Our own boys, especially, seemed to anticipate a rare treat. Whether they had a pretty accurate idea as to the precise character of the forthcoming entertainment or not, I cannot say, but I have my suspicions. There was an air of suppressed merriment about them that warranted my distrust.

"Lumber was scarce in our section of the country—our people were too busy fortune hunting, to do more than provide lumber enough to protect themselves from the elements. Indeed, a canvas house was sufficiently palatial for many of our citizens, and especially for new-comers.

"No effort had been made, therefore, to construct elaborate seats for the audience that was expected at the bull-fight. Seating arrangements inside the grounds were not to be thought of, as that would have necessitated a solid inner fence, or barrier. A narrow platform had consequently been built on two sides of the enclosure, from which a person standing upon it could get a good view of the battle-ground by looking over the fence. A short ladder, here and there, completed the necessary equipments for the accommodation of sight-seers. As the entertainment was a free 'blow-out,' these rather primitive arrangements were amply sufficient.

"A little before three o'clock, the boys, as per arrangement with the Major, managed to get the steer into the enclosure. He was a savage-looking black devil as ever you saw, and would have scared a Texas cowboy into a fit. The Major, however, had requested the boys to make sure that the animal was sufficiently 'feahce,' hence they proceeded to 'fiercen' him up a bit more, by a series of yells that would have made a Comanche Indian hide his face in modest amaze.

"The Major had provided them with a supply of blood-red banners, that he had imported along with the other properties essential to bull-fighting *à la Espagnole*. The boys waved these at the steer until he was perfectly wild, and only desisted after the animal had narrowly missed impaling one of them upon his formidable horns.

"The Major was a little late in arriving, but finally put in his appearance bestriding his scrubby little mustang and carrying a large bundle at his saddle-bow. Round after round of hearty and explosive greetings saluted the old man as he rode up, dismounted, and, consigning the care of his horse to one of his friends, proceeded to prepare for the fray.

"'I trust, suhs,' he said, 'that yo' all have excited the bull to a sufficient extent. Yo' see, I don't like to dis'point ma fren's, an' in ordah to enta'tain yo', I mus' have the animal quite feahce.'

"The boys assured the Major that no pains had been spared to prepare the bull, and that he was now as fierce as a mountain cat.

"I'm 'bliged to yo' I'm suah, gentlemen, an' I will at once prepaih fo' the affaih.'

"With this the hero marched off to a little cabin a few yards away, that had been impressed into service for a green-room.

"In a few minutes the Major emerged from the cabin, arrayed in a costume the gorgeousness of which was unparalleled by anything in the way of wearing apparel that the crowd had ever seen. He had donned the habiliments of a Spanish torreador, that formed a part of his numerous European trappings. In addition to the brilliant garb in which he was to smite the mighty steer, he had bedecked himself with every medal he had in stock.

"There is no disputing the fact that the old veteran was a picturesque and striking figure, as he strode up to the gate, with his bespangled garments and multitudinous medals glittering in the sunlight. His trusty rapier—a 'Toledo' for the nonce—dangled at his heels and clinked against his huge spurs at every step. He should have struck terror to the

heart of any foeman—but a steer is somewhat peculiar in the foeman line, as will develop later.

"The Major mounted his mustang in stately grandeur, and said to the expectant gentlemen who had volunteered to act as his aides: 'Yo' see, gentlemen, it is not the usual custom to, ah—despatch the bull at once. The prelim'nary enta'tainment is gen'ally conducted by picado's an' band'rillos' who are supposed to prepaih the bull fo' the chief perfo'mah. Howevah, ma fren's have kindly prepa'ed the animal, hence it is quite propah fo' me to entah the arena an' give the bull the *coup de grace* in sho't ordah. To be suah, suhs, I will dally with the feahce creatuah, long 'nough to enta'tain yo' all in a suit'ble mannah, an' sat'sfy the guests who have hona'ed us with their presence heah this afta'noon.'

"'Yo' will let down the bars ca'fully, gentlemen, an' be on yo' ga'd lest the feahce animal escape an' injah some of yo' all. I desiah to avoid exposin' yo' to dangah, suhs.'

"There was no necessity of asking the boys to let down the bars carefully. They waited until the steer had veered away from the entrance to the arena before they ventured to touch them. I am free to say that the animal didn't seem at all sociably inclined, even from where I stood—and I was as far away from his majesty as I could get and still be able to see the performance.

"The upper bars having been let down, the gallant bullfighter leaped—or rather hopped—his charger over the few that remained, and advanced in the direction of the steer. Most of the on-lookers held their breath, while the reserves cocked their rifles and got ready for trouble.

"It was easy to see that our boys were far from tranquil. The anxious expression upon some of their faces, and the manner in which they fondled their rifles, suggested that they had already carried the practical joke a little farther than was comfortable. Personally, I heartily wished that I was well out of the scrape into which I had allowed my appreciation of comedy to entice me.

"It has always been a mystery to me that the steer—which had taken a point of vantage on a little eminence at the side of the arena directly opposite the entrance—did not

charge the Major the instant he appeared upon the field. I am inclined to believe that even the poor dumb brute, was overawed by the majestic and imposing spectacle presented by the hero of the hour. Possibly the animal was hypnotized, as animals sometimes are, by brilliant objects. Granting the susceptibility of the steer, the brilliancy of the Major should have thrown him into a trance.

"Upon whatever basis the phenomenon might be explained, however, the fact remains that for a short time after the entrance of our gorgeous bull-fighter, the steer stood stock-still, and gazed upon him in wild-eyed amazement.

"The grand *entrèe* of the Major was a signal for a salvo of wild applause, that may have had something to do with confusing the long-horned actor.

"But his steership was not long inactive; he soon got an action on him that would have surprised a Kilkenny cat!

"The Major, on noticing the actions of the steer when he first dawned upon the animal's vision, evidently mistook the conservative air of his bovine foe, for fear. Bowing gallantly to the very neck of his mustang and kissing his hand to the ladies, he gave the poor brute the spur and charged most valiantly upon the enemy.

"The steer now suddenly awakened from his reverie, and not to be outdone, proceeded to meet the Major half-way. As he made this counter-charge, he was an object that would have frightened a Cœur de Lion out of his wits. I don't know how the Major felt—I could not see his face—but, thank heaven! the mustang weakened, swerved aside with a frightened snort, and bolted—the steer's horns just missing him, and that's all!

"From this time on, the bull-fight was a procession, and a lively one at that. I never shall forget, if I live to be a hundred, the spectacle the Major presented as he tore around that arena! His charger was no longer running away, the old man had driven his spurs into the mustang's flanks until they were fairly dripping with blood, and the frightened animal was recalling the speed of his youth as fast as he knew how!

"Round and round they went, the Major in the lead, and the steer so close a second that no one dared fire a shot for fear of hitting our postmaster! Never before nor since, has the United States postal service made such a record as it did that day!

"At one time, it seemed as if the gallant bull-fighter would certainly be caught—his mustang swerved and almost unseated him! He fell forward over the pommel of his saddle, however, and, wrapping his arms about his charger's neck, his spindling legs being meanwhile coiled about the body of the animal, he continued his headlong charge—away from the foe!

"During the first portion of this remarkable exhibition, the old Major was absolutely stricken dumb with fright, and, save the clashing of his trusty rapier upon his spurred heel, the snorting of the mustang and an occasional bellow from the steer, the exciting scene was as free from noise as far as the chief actors were concerned, as an old-fashioned funeral.

"But the old man soon found his voice, and of all the roaring ever heard, his capped the climax:

"'Let down the bars, gentlemen! Let down the bars! Fo' Gawd's sake, suhs, let 'em down!' he cried.

"'Kill ther bull, ole man! Kill him! Stick yer sord in 'im! Now's yer chance! Give it to 'im, Major!' yelled the boys, meanwhile watching an opportunity for a shot.

"'Let down the bars, I say! let 'em down quick, or I'm a gonah, suah, suhs!' shrieked the Major.

"'Ther bull might escape!' somebody cried in reply.

"By this time the Major was fairly frothing at the mouth.

"'D—n the bull, suhs! D—n the bull! Let me out!' he howled.

"As a matter of fact, nobody dared let down the bars. The steer was constantly close behind the Major, and it seemed impossible to prevent the brute from escaping almost simultaneously with him. In case the bars could not have been put up quickly enough to prevent the furious animal's escape, he would certainly have mixed up with the crowd.

"The Major's case seemed by this time to be a trifle dubious—indeed, had his friends not been of the stuff of

which heroes are made, the old man would never have come out of that corral alive.

"If he had only conducted his gallant campaign in a little different manner, his embarrassment might have been speedily relieved. Instead of circling about near the fence, and thus giving his friends a chance for a point-blank volley at the steer, the old fool not only persistently kept away from us, but appeared to be circling about in a spiral fashion that was likely, sooner or later, to bring him plump against the steer in the middle of the corral. It was evident that something must be done, and done promptly.

"Just as I had made up my mind that the Major was indeed, a 'goner,' I heard the voice of Jerry Mapleson above the shouts of the crowd.—

"'Come on, Charley!' he cried, and over the fence and into the corral he went, a six-shooter in one hand, and a red bandana handkerchief in the other, with plucky little Charley Mason at his heels, carrying a rifle. The crowd, as soon as it caught sight of the two brave fellows, hurrahed like mad.

"The attention of the steer was at once diverted to Jerry and his lurid battle flag, and he very promptly charged on his new foe. Instead of getting out of the way, however, the brave chap actually stood his ground and emptied his pistol fairly in the face of the steer—with no effect other than to make the beast more furious than ever. In a second the steer was upon him, and down he went, narrowly escaping impalement on those terrible horns!

"Jerry was knocked senseless, and the steer, turning about, was just in the act of charging back at his prostrate enemy, when 'crack!' rang Charley Mason's rifle, and a ball fired at close range pierced the steer's body where it was likely to do the most good—just behind his foreshoulder. The brute stopped stock-still for a second, tossing his magnificent head in the air with fiery spirit still unquenched, and then, with a torrent of blood gushing from his nostrils, pitched forward and fell upon the ground—an excellent article of prime beef, but no longer a foeman worthy of the Major's trusty steel.

"The noise of the shooting thoroughly demoralized the Major's mustang; he began bucking, and wound up by falling with the old warrior, who, like his gallant rescuer, Jerry, was knocked senseless!

"Neither of the heroes of the occasion were seriously hurt, however. Jerry soon came to, and in a few moments the Major had recovered sufficiently to be able to walk.

"The boys, however, insisted on carrying the old fellow to town in triumphal state. To be sure, he had not conducted his exhibition on the hard and fast lines upon which he had planned it, but had he not given them a Spanish bull-fight? And was not the steer dead? And, better still, was not their dear old Major alive?

"The celebration of the Major's victory occupied some time, and it was fully a week before we ventured to talk to him about the fight—not that we apprehended hurting his feelings—his egotism was impregnable—but he was slow in recovering his faculty of speech. Our 'tanglefoot' was also 'tangle-tongue.'

"I do not know how he finally squared himself with the boys, but he called upon me quite formally one evening, and, after a few preliminary 'looseners,' in the way of large doses of the horse liniment that had been masquerading as whisky in my cabin, ever since my demijohn ran dry, broached the subject of our Fourth of July celebration:

"'By the way, Doctah,' he said, 'is it not an unfo'tunate thing, suh, that ouah mos' cherished plans are so freq'ently upset by some cursed accident? Do yo' know, suh, thet if ma infernal hawse hadn't run away on the Fo'th, I would have given ouah guests an exhibition of bull fightin' such as they nevah saw befo'? An' then, suh, aftah ma desp'rate effo'ts to control the brute had met with success, to have ma own fren's, not only rush in an' rob me of the honah of killin' the bull, but frighten ma hawse so that he threw me, suh—'twas too much, doctah, too much! In case I should evah give another exhibition, I shall sut'nly reques' mo' time fo' prepa'ation, an' I sut'nly shall expec' to have a hawse that has been prop'ly trained, suh. It's very emba'ssing to dis'point one's fren's, suh.'

"'My dear Major,' I replied, soothingly, 'you are acknowledged by everyone, to be the greatest authority of the age, on bull-fighting. No one doubts your ability, much less your courage, and we all appreciate the difficulties under which you labored. All who witnessed that affair on the Fourth, will agree that such a spectacle was never before seen—even in Spain. So let us drink to the success of the next bull-fight. My compliments, sir!'

"'Yo' are very kind, I'm suah,' said the Major, as, with a sigh, he set down his glass, 'but yo' do me too much honah, suh. Please remembah, howevah, that I am yo' fren', an' the fren' of yo' fren's, at all times, suh. In case yo' should evah have any little affaihs of honah to adjust, I will info'm yo', suh, that I am familyah with all the little co'tesies that should prevail between men of honah an' courage, suh. An' now, ma deah doctah, I will bid yo' good-night, suh.'"

"And, with the Major, I, too, will say 'good-night.'"

THE PASSING OF MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

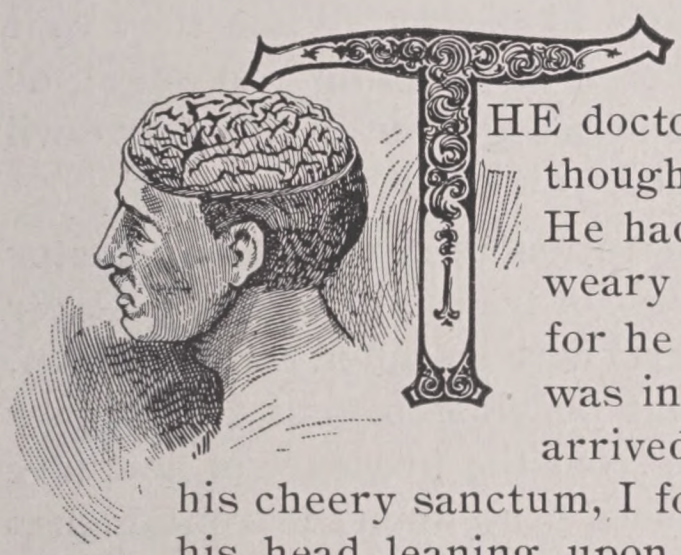
IV.

WHEN first I met thee, maiden fair,
So many years ago,
Like golden threads thy glossy hair,
Thy cheek with pink aglow,
But now I see thee through the smoke,
Of later life's cigar,
I just appreciate the joke,
'Tis bleach and rouge you are.

THE MAJOR ORDERS A RETREAT.

THE PASSING OF MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

IV.



THE doctor seemed more than usually thoughtful when I next saw him. He had evidently come in from his weary rounds earlier than usual, for he had finished his dinner and was in the library smoking when I arrived. As I entered the door of his cheery sanctum, I found him sitting at the table, his head leaning upon his hand, and, as the hazy wreaths of smoke arose like fragrant incense from his hookah, he was gazing abstractedly at an anatomical chart that hung upon the wall.

I waited a moment, silently watching that kindly-intellectual face upon which so many lines of care had developed, and noting with regret, that his hair and beard were rapidly becoming white as silver. At length he sighed, glanced up at the clock, and, noting the hour, turned expectantly toward the door, where he found me standing upon the threshold. I trust it was not self-conceit, but I fancied there was much of genial warmth in the smile with which he greeted me.

"Well, I declare!—you're here at last. I feared you were not coming; you are usually so prompt. Having myself got in early this evening and my wife being out, the time has dragged most wearily, I assure you. I might have read an article or two, I suppose, while waiting, but I cannot read with any degree of profit or enjoyment, unless I have a straight-away course of an hour or so. As for killing time while waiting for some one—well, that's an utter impossibility.

"Pensive? Yes, rather.—I was musing over certain impressions received from my work to-day. A case upon which I operated early this morning, put me into a reflective mood from which I have hardly yet recovered.

"What kind of a case? Oh, 'twas a brain case—a fellow who had been kicked on the frontal region by a horse, some time ago. He had been treated by one of those so-called conservative chaps, who sit down complacently beside a dying patient and wait for something to hatch. When they wait long enough, they usually succeed in hatching—an angel, or something of the sort, depending altogether on the poor devil of a patient's theological politics, you know.

"In the case under consideration, the conservative doctor succeeded in hatching a nice case of traumatic epilepsy—later on. Now, I don't want to quarrel with so-called conservatism, but I *would* like to know what possible benefit that doctor expected his patient to derive from the pressure of a square yard—more or less—of depressed skull upon the frontal lobes of his brain. Did he depend upon the elasticity of the brain-matter to adapt itself to the new conditions? To be sure, the brain is more or less elastic and compressible, but, were it India rubber, jagged bone would be likely to wear holes in it. I don't believe that medicine-man would apply the same rule to himself. Supposing he had a half ton of rock resting on his corns; do you believe he would wait for subsequent symptoms before he would howl for somebody to lift the rock off his foot? Not a bit of it!

"Some difference between the foot and the brain, you say? Yes, but because an injury to the brain doesn't make a man squeal like a pig, is no reason why the organ should be abused; it's good surgery to lift weights off it and pick splinters out of it, anyway.

"Do you know, my boy, that, to my mind, injuries of the cavities of the body are the stage upon which more comedies and more tragedies are enacted, than in any other field of surgery? Just think of a surgeon standing, chisel or knife in hand, over a compound fracture of the skull or an abdominal wound, and mouthing conservatism!

"Yes, it is being done to-day, this very hour, yea, this very minute! Shade of Hippocrates!—come back to earth, and see how nearly thou art up to date!

"Idiots! Why don't some of these 'conservatives' understand that the cavity is already open, and that conservatism is—well, it's murder, that's all.

"While I was chiselling away the rough bone that pressed upon that poor fellow's brain, I couldn't help thinking that the organ had a right to protest, even to the extent of epileptic fits—only it was the wrong man who had 'em.

"When I had loosened the adhesions about the fractured area, that poor imprisoned brain seemed to pulsate—yea, palpitate—for very joy. It's no wonder the old-time fellows looked in the skull for the seat of the soul. Poor devils! They thought the pineal gland was 'big potatoes' in the soul business! Like some of our modern scientists, they got things down a little too fine.

"The soul of man lies before us as soon as we open the living skull! Bounding with vivid life, seeming to struggle to free itself from its bony prison, master of all senses and possessor of none—there it lies, and we can feel it throb beneath our fingers—see it beat before our very eyes! Bind it down, and we vegetate; give it exaltation of function, and we live in the rosy cloud-land of hope; push it too far, and the glare of insanity blinds us!

"If brains were only not so much alike.—

"To think that the brilliancy of the genius, the depravity of the criminal and the stupidity of the dolt, strike the same level on the operating or post-mortem table! So much blood, so many ounces of gray and white matter, so many conducting fibres, such and such an arrangement of convolutions—awfully prosy, isn't it?

"Complexity and number of convolutions?

"Oh, yes, that's the saving clause. Their degree of development, too, is important. But, while we know that certain differences are likely to exist between the cerebral convolutions of a common thief and those of an intellectual giant, we are not yet able to predicate from the convolutions of any particular brain, the mental attributes of its owner with

any degree of accuracy. As for the size of the organ, you probably remember that Daniel Webster's brain, large as it was, did not compare with that of a certain macrocephalic idiot! The soul of man! Ah, me! how little we know about it!

"But, my boy, we mustn't forget the Major. He is a sensitive old chap and might resent it. Besides, the poor old man gets into serious trouble to-night, and we must take sufficient time to see him through it in due and proper form."

"It has been truly said, my boy, that love is the turning-point in the career of all men. Show me a romance in which the hero does not fall in love, and I will show you the philosopher's stone. Everything goes on quite smoothly until the 'little blind god' appears on the scene, and then there's nothing but trouble ever after—until marriage or death pulls down the curtain and your principal actors disappear. It is through the gateway of love, therefore, that the author of romance must drive his chief characters off the field of action. Without the intervention of love, the drama of life—'as she is writ'—would go on forever.

"Major Merriwether, however, was the last man in the world whom I expected to fall in love. His sublimity of self-conceit, his divine egotism, and his mature years, to say nothing of the whisky he had drunk—which would have knocked the romance out of a veritable Romeo—should have made an impregnable barrier to Cupid's darts.

"But our gallant Major was no exception to the rule that governs the lives of great men. His destiny finally overtook him and blighted his life—which, over-ripe as it was, still held fair hopes of vain-glorious exploits and barrels on barrels of 'red-eye!'

"Love did not steal upon our hero with stealthy steps, nor unfold within his manly heart as blossoms forth the blushing rose. It came upon him as suddenly as springs the panther of those noble mountains that surrounded so many of his gallant deeds of arms—and with similarly disastrous results.

"To say that his fellow townsmen were surprised and demoralized by the new and unexpected feature in the

Major's make-up, would be putting it mildly. The whole town was thrown into consternation. Had an invasion of Apache Indians taken place, the boys could not have been more concerned, nor more anxious to organize a plan for defense. As was usual with them in all matters concerning the Major, they finally concluded to treat the affair as a huge joke. The town winked humorously, and—sealed the Major's doom, to the everlasting sorrow and regret of all concerned.—

"On a pleasant evening in the month of October following the ever-to-be-remembered day of the Spanish bull-fight, a stranger came into town on the weekly stage from Placerville. He put up at the Miner's Rest, and made arrangements for a few days' sojourn among us.

"The new-comer was an odd-looking chap, and there was much speculation among the boys as to 'his game.' Some allowed that he was a 'tin-horn sport' or a 'short-card' player who had found some other camp too warm for the exercise of his peculiar talents. Others, again, believed that he was looking for a location for a faro game. Several went to the other extreme and suggested that he might be a 'sky pilot.' Jerry Mapes, however, said that he believed the fellow was 'some ole pill-garlic lookin' fer er chance ter swing his shingle; but,' said he, turning to me, 'this 'ere reservashun is purty well pervided fer, an' et'll be ruther pore pickin' fer enny o' these 'ere outsiders, less'n they're lookin' fer er scrimmage, which is purty d—d good pickin' 'roun' hyar, eh, boys?'

"Personally, I rather leaned toward the theory that it was a preacher with whom we had to deal. There was a grave, subdued, dignified expression on his smooth-shaven face, that was in my opinion, sufficient to convict him on my charge, before any jury. We soon discovered, however, that we were all wrong.

"During the sociable liquidation incidental to the usual process of getting acquainted that was instituted the very evening of our visitor's arrival, he informed us that he was none other than 'Mr. Henry Haskell, sir, sole proprietor, manager, treasurer and advance agent of "Haskell's great

and only Perambulating Varieties," the greatest show, gentlemen, that ever left the effete and unappreciative East, to display its unparalleled magnificence before the distinguished and intellectual citizens of the mighty West!'

"He had come among us, he said, to look over the ground a little, and, if things panned out satisfactorily, to make arrangements for bringing his wonderful attraction to E——.

"Attractions were scarce in our town, and if Old Nick himself had come along with a show, he would have been received with open arms, so the boys didn't ask for a bill of particulars from Mr. Haskell. He was a showman, could hold as much whisky without leaking as the best of them, and what was better, he promised to have his great and only variety show on the ground within a fortnight—with due allowance for bad weather and tough roads.

"So enthusiastic were our citizens, that a committee was appointed to assist in furthering Mr. Haskell's project, Dutch Bill, Charley Mason, a fellow whom, for obvious reasons, we used to call 'Whisky Dick,' and myself, being selected to do the necessary honors.

"Being a public-spirited citizen, I not only served, but officiated as chairman, although what I didn't know about variety shows, would have made a volume larger than Webster's Unabridged. But experienced or not, our committee did its duty, and by the time our visitor went after his show, we had a hall ready and the surrounding country thoroughly billed for the forthcoming event.

"Would that we had known the sequence of our successful effort to assist in the entertainment of our fellow townsmen!

"The great show arrived, as per programme, the evening before the one selected for the opening performance. As was customary in their entertainment of visitors, the boys literally overwhelmed the troupe with hospitable attentions in which our standard 'tarantula juice' played its usual prominent rôle.

"The company of performers was not a large one. Mr. Haskell himself, it seemed, was a banjo soloist. He also sang a few comic songs, he informed us, and generally gave

his celebrated version of Hamlet's soliloquy, when he felt that he had a sufficiently intelligent audience. 'I shall certainly give it here,' he said, a statement that resulted in two or three more rounds of liquor.

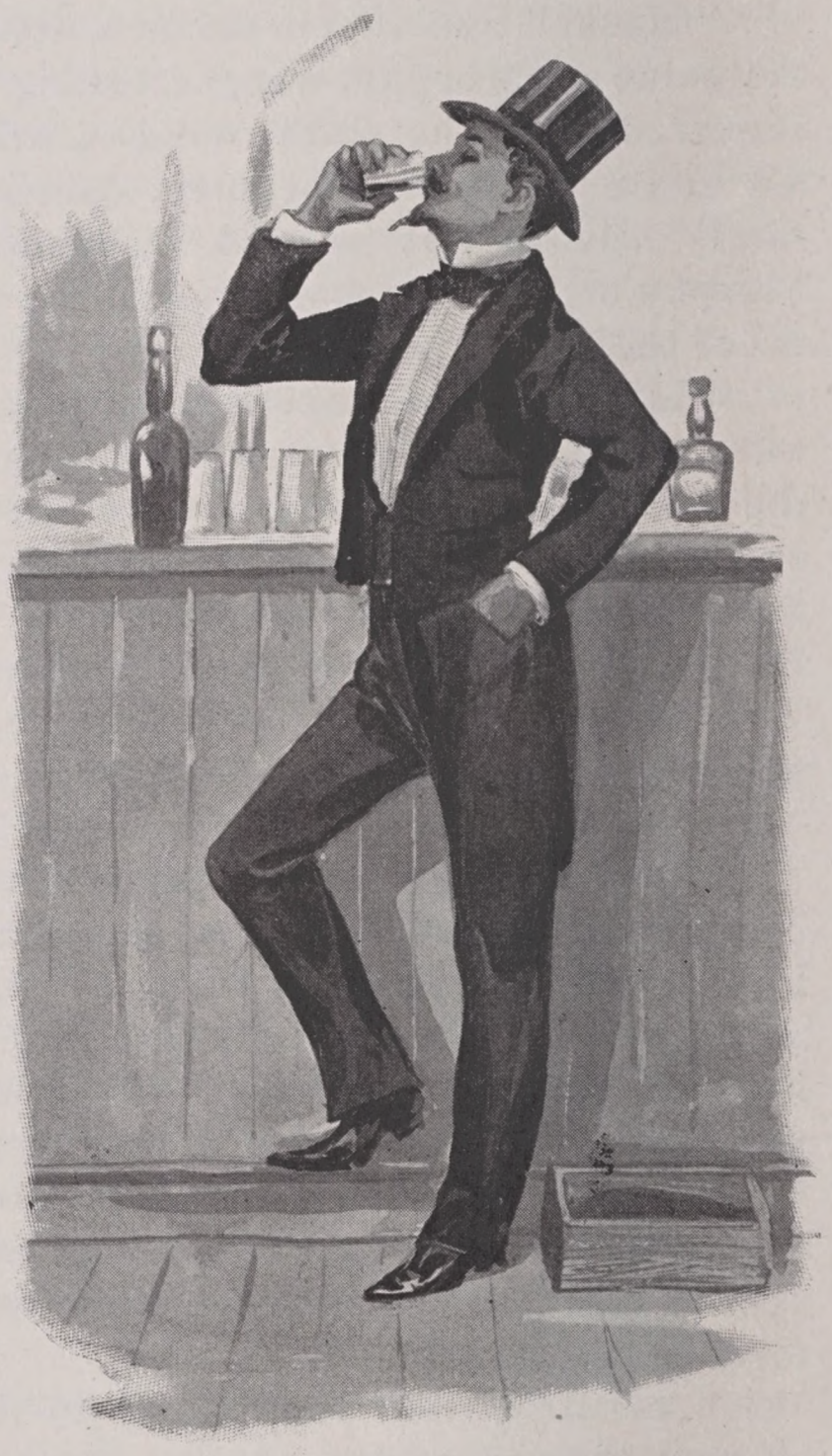
"Haskell was supported by a little dried-up Irish lad by the name of Murphy, who, according to his own account—rendered after the sixth round of drinks—could 'bate inny lad in the tirritories, begorra, dancin' a clog or an Oirish rale!' Haskell, it seemed, furnished the music during Murphy's performances—indeed, he was the entire orchestra of the show.

"In addition to the celebrated jig and banjo artists, there were a couple of gentlemen, who, the manager claimed, were the greatest acrobats and contortionists ever seen upon any stage. I don't think this account was at all exaggerated, for they certainly took a few drops on their first evening in E——, that would have killed any gymnasts of less skill. There was a peculiar expression upon their faces, however, which suggested that they occasionally took a drop too much —and usually landed upon their noses!

"Then there was 'Professor' Pranzini, 'the greatest of living prestidigitators.' This gentleman was said to be an Italian, and his name was certainly suggestive of the land of maccaroni and beautiful skies, but if he wasn't a Mexican half-breed, I never saw one. Yet he was a great juggler, all the same—he could turn a glass of whisky into a man with a facility I have never seen equalled! He performed this great act repeatedly during the evening, and the same man appeared each time! Oh, he was uniformly smooth in his performances, Pranzini was!

"As our guests warmed up to the evening's work, we learned that there was another treat in store for us. The ladies—two in number—whom we had observed disembarking from the stage in company with the distinguished performers that I have enumerated—were the most renowned *artistes* in their line in the world. The elder—Haskell's wife, by the way—was the most famous iron-jawed woman on the American continent. Given a strap that would reach around the earth, and a place to stand on, she could double-discount

the wildest dreams of old Archimedes himself. The younger female was the renowned *danseuse* and *cantatrice*—Mlle. Bottini, beside whom Fanny Ellsler was a novice, Taglioni a counterfeit, and Jenny Lind a crow! Sing? Why, Patti in her palmiest days was not a circumstance to that mountain skylark!



PRESTIDIGITATION EXTRAORDINARY.

"By the time we had our talented visitors ready for bed—and their preparation was a most expensive process of pickling—we had mastered the programme of the great and only show, fairly well. After putting our friends away for the night, we dispersed, like orderly and sober citizens.

"Mine host located all of our helpless victims in one room, as far away from the lady performers as possible, lest the latter be disturbed. He didn't want to put Haskell too near his iron-jawed wife, fearing there might be a necessity of postponing the show on account of the death of the manager. After all, however, the performance *was* postponed until the second day after our welcoming reception. Our hospitality was too much, even for our friend the prestidigitator. He saw some things for a few hours, that even he couldn't make disappear—

THEY WOULD NOT DISAPPEAR.

nor was their appearance a matter of volition with him by any means; they came as unbidden and unwelcome guests.

"The eventful evening of the performance of 'Haskell's Perambulating Varieties' arrived on schedule time, and found a large and appreciative audience awaiting the rise of the curtain in a huge canvas-roofed shed, that had been constructed regardless of expense, especially for the wonderful and unrivalled show.

"I have seen more elaborate temples of histrionic art, but I must acknowledge that I never attended a performance in which the actors blended so harmoniously with their surroundings as on this occasion.

"The performers certainly should have been well satisfied with their audience, for each individual had evidently determined to get the full value of the admission fee, by being entertained from the beginning to the end of the show. To be sure, Haskell's ancient banjo was out of tune, and his voice sounded like the wail of a love-lorn, bilious cat, but one should not expect too

much talent in one individual. Certain it is, that our genial manager's rendition of Hamlet's soliloquy was not only original, but as emotional as the remote effects of our camp whisky could make it. Really, one actually forgot the nasal twang with which it was rendered! For my own part, while I could not forget the probable relation of enlarged tonsils or a nasal polypus, to Haskell's peculiar intonation, I doubt whether Henry Irving could have done better—time, place, stage, audience and our preliminary reception taken into consideration.

"The Major occupied a seat of honor close to the stage, but was hardly as attentive an auditor as could have been desired—he was conspicuously asleep most of the time. The boys, however, were disposed to allow the old man to enjoy the performance after his own fashion, so he was not disturbed for some time. Even when his vibrating snore bade fair to smother the orchestra, his friends permitted him to go on with his soul-harrowing imitation of a steam calliope.

"The wonderful acrobats, the marvelous expositor of the black art, and the terpsichorean prodigy—Murphy—came and went, receiving most vociferous applause, but the Major went on with his work as serenely as though variety troupes were an every-day occurrence with him.

"The iron-jawed lady now appeared and began her remarkable exhibition. The boys, being gallant, thought the time for awakening the Major had arrived, and those sitting nearest him, began a series of systematic punchings and pinchings that finally succeeded in arousing the old warrior.

"The Major was confessedly a gallant man, but the maxillary wonder did not long hold his attention. He sat there blinking like a sleepy old owl for a minute or two, and then dropped back into his musical slumber, while the boys gave up in despair.

"The lady with the iron jaw finally disappeared, and after a brief intermission—during which Haskell's banjo almost drove the audience crazy—the star of the evening appeared, and was welcomed with a tremendous hand-clapping suggestive of a pistol volley.

"Mlle. Bottini was not a beauty. Nature had been by no means liberal in her adornment, but she was young enough to impress the boys, and dressed in a fashion that would have created an impression anywhere—on or off the stage.

"A critical observer would have noticed that her hair was the color of well-washed fine-cut tobacco, and her eyes of a grayish-green hue, framed by those characteristically red and tumefied lids so often seen in bleary blondes. Scrofula, dissipation and weeping, may all have had their influence in the formation of the lights and shades of those dreamy orbs —but dreamy they certainly were; their lustre was that of the eyes of a dead mackerel.

"The same critical observer might have taken exception to the contour of her face; it was a bit too angular—the nose too Romanesque and the chin too pointed, to conform strictly to the ideal. Her complexion too, was not unexceptionable—there was a 'freckles smothered in cream' quality about it, to which the truly artistic critic would certainly have objected.

"I do not wish to carry my analysis beyond the bounds of strictest propriety, but the man who could enthuse over the female form divine as exemplified by Mlle. Bottini, must either be un-artistic, or a miner, upon whose vision beauty has not dawned for many moons.

"Her scrawny neck—suggestive of that of a Christmas turkey after it has been picked—and those skinny arms, spoke for themselves in terms of accentuation that could not be mistaken.

"But our divinity had other charms, which her gorgeous though somewhat scanty costume 'half concealed and yet revealed' to our admiring gaze. Those limbs!—Would I had power to describe their many points of beauty! In the first place they were number tens—her limbs, not her feet; they were only sevens. As the lady herself was about a number five, there seemed to be a lack of harmony somewhere.

"I thought I understood the anatomical discord, and called the attention of my friend Mapes, who sat next to me, to sundry tumorous irregularities here and there upon those wonderful legs. I suggested inequalities of upholstering, but Jerry scornfully informed me that dancers *always* had

very muscular lower extremities. He seemed astonished and grieved at my scientific ignorance, so I said nothing more upon the subject. It was evident that my opinion weighed but little in the balance with Mlle. Bottini's popularity.

"I suppose that some might quarrel with the view that a man is a slave to his destiny, but if the Major's unlucky star was not in the ascendant that night—well, then there is no explanation for his conduct. He had slept throughout almost the entire performance, and there was no earthly reason why he should have awakened when he did, unless the Fates were pursuing him. Whatever the explanation may have been, however, the old man awoke just after the *entrée* of our star.

"Whether the half-dreamy state that follows and precedes our slumbers, made the Major's mind susceptible to even the suggestion of female beauty, I do not know, but no effort was now required to keep him awake. He sprang to his feet and stood gazing at the charming Bottini, as if entranced. Not a note of her rasping soprano voice, not a movement of those tripping feet, escaped him. And when the time for applause came, the Major's bony hands and stentorian voice made the very walls vibrate.

"With the innocent coyness of her craft, the object of the Major's admiration appreciated the situation, and gave the Major a smile such as would have made a much less valiant knight than he, willing to die with his boots on, if need be—in behalf of fair woman.

"Now, our boys were square fellows, and while many a heart beneath that canvas had been throbbing in unison with the pattering of Bottini's fairy feet, there was not a man among them who would have quarreled with the Major over his evident conquest. They took their heartaches home and —pickled them.

"The performance over, the boys left for their usual haunts, some going home, as did a few of our visitors from neighboring camps, but the majority scattering about among our various saloons and gambling houses.

"It so happened that Jerry Mapes, the Major and myself, became separated from the rest of the crowd, hence we walked

along together toward home. The Major had little to say—for once he was subdued and reticent. It was evident that our gallant postmaster was hard hit! Jerry and I apparently agreed on this point, judging from the significant looks he gave me from time to time. We kept our own counsel, however,

A DECIDED IMPRESSION.

and awaited the Major's pleasure. I felt quite certain that the old man would himself open up the subject of the show before we left him, and I therefore did not push matters.

"When we arrived at Hewlett's place, Jerry had developed a thirst that was prodigious, and suggested that we enter and have something. To our astonishment, the Major demurred at first, and it was only upon strenuous urging that we succeeded in getting him into the saloon—and then, to our consternation, he refused to drink!

"Matters were certainly growing serious with our military friend. That Jerry thought so, was evident from his somewhat troubled, bewildered expression. When he finally gave up urging the old man to drink, as a hopeless task, his face was a study in serio-comedy.

"The Major's new-born prejudice, however, evidently did not extend to doctors' offices—which shows that he did not always choose the lesser of two evils. He readily consented to enter my humble quarters and watch Jerry and me take a night cap. His sudden reform lasted only until the aroma of that hair-raising, soul-consuming liquor reached his nostrils—and then he weakened, and allowed that the air *was* somewhat chilly and damp, and a little whisky might be a good thing—in the way of preventive medication. What he was trying to prevent, I don't know, but I suspect it must have been rattlesnake bites, judging by the huge doses he took.

"The Major's system of prophylaxis was much like that of a clever Indian on the Sioux Reservation. The government prudently allowed no whisky to be sold to the Indians save for medicinal purposes. One morning a big buck put in his appearance at the agency, with a huge demijohn.—

"'Ugh!' he said, 'Big Injun! heap sick, want whisky!'

"'What's the matter with you, Lo?' asked the agency doctor.

"'Ugh!' said Lo, 'snake bite um.'

"'Well,' said the doctor, 'how much whisky do you want?'

"'Four quarts!' replied the artless child of the prairies.

"'Four quarts?' said the doctor, in amazement.

"'Huh! huh! four quarts!' said the buck, 'heap big Injun! h—l big snake! plenty heap rattles!'"

"Under the mellowing influence of my hospitality, the Major rapidly became at least a semblance of his old self again. With his transformation he became once more the genial companion, exuberant in spirits and overwhelming in his confidences. Most gently did we lead his thoughts back to the shrine before which he had laid his heart of hearts. Strong as was his new passion; it was no match for the cup of cheer with which my larder was so bountifully supplied! That fiery stuff would have made a prospective bridegroom forget his engagement, to say nothing of disturbing a sentimental attachment as recent as was our gallant Major's!

"'Do you know, Major,' I said, as I slyly poked the old man in the short ribs, 'that you are a sly old dog? I have always thought that you were a warrior of the old school. I did not know that you were addicted to that modern demoralizing addition to the art of war—flirtation. Why, sir, if you were a West Pointer, instead of a man who has carved his way to name and fame with his own sturdy sword, I might understand it, but for you to conduct yourself as you have this evening is simply astonishing! Don't you realize, sir, that trifling with the tender affections of a young and innocent female is a very serious matter?'

"'W'y, ma deah doctah, I ha'dly think I comprehend yo', suh!' blushingly replied the Major. 'Yo' are speakin' in rathah puzzlin' terms, suh.'

"'Now, see here, my dear Major, it cannot be possible that the attention which was lavished upon you by Mlle. Bottini this evening, was entirely unsolicited by you. I am fully aware, sir, that you are a man of great culture and very imposing presence, but I cannot believe it possible that a lady of such varied charms, and so much innate modesty, could

deliberately throw herself at you, as she most assuredly did at this evening's performance.'

"'Now, ma deah doctah, yo' are tryin' to flattah me, I'm suah, an' yo' sut'nly emba'ss me, suh. I'm suah yo' are mistaken, suh; I'm quite suah yo' are!' said the old gallant, with a fine show of embarrassment.

"'Mistaken?' I replied, 'Not the least bit in the world. But what surprises me, sir, is that a man of your age and discretion, should be so versed in the delicate art of flirtation as to make a conquest of so magnificent a creature under the very eyes of men who are so many years your junior, and who, moreover, have undoubtedly cultivated the fair sex much more assiduously than yourself.

"'The opportunities for cultivation of the highest art of flirtation and the conquest of the female heart, are by no means extensive in this camp, and I'm sure that your feats of arms in past years, must have left you very little time to pour honeyed words into the ears of listening fair. I fear, my dear sir, that your European trip was not entirely devoted to hob-nobbing with crowned heads—you gay old lady-killer you!'"

"'Well, gentlemen,' said the Major, as he drew himself up until he almost bumped a hole in my roof—there was no ceiling—'I mus' confess that I did notice an appa'ent pref'unce fo' ma consida'ation on the pa't of the young lady whom yo' mention. I was in hopes, suhs, that yo' all would not observe a mattah of such triflin' impo'tance. It is true, gentlemen, that I have arrived at a somewhat matuah age, but yo' mus' remembah, suhs, that manly attractions ripen with advancin' yeahs. Was it not, ah—Lama'tine, who observed that swift runnin' sap an' shiftin' shades were the attributes of the young tree, but that there was mo' fiah in the heart of a sturdy old oak?

"'Wall, Major,' Jerry remarked, 'if thet ole feller Lammerteen, er whut ever ye call 'im, hed hed a few ole sogers like yerself ter study, he'd er bin posted on fires in ther woods, ter say nuthin' uv a ole oak, eh, Doc?'

"'Ah, my dear Jerry!' I said, 'I fear that the woods *are* on fire in the Major's case. I more than half believe—nay, I am *sure* that this affair is not as one-sided as we at first

suspected. I am really convinced that our gallant Major is desperately in love with the fair *artiste*. There must be something in love at first sight, after all. It seems to me, however, Jerry, that congratulations are due the Major. He has certainly displayed most excellent taste. Indeed, I have never seen a more beautiful and talented creature. Alas! Jerry, I believe the Major is right, we of a younger generation are not in the race with such men as he. They have not only superior attractions, but the ripened taste of the experienced *connoisseur*.'—

"It was Thackeray, was it not, my boy, who said, in his 'Age of Wisdom '—

'Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing are all your cheer,
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window panes.
Wait till you've come to forty year!

'Forty times over let Michaelmas pass—
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear.
Then you'll know the worth of a lass;
Then you'll know that a boy is an ass,
Once you have come to forty year.'

"Had Thackeray not written the very sentiment I wanted, I should have endeavored to compose something similar, even though not so beautiful, and dedicated it to the memory of Major Merriwether.—

"Jerry agreed with me, as to the Major's *finesse* in captivating our queen of the stage, and allowed that the boys were 'jealus 'nuff ter shoot ennybody but ther Major, on sight. An' I dunno,' said he, with a comical wink, 'but whut some uv ther boys would er tackled him, ef he wuzn't so handy with his shooter. Ye see, Doc, thar aint nobody 'roun' hyar, ez likes ter mix up with ther Major et enny time, an' I'm shore we air goin' ter be keerful when thar's er lady in ther case.'

"By this time, the Major had become so inflated with pride and self-satisfaction, that he resembled a vain old turkey-cock.—

"'W'y, ma deah suhs, yo' sut'nly flattah me, but I can assuah yo' that yo' emba'ss me quite as much as yo' flattah

me! To be hones' with yo', I b'lieve, masef, that I am to be congratulated, suhs. The lady is the mos' beaut'ful creatuah I evah saw, suhs, an' I sut'nly think that she looked upon ma admirin' attention with some favah this evenin'. I should regret exceedin'ly, any bittah feelin's on the pa't of ma fellah cit'zens, suhs, but I assuah yo', gentlemen, that I stan' ready to champion the lady's cause an' to hold out fo' ma own rights in this affaih, at all times an' undah all circumstances, as a gentleman should, suhs!

"'I trust that ma fellah cit'zens will be discreet in this mattah, suhs, but I shall sutn'ly stan' no foolishness, even on the pa't of ma fren's. The lady has the right to bestow her attentions on anyone she pleases, suhs, an' if I happen to be the objec' of her buddin' affections, that, suhs, is her affaih —an' mine!'

"As the Major delivered himself of this peroration, he looked the blood-thirsty fire-eater, through and through.

"'Thet's right, Maje!' said Jerry, 'an' me an' Doc, hyar, 'll stan' right by ye in enny little erfair ye mout git inter. With me fer yer second, an' Doc ter look arter ther wounded, y'u aint likely ter hev er heap er trubble 'round hyar, you bet!'

"'Well, Major,' I said, 'we will have one more bumper to the health of the peerless Bottini, and then we must all go to bed.'

"The bumper having been drunk, our little party broke up. Jerry meandered homeward to peaceful and contented slumber, the Major retired to the post-office to dream of Bottini, the magnificent, while I—well, I dreamed that I was cutting off several sections of legs and arms for the Major on the field of honor, and trimming him down to decent proportions."

"The 'Perambulating Varieties' was billed for two performances in E——. The programme of the second, was to be somewhat different from that of the opening night, hence the genial Mr. Haskell expected quite as large an attendance as at the first performance. In this he was not disappointed, for, according to all accounts, everybody again turned out in

force. As Jerry Mapes expressed it, 'Thar mout be better shows than ole Haskell's, but then, ergin, thar mout be wuss, an' ez ther boys hedn't seed much op'ry lately, they jes' nachully made ther most er ther thing an' turned out good an' strong.'

"I was not present at the second performance—a miner with a broken leg furnished a rival attraction that was too urgent and too tempting to be resisted—far more tempting, in fact, than the prospective view of Mlle. Bottini's bunchy, but none the less surgically-sound, extremities.

"The Major, I was informed, was in his seat of the previous evening, bright and early—as was becoming in so gallant a swain. No love-lorn, callow youth could have been more faithful—or better rewarded.

"Bottini, it seems, had been making inquiries regarding her all-too-ardent admirer, and had learned what an important individual he really was. The fair creature was more captivating than ever—she fairly beamed upon the Major! Others saw her divine dancing; others heard her wonderful voice, but 'twas for Major Merriwether alone that she sang; 'twas for him alone that her fairy feet twinkled through the mazes of her bewildering *repertoire* of dances; 'twas for him alone that she lived, breathed and palpitated; 'twas for him she—well, she saw how the land lay as well as any one in the audience, and used her powers of captivation to the very best advantage. And she was no novice, either—she was a rare example of what an energetic, progressive woman can do, in spite of any and all handicaps that Nature may impose upon her.

"At the conclusion of the performance, the Major avoided even his friend Mapes, much to that gentleman's discomfiture. Some of the boys observed the old man dodging along past the saloons toward the post-office, and marvelled much at the change that had taken place in him.

"According to Jerry, some of the Major's friends came to the conclusion that the fair Bottini had turned the old man's head—which was already impaired by our camp whisky—so completely, that he had gone daft and had even forgotten his favorite beverage.

"As the old man was still staggering next morning, under the load of private stock that he had consumed the night before, it was evident that he had recovered his thirst-inspiring recollection as soon as he came within range of his own demijohn.

"At a solemn conference held at the Minerva that night after the show, it was resolved that the matter was no longer a joke—the Major was in imminent danger, and something must be done!

"To be sure, the old fellow had not even spoken to the object of his adoration, as yet, but that was only a question of time, and if he conducted himself so peculiarly on so slight an acquaintance, there was no telling what might happen, when the fair temptress had an opportunity to exert her wiles upon him to the best advantage.

"'W'y,' said Jerry Mapes, 'ther d—d ole fool mout take er notion ter jes' mosey erway, arter thet woman, an' thet ud never do! I tell yer whut, boys, ther prosper'ty uv this 'ere town is in danger, an' we've got ter look out. We kaint 'low ther pore ole Major's innercent affeckshuns ter be trifled with, an' we've got ter stop this 'ere little game somehow?'

"It was finally decided that the danger would, after all, be but short-lived. The variety troupe was to leave town the following day, and if the Major could only be kept in a blissfully intoxicated condition until the fair one's departure, all would be well. She was but a passing fantasy of the old man's much-abused brain, and was not likely to make a lasting impression upon him.

"A committee was accordingly appointed for the purpose of haunting the old man until the departure of Haskell and his attractions—Jerry Mapes himself officiating as one of the delegation.

"There was no great difficulty in carrying out the plans of the committee. The Major was pretty well 'corned' when the boys found him next morning, and the subsequent treatment was a very simple process of piling Pelion upon Ossa. The boys were gleeful over the success of their scheme—by dinner time the Major had forgotten the very existence of the object of his fancy.

"But a little circumstance that occurred during the afternoon, completely upset the committee's calculations. A terrific rain storm blew up, and long before evening came, it was evident that there was no hope of the arrival of the usual stage, for that day at least. Our town was small, and received very little attention from the stage company in bad weather.

"The awful truth at length dawned upon the boys—Mlle. Bottini couldn't get out of town if she would!

"'D—n sich luck!' quoth Jerry, 'I spose we'll be tied up hyar fer a hull week! No stage, no letters, no nuthin'—an' thet d—d variety show locked in hyar with us! Wall, ef thet aint dead-tough luck, then I dunno whut in h—l tough luck is.'

"Jerry was right; it was fully ten days before the weather and roads would permit our now unwelcome visitors to depart.

"Here was a quandary! It would hardly do to keep the Major drunk all the time—his recent illness was still fresh in the minds of his fellow townsmen. His intimates knew my professional opinion of the probable results of another attack of jim-jams. There was only one thing to be done and that was to call further counsel, and I was unfortunately selected.

"The committee waited on me *pro formâ*, and my advice in the emergency was most earnestly asked for. The case was by no means a novel one; I had heard of many such, but I had never been called to attend one, hence my knowledge of the remedies for such a psycho-cardiac disturbance as was just then threatening the destruction of my friend, the Major, was rather meager. Instead of being perfectly frank, however, and confessing my inability to assist in stopping the Major in his downward career, I allowed my public spirit to get the better of my professional discretion—to the utter ruin of the poor old man, as will appear later.

"After some thoughtful deliberation, I said, 'Gentlemen, I believe our friend, the Major, can only be cured by making him realize the absurdity of falling in love with a public character of such uncertain charms and still more uncertain reputation. The old man, I suspect, has more education and refinement than you have ever given him credit for, and I am

sure that if we can but get the case before him in just the right way, we will be able to convince him of his folly, without much difficulty. I am certain that the infatuation which the Major has manifested for our fair visitor, is only another phase of the overdone gallantry of the old man. It is the sentimental adoration of a modern knight errant, whose romantic ideas are centered upon Mlle. Bottini, for want of a worthier object.'"

"'Wall, Doc,' said Jerry, 'Yer talkin' er little too much like er book fer us fellers ter ketch holt uv whut yer sayin', but I reckon we kin foller yer drift. Yore idee, ez near ez I kin surround it, is ter kinder critercise ther gal, an' make th' ole man ershamed uv hisself.'

"'Well, yes,' I replied, 'that is essentially my plan.'

"'Wall, Doc,' said Jerry, grinningly, 'yore idee is all right, only yer fergittin' one pint.'

"'And what is that?' I asked.

"'W'y, th' ole Major is er fire-eater frum 'way back, an' some on us is likely ter hev er fight on his han's.'

"'The very thing, Jerry! I had not thought of that! There's a trap that the old man will fall into sure. Let's give him a chance for one of those 'affaihs of honah, suh,' that he brags so much about!

"Let a party of the boys draw him into conversation, and, during it's progress, have somebody, and it matters not who, make a few disparaging remarks about the fair Bottini. With you to egg the old man on, we are sure to hear something drop. The old chap's Quixotic notions may lead him to do what his lack of courage would ordinarily prevent. With a duel on his hands, even though it be a 'fake,' his chivalric ambition will be gratified—temporarily at least. Certain it is that we can scare Bottini out of his mind till she gets out of town!'

"'By ther gre't etarnal, boys!' exclaimed Jerry, 'Doc, hyar, hez got er gre't head on 'im. Book larnin' an' hoss sense don't allus go tergether, but he's got 'em both, ye kin jes' bet on thet! Now, ther nex' question is, who ter git fer ther trajucer uv ther but'ful Boteeny.'

"'If you will permit me to make a suggestion, gentlemen,' I said, 'I would advise you to get some stranger to assume the rôle of the villain in our comedy drama. The Major would hardly care to challenge one of his own friends —the more especially as he knows the shooting credentials of all his fellow citizens. He would hardly hesitate to call out a tenderfoot, however, for experience has taught him that the boys can be relied on to see him through. A duel is a little different from your impromptu shooting matinees, but it will be interesting to see how far we can carry the affair, before the Major crawls out, as he certainly will do. Indeed, we may have a chance to observe a new and original method of evading the issue.

"'From what I have learned of the class of persons who compose the average strolling company of histrionic artists, I infer that they are always open to engagements in which there is likely to be profit. Now, I fancy that our quondam friend, Pranzini, the sleight-of-hand performer, would be just the man for our purpose. As disappearing is right in his line, it will not be at all dishonorable for him to vanish from the battle-field, if the Major goes into the affair too earnestly. I would suggest, therefore, that you call on Pranzini and make such terms with him as you may see fit. I will myself drop into the hotel this evening, and will engage to bring the Major with me. I leave the rest to your own ingenuity, assuring you that I will further the scheme in any way that I can.'

"Evening arrived, and I proceeded to call upon my friend the Major, for the nefarious purpose of persuading him to accompany me to the hotel—in accordance with the plan of campaign that the boys and myself had mapped out.

"There was little difficulty in fulfilling my part of the arrangement. I found the Major in the act of applying the finishing touches to an elaborate toilet. It was hardly necessary for me to inquire the reason for his gorgeousness of apparel. It was evident that he was preparing to make a call at the hotel on his own account; it was also apparent that he was not anxious to receive callers—I fancied that his face elongated somewhat as I entered his quarters.

"'Ah, ma deah doctah, I'm glad to see yo', suh, but I'm sorry to say that I have a little engagement which will prevent me from enta'tainin' yo' fo' any length of time, suh.'

"'It was hardly necessary to state that you had an engagement, my dear Major,' I replied. 'It is very evident from your magnificent toilet, that you have an affair of considerable importance upon your hands. I am inclined to believe, moreover, that there is a lady in the case. You are certainly preparing yourself with an elaborateness of detail, which is—well, suspicious, to say the least.'

"'Well, suh,' replied the Major, 'to be frank with yo', suh, I *was* contemplatin' an evenin' call on a lady of ma 'quaintance, suh.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I am not much of a ladies' man, myself, but I nevertheless appreciate the fact that affairs of the heart must take precedence of all other interests. Excuses are therefore unnecessary, the more especially as it is not my intention to tarry for any length of time. I simply dropped in to see whether you were going toward the hotel this evening. As my professional duties call me in that direction, I thought it would be very agreeable to have your company. If I am not mistaken, sir, your destination is similar to my own, for I strongly suspect that I know the charming lady who is to be the recipient of your evening call. If you have no objections, therefore, we will go to the hotel together.'

"'Ah, ma deah doctah, yo' are a mos' rema'kable man, suh. Yo' are almos' clevah 'nuff to read one's mind, suh. As a mattah of fact, I was thinkin' of callin' upon the distinguished *artiste*, Mlle. Bottini. The charmin' creatuah, I unda'stan', has been compelled to sojo'n a little while longah in ouah midst, on account of the inclemency of the wethah, an' I was about to pay ma respects to her. I assuah yo', suh, that I shall be mos' highly honahed by yo' comp'ny as far as the hotel.'

"The gallant Major's toilet having been completed, we strolled as leisurely as the weather would permit, toward the hotel, conversing meanwhile upon the multitudinous charms and extraordinary histrionic ability of the object of his adoration.

"Knowing, as I did, the programme that had been prepared for the Major's edification, I was more than enthusiastic in my encomiums of the peerless beauty who had so disturbed the Major's emotional centers—to say nothing of the demoralization of the peace and quiet of our little community. You may be assured that Mlle. Bottini's charms lost nothing at my hands.

"By the time we arrived at the Miner's Rest, the Major's mind was in the seventh heaven of ecstatic admiration of his adored one. He was in that mental condition which impels an ardent lover to seek occasion to lay down his life for the delectation of the object of his affections. It was hardly probable that the lady in this particular case would herself demand so great a sacrifice upon the Major's part. Indeed, if the plan that we had arranged was successful, it was doubtful whether she in person would ever get an opportunity of putting his ardent passion to the test. It was necessary, however, to have the temperature of the Major's blood elevated a few degrees above the normal, in order to insure the successful performance of the little programme of which I was to be, in a certain sense, the general manager.

"Arriving at the hotel, the Major showed a disposition to dispense with my entertaining society—and protecting umbrella.

"'Now, doctah,' he said, 'I hope yo' will excuse me, suh, it's rathah late, an' I do not desiah to emba'ss ma lady fren' by callin' at an unseemly houah.'

"'Why, my dear Major,' I replied, 'I couldn't possibly think of allowing you to leave me without a social drink. You must come in and join me!'

"'Really, I hope yo' will excuse me, suh,' said he, 'it's ha'dly propah to indulge in intoxicatin' liq'ah befo' callin' 'pon a lady, suh.'

"'Quite true, sir,' I answered, 'I agree with your proposition as a general principle; it is, however, hardly necessary to be so conventional here in the West, and I am sure that you would not be so discourteous to a friend as to refuse to drink with me. Why, sir, I should consider it an unpardonable affront, did you not allow me the opportunity of drinking

the health of your charmer. You certainly cannot decline to join me in so praiseworthy an object. Besides, Major, I am satisfied that the extraordinary conversational talent which you possess, will receive an added brilliancy, from a moderate indulgence in that key which unlocks all languages. You are fascinating, I will admit, upon all occasions, but with a moderate amount of stimulation, you should be absolutely irresistible. 'Come now, old fellow!' I said, taking him by the arm, 'let us go in; we have already occupied time enough to have enabled us to surround several drinks; and economy of time, sir, while commendable on all occasions, is especially so when the social cup is in prospect!'

"The Major no longer resisted, but accompanied me into the hotel bar-room. The boys were expectantly awaiting our arrival, judging by the knowing looks that were exchanged as we entered.

"'Come, boys,' I said, 'and join me in a little drink.'

"Everybody in the room—with a celerity born of experience—stepped briskly up to the bar, and proceeded to nominate the particular form in which his portion of liquid death should be dispensed. I noticed that the distinguished Professor Pranzini, was among the crowd. It was evident that Jerry had followed my suggestion.

"After everybody had been supplied with liquor, I turned to my companions and said, 'Gentlemen, I desire to propose a toast, complimentary to a distinguished citizen of this town, whom we all admire and respect. There is no more gallant man in the world than our postmaster—the distinguished Major Merriwether. A toast to any lady is always a compliment to a gentleman of his qualifications, but to make the compliment more personal in its application, I desire to propose the health of the charming Mlle. Bottini, the celebrated *artiste* who has for several days honored our community with her presence, and who has so highly entertained us by her extraordinary histrionic ability.

"'Gentlemen, I am sure you will all drink with me, the health of our fair guest.'

"Every man raised his glass to his lips and drank the toast, with the exception of Professor Pranzini, who deliber-

ately and conspicuously raised his glass and spilt its contents into a large box of sawdust that stood before the bar, where it was doing its best—and filthiest—to enact the rôle of a cuspidor.

"I nudged the Major and called his attention to the evident insult.—

THE INSULT.

"Turning fiercely upon Pranzini, I said, 'What is the meaning of your extraordinary conduct, sir? Why did you not drink? Was your action intended as a personal affront to *me*, sir? or as a criticism upon the fair lady whose name I have taken the liberty of mentioning, in a gathering which I had supposed was composed entirely of courteous gentlemen?'

"'Vell,' replied Pranzini, haughtily, 'I do not-a know dat I am-a compell-a to make-a de expla-na-tion of-a my speak-a to

anybod-a, sarr! But eef you not-a understand, I tell-a you dat I not-a drink, not-a be-cause I make-a to insult-a *you*, but-a be-cause I not-a like-a de lady—not-a mooch. I think-a so grand-a complee-ment ees not-a by her to dee-serve. *I* not-a see dat she ees anyhow so verr-a beau-tee-ful. She ees no good *I* think-a. She cannot-a sing, she cannot-a dance; she ees not-a worth one doll-arr de year. Ah! but she have-a de great tempair! She pull-a de hair! She scratch-a de face! She kick-a and she bite-a! She got-a one big tempair like-a de devil, I bet you!'

"While this little dialogue was taking place between Pranzini and myself, Jerry had slipped around to the Major's side and was industriously whispering in that gallant gentleman's ear. He informed the old warrior that it was very evident that this was not the doctor's quarrel, but his own, inasmuch as Pranzini had practically acknowledged that he did not object to drinking with the doctor, but was opposed to the sentiment. Jerry also suggested to the Major, that he should demand an immediate apology, and, if it were not forthcoming, should challenge Pranzini on the spot. The Major proceeded to follow his friend's advice.

"Addressing Pranzini, the old fire-eater said—'I'll info'm yo', suh, that this is ma affaih! The lady whose health yo' have refused to drink, is a puss'nal fren' of mine, suh, an' I deman' an' apol'gy, suh!'—And the Major slapped himself upon the chest with an air of ferocity that undoubtedly would have terrified Pranzini, had he not been acting a part with the moral support of our boys!

"Parmit-a me to deef-fair with-a you, sarr!' replied Pranzini, assuming an aspect as ferocious and terrifying as the Major's. 'It-a seem to me, sarr, that-a dees af-fair not-a concern-a you at all. You vill-a please make-a to mind your own beez-a-ness!'

"'Do I unda'stan', suh,' thundered the Major, 'that yo' refuse to 'pol'gize?'

"'Pre-cis-a-ly so!' said Pranzini. 'I con-graz-ulat-a you, dat you hav-a so mooch sense dat you make-a to un-der-stand. I veel-a not apol-o-gize, but I am-a read-y to let-a you like eet or not-a like eet, just as-a you dam please!'

"'Very well, suh, said the Major, haughtily. 'I deman' sat'sfaction!'

"All-a right, my good-a sarr,' replied the prestidigitator. 'I am-a ready to give-a you dam plend-ee sateez-faction, any way dat you like-a to have eet!'

"Ah!' exclaimed the Major, 'it's very fo'tunate fo' yo', suh, that I had prepa'ed fo' a social call this evenin', suh! Not anticipatin' any such occu'ence as this, I left ma pistols at ma headqua'tahs. Howevah, I shall expect sat'sfaction in a mo' fo'mal mannah on the field of honah, suh! Ma fren', th' hon'ble Mistah Mapleson, will make the nec'sary 'rangements. Heah is ma ca'd, suh.'

"Verr-a vell,' said Pranzini, 'your-a friend can find-a me whenevair dat-a he pre-fers. Eet vill be not-a big trouble to speak-a to me, sarr, as I live-a here at dees hotel, as-a you know.' With these defiant words the prestidigitator retired.

"'Now, gentlemen,' said the Major, 'I trus' that yo' all will join me in a little liq'ah. This triflin' affaih mus' not dis-tu'b yo' social enjoyment.'

"As the quarrel had occupied sufficient time to develop a most inordinate thirst among the boys, the crowd was by no means slow in accepting the Major's invitation, meanwhile complimenting him upon his chivalric defense of the principle of honor involved in the controversy.

"Congratulations and invitations to imbibe were so numerous, that before long the Major had quite forgotten the object of his visit to the hotel. He was, however, ostentatiously enthusiastic over the prospect of vindicating his reputation for courage and gallantry upon the field of honor.

"I finally concluded it was high time to get the Major home, and allow the boys to complete their plans for the prospective duel. I therefore intimated to the old hero the advisability of retiring, as I desired to have a little conversation with him upon the important matter in which he and Pranzini were concerned.

"'You see, Major,' I said, 'the details of such affairs should be arranged promptly, and it would be best for us to return to your quarters, thus giving your friend, Mr. Maple-

son, an opportunity to arrange the preliminaries of the little affair of honor in which your chivalric spirit has involved you.'

"'Yes, Maje,' said Jerry, 'et's jest ez wall fer y'u an' Doc, ter mosey erlong. I'll fix things up ship-shape, an' y'u kin jes' bet yer bottom dollar thar aint goin' ter be no foolishness 'bout this 'ere fight. Uv course, seein' ez how yore er mil'tary man, thet feller Pranzini aint goin' ter seleck no s'ords ter do ther fightin' with, but yore er good all roun' fighter, an' shooters is good 'nuff fer us. I'll git things fixed up ter-night, fer fear thet d—d Eytalyun mout change his mind. Ez soon ez I've got er fixed, I'll come down ter ther post-offis an' let ye know."

"'Ah, ma deah Mistah Mapleson, yo' are quite correct, suh. We will retiah, an' I can assuah yo' that any arrangements which yo' may make will be puffec'ly sat'sfactory to me, suh. Gentlemen—I'll bid yo' all good evenin', suhs.'

"With this, the Major linked his arm in mine and strode out into the rain, as haughtily as the combined effects of agitation and whisky upon his knees, would permit. It would be too much to say that the Major had passed through the trying ordeal of his quarrel with Pranzini with complete fortitude. There was a certain tremulousness in his accents, and a sufficient degree of pallor in his countenance, to warrant the suspicion that he was supported more by his sublime egotism, the absence of any immediate danger, and the presence of his numerous friends, than by any innate quality of courage that he possessed. During our journey homeward, however, he was bold as a lion.

"I took occasion to stimulate the old warrior's ambition for glory, by reminding him that the honor of the entire camp was in his hands. 'Why, Major,' I said, 'you have no conception of the importance of the affair in which you are about to engage. You must remember that Pranzini, while he is temporarily our guest, is an alien, and it would have been very humiliating to your fellow citizens, had the insult offered by him been allowed to pass unnoticed. It is a fortunate thing, sir, that we have among us such a man as yourself, who has not only a high degree of appreciation of personal honor, but who is ready at any and all times to uphold the

valor and courage of the citizens of this commonwealth! Your conduct this evening, sir, was both gallant and courageous, and I have no doubt that you will acquit yourself with credit upon the field of honor!'

"'I am obliged to yo' fo' the compliment, suh,' replied the Major. 'Yo' may be suah that the reputation of this town fo' honah an' courage shall not suffah at ma hands. It will give me great pleasuah, suh, to uphold the dignity of ma fellow citizens by killin' that impert'nent scoun'rel!'

"We had now reached the post-office, and as Jerry was likely to arrive soon with his report of progress in the affair of honor, I accepted the Major's invitation to enter his quarters and await developments.

"Jerry did not keep us waiting long—his promptness would have excited suspicion in a less confiding mind than the Major's. He made his report, however, with all the gravity and dignity becoming the important position of second to so gallant a warrior as Major Merriwether.

"'Wall, gentlemen,' said Jerry, 'I've got ther thing fixed up all O. K. Ther d—d Eytalyun wuz er little slippery, an' I reckon he'd er crawled out uv et—he wuz so durned skeered—ef et hedn't bin fer Charley Mason. Ye see, Pranzini wuz kickin' jes' like er steer, 'bout hevin' no soot'ble second, so Charley jes' releeved his mind on thet pint, by volunteerin' ter do ther han'sum by 'im. Arter thet, I hed Charley ter deal with, an' thar wuzn't no more foolishness, y'u bet! Et wuz er case uv fightin' ther Major er fightin' Charley, so I reckon Pranzini thort thar wuzn't much choice.

"'Et didn't take Charley an' me long ter fix up ther 'rangements fer ther fight. Ye see, we thort es how thet Eytalyun mout git outer town 'fore long, so we jes' sot ther scrimmage fer termorrer mornin', 'fore breakfas'. Pistols is ther weppins, an' I hed ther thing fixed up soze ther Major's own duellin' pistols kin be used, seein' ez how they air th' only guns er thet kind in town. We kin toss up fer choice.'

"'Ah! Major,' I said, 'the brave deserve good fortune, and you have certainly got luck on your side! It will be a

great advantage to you, sir, to use a weapon with which you are so perfectly familiar! I dare say that Pranzini never faced an enemy's fire in his life, while this affair will be but a pleasant morning's diversion for you. I presume, Jerry, that the duel is to be *à l'outrance?*'

"'Wall, I haint read up on ther trance bizness lately,' replied Jerry, 'but ef ye mean air we goin' ter put thet d—d Eytalyun inter er trance, ye've hit ther nail on ther head fust crack. I knowed whut Maje wanted all right, so I jes' 'ranged ter hev ther shootin' go on till one er ther combatters wuz drapped—wich means till ole Pranzini gits er hole through 'im whut er coyote kin run through! Savey?'

"'Well, gentlemen,' said the Major, 'the 'rangements suit me puffec'ly. I can assuah yo', suhs, that the insult offa'ed me in yo' presence, can only be wiped out with goah! I am only too glad to get ma hand in again, suhs—it will seem like old times.'

"'Then, if everything is settled, gentlemen,' I said, 'I may as well retire. I must clean up my instruments and prepare some surgical dressings; there's no telling what may happen—to Pranzini, and he is certainly entitled to my professional consideration.

"'Yaas,' said Jerry, dryly, 'be on hand sharp et half-past six er clock et th' ole corral—whar we hed ther bull-fight, ye know, Major! I picked out thet place seein' ez how I won ther toss, coz ther Major is so familyer with ther groun' —eh, Maje?'

"'An' by ther way Doc, ef y'u hev got enny books whut treats on bullet wounds in Eytalyun fellers, ye'd better study up fer yer work ter-morrer mornin'!'

"'Very well, Jerry,' I replied, 'I'll look over my library and see what I have on the subject. Perhaps Baron Larrey, or some other of the old-time surgeons have written on that special topic.

"'And now I must be going. Good night, Major, and good luck to you, sir. Good night, Jerry—we will next meet on the field of honor—the field of victory for the Major, I am sure!'—

"Morning came, and with it a visitor—the sun. Old Sol had not shown his face for some days, and although he was still sullen and gloomy and there was little prospect of his remaining with us long—the sky being still very forbidding—he was a most welcome guest.

"One who has never been land-locked in the mountains during stormy weather, cannot appreciate how beautiful the sun looks when—as if to see how much the world misses him—he coquets with us, through the rifts of the sombre clouds. He has a fashion of appearing and disappearing that is most aggravating, and our little world follows his varying moods, with all the celerity of a lightning-change artist. When the sun smiles, the earth is fairly radiant with happiness, but when he scowls, there is gloom, depression and sadness everywhere. There was a special need of the sun on this occasion—he has a grandly stimulating effect on one's red corpuscles, and red corpuscles were in urgent demand in the vicinity of the postoffice.

"'Ah!' thought I, as I glanced at the heavens, 'this augurs well for the gallant Major. If the sun will only stay up for a couple of hours, he may get warmed up to a most heroic pitch. It would indeed be a pity, not to have the sun's rays to add lustre to the old soldier's uniform and dazzle his enemy!'

"Having gathered my instruments and other necessaries together, I tucked them under my arm and started for the battle ground. On the road, I fell in with half a dozen of the boys who were in the secret, and on their way to the gladiatorial arena.

"As audiences are not *en règle* in affairs of honor, I suggested to them the propriety of assuming positions outside the arena—opposite the road by which the Major would of necessity arrive. My plan was immediately adopted, and on our arrival at the corral the boys posted themselves as per arrangement.

"When I entered the arena, I observed that Pranzini and his second were already on the ground. I was glad of this, because I should have regretted to see the Major make the

grand *entrée* that I expected, without the opportunity of duly impressing the other actors in the drama.

"I had just arranged my instruments in a prominent and alarmingly conspicuous position—flanking them with an array of bottles and bandages that would have done credit to a field hospital—when the Major and Jerry appeared at the entrance of the enclosure.

"The Major was arrayed in the same costume in which I had first made his acquaintance. The sun, that had now begun to be quite friendly and benevolent, illuminated his salient points of brilliancy; his medals, gold lace, brass buttons and—his nose, until he was a spectacle of dazzling magnificence! I noted with some interest, that his complexion—aside from his nose—was decidedly waxy.

"Jerry, I observed, had locked his arm in the Major's, and—was it my imagination?—seemed to be supporting him! Possibly his added weight of importance and dignity was too much for his legs—they certainly wabbled more than was their wont!

"I also noted with some solicitude, that Jerry, who had pushed the Major in ahead of himself, put up the bars again behind them. Was it because he was afraid Pranzini might escape?

"I have been present at several duels, but I have never seen more painful formalities than were observed that morning. Really, the preliminaries of that famous fight would have made a valuable supplement to the standard code.

"Charley Mason won the toss, and, much to our edification, the Major was compelled to face the sun, which was now glaring quite brightly! You can imagine the brillant figure he presented as he stood there trying to await the serious part of the programme, with all the calm of a June morning—an effort in which he most signally failed.

"It remained to be seen whether the difficulty that the Major experienced in maintaining his equilibrium, was due to internal dissensions of a nervous character, or to a frantic desire to annihilate his enemy. Waiting is not a comfortable occupation on such occasions, and there are those upon whom the danger of the situation has no ennervating influence what-

ever, yet the suspense of waiting—the postponement of the crisis—has a most demoralizing and sometimes disastrous effect. Pranzini had every encouragement to keep cool, the Major—none.

"When the pistols had been chosen, and the seconds proceeded to formally load them, the Major's face was a study. As the huge bullets were conspicuously dropped into the barrels and hammered home, I thought the old hero would fall over—but he didn't; he just stood there, swaying like a blackbird on a branch!

"As Jerry passed me on his way to hand the Major his pistol, I whispered, warningly—'Don't let this go too far, Jerry! He may be too scared to know enough to quit!'

"'That's all right, Doc,' replied Jerry, in a horse whisper, 'wax bullets! Savvy?'

"The Major took the pistol mechanically, and for a moment stood as rigidly erect as though in a cataleptic state—he was actually too frightened to tremble. But he soon recovered his power of movement and—his voice.

"'Air—y'u—ready, gentlemen?' cried Jerry.

"'No! No! Hold on, suhs! Fo' Gawd's sake hold on!' cried the Major, as he frantically fumbled about the bemedalled breast of his gaudy coat.—

"This performance continued for fully half a minute—he was apparently searching for something.

"'Air—y'u—ready, gentlemen?' again demanded Jerry.

"'No! No! hold on, suh! Wait a minute!' shrieked the Major—and he threw down his pistol and struck out at a two-forty clip for the gate!

"The gate was no obstacle to the old soldier—he was in a hurry, and retreating was his specialty!—Over the bars he went, with utter disregard for form and the integrity of his glittering raiment! Just as he was climbing over the top rail, Pranzini fired his pistol in the air, with the result that the old Major fell to the ground and rolled a goodly portion of the way down the road toward town!—We waited long enough to enable the poor old hero to get fairly away, and then joined the party of hilarious boys outside the fence and started back to town.

"'Wall,' cried Charley Mason, with a laugh that made the mountains ring, 'thet show beat ther bull-fight! I never seed anythin' like it! Whew! how old Maje did hustle over them bars! I jes' wish I could er seed 'im vamoosin' down ther road—I'll bet he made er record! I don't b'lieve he'll bother his head much erbout thet prize booty no more; it'll keep th' ole feller too busy er fixin' up yarns 'bout ther duel.'

"'Oh well,' I remarked; 'the old Major has considerable talent as a romancist, and I have no doubt that he will find some excuse that will redound to his credit.'

"'I dunno know 'bout thet, Doc," said Jerry, who had not spoken since we left the corral, 'I feel er little shaky 'bout this 'ere deal, an' I dunno know whether et's so d—d funny ez et looked et fust. I'm afear'd we hev kinder piled on ther ag'ny an' overdid ther bizness. Th' ole Major is mighty sens'tive, arter all, an' this thing is likely ter trubble 'im er heap. Ye see, this field uv honer gab uv his'n, hez allus bin his strong pint, an' he'll think et aint goin' ter be dead easy ter squar' this thing with ther boys.'

"'You forget the bull-fight,' I remarked.

"'Yes, I know,' he replied, 'but thar wuz plenty uv fellers lookin' on, thet day, thet wouldn't er faced thet d—d steer er holy minnit, an' yit aint afear'd uv er gun. It's easy er 'nuff t' explain erway er thing like thet, but this 'ere is diff'rent an' Maje knows it. Ye see, we hev allus taken ther thing kinder sery'us like, an' made th' ole man think ez how we all thort he wuz er hero. When I went inter this thing, I thort he would weaken afore he come ter taw, an' give us er chance ter let 'im down easy.'

"'That is precisely the impression I myself had,' I answered, 'and I cannot understand now, how you succeeded in carrying the thing so far.'

"'Wall,' said Dutch Bill, who had been one of the audience outside the fence, 'I reckon Jerry jest erbout lugged him inter ther corral, an' th' ole feller wuz kinder hopin' suthin' would happen 'fore ther shootin' beginned. He wuz er thinkin' 'bout thet proxy graveyard er his, I reckon,' and Bill smiled grimly as he whispered in my ear—'an' ef this thing hed bin on ther squar', thar'd bin er chance fer er good crop er

mackerony over thar in thet tender-foot patch, nex' Spring.'

"The boys' hilarity could have but one result, it made them thirsty, and as usual, when thirst appeared in that end of town, one William Hewlett was applied to for relief—at

DUTCH BILL'S IDEAS OF AGRICULTURE.

the standard price. If I am a judge of morning beverages, some of the sufferers did not appreciate their late breakfast that morning—if indeed they were able to eat any, which was extremely doubtful.

"On leaving Hewlett's, I suggested the advisability of separating and taking different routes to our respective headquarters, lest the Major should see so large a party together and draw inferences that would still further wound his vanity and excite his suspicions. This plan was adopted and we mutually agreed to avoid passing the post-office on our way.

"I was quite busy for the remainder of the day, and was compelled to make several calls at some distance from town. As the rain had begun pouring again at noon, my day's work was extremely unpleasant. I had the miserable roads all to myself, for nobody but the doctor was expected to be out in such abominable weather. I did not return until long after dark.

"When I had put my hardy little horse away for the night, I mentally resolved to turn in as soon as I had eaten a bit of supper—I was wet to the skin, and as tired as only muddy, stormy, mountain riding on a mustang can make one. When I reached my shanty, however, I found Jerry awaiting me.

"'Hallo there, Jerry!' I called, 'you seem to be lying in wait for me. Don't shoot until you hear the evidence!

"Jerry was usually quite appreciative of my little jokes, but he now exhibited no more merriment than a hired mourner at a funeral.

"'Thar aint no shootin' in me, jes' now,' he replied, gloomily, 'leastwise et my fren's. I hev done ernuff er thet sort er damage already terday.'

"'Why, what on earth's the matter with you, Jerry?' I asked, 'what has happened?'

"'Doc,' he replied solemnly, 'ther pore ole Major's gone!'

"'Gone? Gone where?'

"'Thet's jest it, Doc; nobody knows whar. He's jes' gone, plain gone—vamoosed, cut stick, an' quit ther claim!'

"'But what for?' I asked.

"'Wall, ye 'member whut I said this mornin' 'bout th' ole man bein' sens'tive?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I do remember your saying something of the kind.'

"'Then I reckon ye' understan' ther situashun. Ther duel wuz too much fer th' ole man's pride.'

"'Oh, I wouldn't worry about it, Jerry,' I said, 'the Major will turn up again all right. He is keeping himself out of the way for a while. Perhaps he has locked himself up at his quarters.'

"'No, Doc, I jes' come frum ther post-offis—he aint thar, an' whut's wuss, he haint bin thar sence jest arter ther duel. Some uv ther boys busted ther door in, an' foun' ther place empty. Th' ole feller hed changed his cloze an' gone erway, lockin' ther place up agin arter hisself. Some uv ther fellers said, jes' like y'u did, es how they thort he'd come back afore mornin', but I don't b'lieve it. He's summers out thar in ther hills, an' ther Lord only knows whut'll happen ter ther pore ole cuss! I wish thet d—d ole show hed bin in h—l, 'fore it ever struck this town! Everybody likes ole Maje, an' I wuz allus his bes' friend.'

"'You were, indeed,' I replied, 'and I know just how you feel. To tell you the truth, Jerry, 'I am a little ashamed of my own part in the transaction.'

"'Wall, Doc, it's diff'rent with y'u,' said Jerry, sadly, 'y'u haint knowed ole Maje ez long ez I hev, an' besides, I owe th' ole man er good turn thet I never got jes' ther right chance ter squar'.'

"'How was that?' I asked.

"'E t aint no time fer long yarns, Doc; yore all tired out, an' I aint feelin' jes' like tellin' 'em, an' 'specially thet one, but I'll jes' say this much, erbout er little deal thet I never tole y'u erbout. I hed ther mountain fever wonst, an' ole Maje nussed me through et. All ther rest uv ther boys wuz too bizzy minin', ter think erbout a ole hez-bin, like I seemed ter be. Uv course, Maje hedn't much uv anythin' else ter do, but thet don't lessen whut I owe him. He haint got no sand, an' he's got er heart like er woman, but thet wuz ther kind uv er heart I wuz needin' 'bout then. Th' ole Major kaint fight er little bit, but he kin nuss er sick feller ter beat ther very devil!'

"'Well, Jerry,' I replied, deeply moved, 'now you are heaping a few live coals on my own head. I don't know just

how to rectify our mistake, but I feel that the first thing to do is to try to find the Major. We must find him first and make amends afterward.'

"'Thet's easier said ner done, Doc,' Jerry answered, sorrowfully. 'We couldn't find nuthin' in them mountains er night like this, an' ther painters er grizzlies is likely ter find 'im fust, ef we wait till termorrer, so I reckon we *air* up er stump.'

"At any rate, Jerry,' I said, 'we will be compelled to wait till morning. It is probable that the Major started away very promptly, after his gallant retreat from the battle-field. If so, he quite likely reached some other town before nightfall. He rode away, did he not?'

"'By th' etarnal!' exclaimed Jerry, 'we never thort er lookin' ter see whether his mustang wuz gone. We wuz so kinder upsot, thet we fergot all erbout his hevin' er hoss. But thet animile is er slow traveler, an' th' ole Major moutn't ride fast ernuff, on sich roads ez we've got now, ter reach er safe place. We'll start arter 'im in ther mornin', hoss er no hoss, an' ef we find 'im, we'll bring 'im home like one er them Eur'pean jukes thet he tole us erbout. I want y'u ter go 'long with us, Doc; tn' ole Major mout hurt hisself an' need some doctorin'.'

"'I was about to say, Jerry,' I remarked, 'that I consider it my duty to accompany you, both because of the possibility of my services being needed, and from the fact that I regard myself as in great measure responsible for the poor old man's hasty departure.'

"'Et's d—d hard tellin' who ter blame', replied Jerry, 'when one feller's ez thick in ther mud ez t'other is in ther mire; but I'm 'bleeged ter y'u fer takin' so much int'rust in ole Maje, all ther same. We'd orter git a early start, so I'll call fer y'u 'bout half pas' five erclock.'

"Having received my assurance that I would be ready at the appointed time, the kind-hearted Jerry rode away."

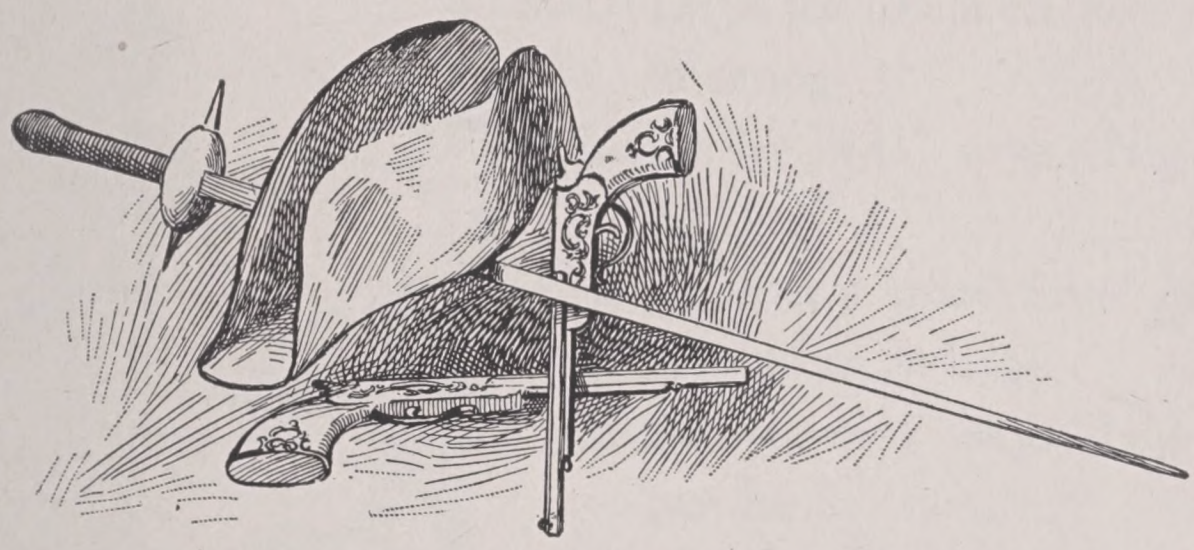
———

"And now, my boy, it is time for us to remember that we are but human, and need a certain amount of rest and sleep. Let us see what time it is anyway—

"Good gracious, lad! it's half-past one o'clock! Well, well, this will never do!—

"Will you have a fresh cigar to keep you company on your way home? No? Well then, put it in your pocket and smoke it to-morrow.

"Good night—or rather, good morning."



THE PASSING OF MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

V.

TROUBLE is jes' like a ole snake
in er log—
Smoke 'er out!" says "Nigger Joe."
"Dar's many good tings in de hide er de hog—
Smoke 'em out!" says "Nigger Joe."
"Hap'ness is like er fat 'possum up er tree—
Smoke 'im out!" says he.

When your thoughts do not come however you try,
And your fountain of wit seems barren and dry—
"Smoke 'em out!" say I.

A NEW BREED OF TENDERFOOT.

THE PASSING OF MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

V.

DOCTOR Weymouth was in a rather petulant mood when I arrived. It seems that his wife had requested him to hang a picture for her, and in trying to demonstrate that he really was of some use about the house—a point, by the way, upon which he and his wife had something of a difference of opinion—he had made a decided mess of it. It appeared he had fallen off the step-ladder, shaking himself up considerably and knocking the skin off his somewhat prominent nose.

This being the doctor's sensitive point, as well as his most prominent feature, he was expressing his ideas of the accident in his usual clear-cut and incisive, not to say ornate, style. I could see him from the hall, as his colored servant admitted me, and, as he was too pre-occupied to notice me, I stood watching him with some degree of curiosity—much to the amusement of his wife, who had seen me enter.

After a choice exemplification of the fact that a bit of temper and good lungs sometimes make fine phrases, the doctor again assailed the picture—this time successfully. He came slowly down from the step-ladder, gazing upward at the picture, with an expression as triumphant as though he had just tied the innominate artery and hoped to pull his patient through.

When he reached the floor, he happened to glance toward the hall and saw me, smilingly awaiting him:

"Hallo, young man! How long have you been standing there watching my performance? You heard me swear, I'll warrant!

"Well, it can't be helped if you did, and I'm certain you never knew of greater provocation. Take a seat in the library and I'll join you presently—as soon as I have put some collodion on my new nasal ornamentation."

"Ah! here we are again, punch, hookah, cigars and all—with the entire evening before us. Have one of these cigars; they are a new brand I am trying—on my friends—and I should like your opinion of them.

"Well, my boy, *tempus* has 'fugited' rather more rapidly than usual since I saw you last. I have been so busy that I have hardly had time to note the passing of the days. There has been a marked increase in the number of cases of diphtheria of late. Do you know, young man, that diphtheria is of all diseases the one I dread the most? It is a disease that has taken the conceit out of greater men than I am, though that's not saying much. What disease has a worse record? Its course has been marked by tears enough to float the Great Eastern, and despair enough to give the angels melancholia! It has broken hearts enough to appease the wrath of Providence for all time, yet, Herod-like, it still goes on and on, destroying the innocent and laughing at science! Hygeia has many injuries to avenge, but diphtheria has caused woe enough to satiate the vengeance of Frankenstein's monster, to say nothing of that of an outraged divinity.

"I assure you, my young friend, that I always feel humiliated in the presence of diphtheria. To think how comparatively little we can do to combat such a monster of destruction, is not only humiliating but absolutely exasperating.

"Well, you may be right—perhaps I *am* drawing it a little too strongly; I'll admit that we save many lives, but our past records show that we have saved them by the application

of rational general principles, rather than by virtue of specific remedies.

"Oh yes, I know there have been hundreds of 'specifics' for diphtheria, all of which have been lauded to the skies—while the poor patients have been fairly flying thither. But none of the so-called specifics have held their ground. We have sought for a specific most faithfully; indeed, there is hardly a general practitioner who has not discovered an infallible remedy at one time or another—only to drop it for a new straw 'specific,' sooner or later.

"One of the finest men I ever knew, was driven, first out of the profession, and then into an early grave, by his own discovery. He invented a specific for diphtheria, which, according to a monograph that he published, was practically infallible—as proven by the records of some hundreds of cases. Within a week after the appearance of his essay, the disease appeared in his own family, and in a few days had robbed him of his wife and two children. He had no specific for a broken heart, poor fellow, and in less than six months, he and his theory were buried beside his loved and lost ones. And then he found the only true specific for all human ills—the grave.

'Oh, frail estate of human things
Then to his cost your emptiness he knew.'

"But, thanks to modern science, we at last bid fair to be able to meet the disease upon at least even terms. Indeed, the discovery of antitoxin has given us ground for hope that we may one day, not only battle with diphtheria successfully, but, mayhap, practice inoculation against it, as we do in the prevention of smallpox.

"What a disagreeable day this has been, to be sure! I have had an excellent opportunity to appreciate it, for I haven't had so much to do for many weeks. Such a variety of things, too. I really believe I have had all the ills that weak human flesh is heir to, paraded for my inspection to-day. The slippery roads and sidewalks have given the surgeons plenty to do, for a week or more, and I certainly have had my full share.

"What sort of cases have I had? Well, my young

Esculapius, what kind would you expect to have in such weather? You don't know, eh? Well, sir, you'll learn some very practical points in that direction before you have been in practice one winter, if you practice in the North—which you will not do if you are sensible.

"In such weather as has recently prevailed in this locality, your good citizen may slip upon the icy sidewalk, perhaps a hundred times, with impunity—this is likely to be the case if he carries a large accident policy. He finally, however—this is especially apt to occur if his policy has run out—slips just once too often, and does himself more or less serious injury.

"If he happens to be a fastidious individual, he may make a selection from a large variety of injuries. He may select a sprained wrist or ankle, a Colle's or Pott's fracture, a dislocation, a broken head, or a black eye, according to taste. A sprained back, concussion of the brain or spine, and moral prostration, may be used for trimmings—especially if a case is to be made against a corporation or the municipality.

"There are numbers of medical cases, too, just now—diphtheria is not having the field to itself, by any means—measles is playing a pretty hard game with the babies.

"A mild disease, you say? Oh, yes, sometimes, but there's measles and measles. I don't know of a trickier or deadlier disease when it does take a notion to be malignant.

What miserable complications and sequelæ follow in the train of the eruptive diseases of children, and especially measles! It seems to me that all those wonderful germs that we have discovered of late years, fairly lie in wait for measles patients. Your little patient is getting along swimmingly, and you are in the act of congratulating the child's parents—and incidently yourself—when, the first thing you know, a vicious pneumococcus, or pus microbe, or a tubercle bacillus, that has been sneaking around looking for victims, attacks the poor little pet and hangs on until death steps in and claims his own.

"Measles a mild disease, eh? Just wait until you meet it with its war paint on!

"Ask my friends Dr. M—— and Dr. W—— how they

lost their own little children. And, for the matter of that, ask your humble servant how it happened that there were but three of his own family who survived to adult age. Poor little baby brother and sister—you could testify that measles is a serious matter!

"By the way, my young friend, I saw a case to-day that almost made me forget my professional etiquette and say some pretty plain things to one of my brethren.

"I was called in counsel to see one of my old patients who had been ill for three weeks with what had been pronounced typhoid fever. The doctor patronizingly told me, that *he had the case well in hand, but a complicating abscess had developed in the patient's right side, and the family was growing somewhat uneasy.*

"Examination revealed a huge abscess, evidently due to appendicitis. I asked the doctor what he was doing for this feature of the case, and he told me that he was poulticing the abscess and 'waiting for the pus to come to the surface!'

"Having ascertained that the doctor had no particular influence with the Providence which had been so kind to the patient for the preceeding three weeks, and learning that there was no magical potency in his poultices that was likely to determine the particular direction in which the abscess would rupture, I suggested the use of the knife, and, for a wonder, my distinguished *confrère* consented to it—although with bad grace.

"I hope I succeeded in convincing my learned friend, that, when one has a lot of gunpowder and some loose matches in the same pocket, it is unwise to wait for a special dispensation of Providence to remove the danger—it is safest to empty the pocket, as gently as possible, but thoroughly. Providence is often kind, but rarely capable of successfully carrying on a copartnership with imbecility.

"But not every practitioner would have surrendered as gracefully as did this one. As Dumas remarked, 'While there is a limit to genius, stupidity has no bounds. Some people's opinions are like nails, the harder you hit them the deeper you drive them in.'

"With such people it is profitless to argue.

"It is but a few days since I operated upon a strangulated hernia, the patient being almost in *extremis*. He had been for some days on a diet of lead-and-opium pills. The doctor said he had reduced the hernia, but that '*the subsequent vomiting had set up inflammation*'—*hence the pills.*

"The patient did not recover—the bowel was gangrenous—but the doctor said that 'if the operation had not been performed the man *would* have recovered, *the strangulation was already loosening up!*'

"Apropos of Providence, did you ever notice how some of our theories are set at naught among the poorer classes? I was riding along one day through a poor neighborhood on my way to visit one of my once prosperous families that is now down in the world, and took occasion to note the unhygienic condition of the locality. Dirty, tumble-down houses, hardly big enough for hen-coops, interspersed with stables and cheap groceries, breweries and bad-smelling factories—the locality looked anything but inviting.

"The streets were narrow and unpaved, and in the ditches lay a green-scummed fluid that belonged in the sewers—of which there were none.—And then I saw playing about the sidewalks and slopping about in the mud and dirty water, troops of children, of all ages and varying degrees of filthy dilapidation. Frowsy, unkempt, dirty and ragged, but as healthy and fat as little pigs—some of them actually beautiful through all their dirt—they were a direct rebuke to some of our modern views of sanitation!

"The mothers of these children are also a rebuke to some of our notions of midwifery—as formed from a study of fashionable mammas.

"'Mrs. O'Flaherty, or Mrs. Guppenheimer, increases the census on a Saturday night, and on Monday morning she is at the wash-tub, while the new citizen shifts for himself largely, from the very commencement of his career. He soon joins the brigade of ragged, healthy little soldiers out in the ditch, and from that time on, shifts for himself altogether.

"But bye and bye an epidemic comes, and then the

star-eyed goddess—Science—is vindicated, and the brigade of unfortunate little soldiers is decimated by microbes!

"But, to return to the Major:"

"Jerry was on hand with a large party of the boys, bright and early the morning following the day of the Major's disappearance. All were mounted, and seemingly very eager to start out in search of our friend.

"To me, the cavalcade was of the most touching significance—could the Major have seen that demonstration of the affection of his fellow-townsmen, the poor old man would have found therein a balm for his lacerated pride. Jerry informed me that even the little Watson boy begged to be allowed to join the party, thereby running extreme risk of an application of the maternal slipper, which was never more deftly wielded than by his muscular mother. But the old lady herself, was nevertheless as interested in the expedition as any of the men—she, too, had a warm place for the old Major in her rather practical heart.

"I soon had my horse saddled, and joined the party on the penitential expedition, which, alas! proved to be 'love's labor lost.'

"We soon divided up into small parties and scoured the country as thoroughly as practicable, under the then existing conditions of weather and roads, but to no purpose. We could not find a trace of the Major.

"The party with which I rode, was led by Jerry, and we went as far as Placerville, where we put up for the night. We continued our search for some miles beyond that town the following day, but with no result—we not only did not find our postmaster, but could obtain no news of him.

"We finally gave up the search, and disconsolately returned to E——.

"Jerry was right; Major Merriwether had indeed 'vamoosed an' quit ther claim.' The town of E——, knew him no more in the flesh."

"The weather finally cleared up, and the sky was again friendly and smiling. Our histrionic guests were at last

enabled to get away from town in comparative comfort—and we were glad to see them go.

"I know not whether the chief factor in the disaster that had overtaken our town, thought of the gallant old man who had fallen a victim to her capacious smiles—and his own gallantry. I do not believe she had the poor Major in mind, as she searchingly glanced at the crowd that stood at the hotel entrance watching the departure of the stage, but *we* thought of him, and, as she kissed her knobby hand in our direction, Jerry Mapleson instinctively ducked his head and swore softly to himself.

"Bottini was not popular in E——, and her departure was hailed with joy—indeed, as the boys 'lickered up' at the hotel bar after the stage had gone, some of them actually smiled—for the first time since we lost the Major.

"I fancied, as I saw some of my friends glancing at Pranzini, that they regretted exceedingly the unhappy fact that his quarrel with the Major had not been 'on ther squar'.' Dutch Bill, I am sure, was thinking of that little corner in the old warrior's proxy cemetery, that he had selected for a maccaroni garden. Bill knew very little of agriculture, and still less of the manufacture of maccaroni—he did know how to prepare Italian prestidigitators for planting.

"But the departure of the stage was without incident, and the pistols of the Major's loyal friends saw not the light. Could they have destroyed the perpetrators of the practical joke that had driven their old friend away, without taking some of their own medicine, they would not have been so peaceable. They were just, and didn't want to commit suicide—nor shoot the only doctor in town."

"The little town of E—— was too cosmopolitan and far too busy, to permit the fortunes of a single individual to disturb its equilibrium for any length of time, and the incident that resulted in the hasty departure of our postmaster was no exception to the rule.

"The old Major was, however, not forgotten—especially was he remembered by some of his intimate friends. Jerry and I had many a remorseful conversation on the subject of

his sudden leave-taking. Our consciences had been eased to a certain extent by a rumor that a man of his description had been seen somewhere in the vicinity of Sacramento. As the Major was such a unique character, we had grounds for hoping that the rumor was correct. I confess, however, that our uneasy consciences saw an accuracy in the description that was more consoling than logical.

"Some weeks after the Major's departure, an attempt was made to arrange for a successor to the office that he had vacated. Jerry, however, opposed this in a manner more than usually decisive and emphatic, and as the more determined of his associates were with him on the question of sentiment involved, the agitation was very short-lived.

"Jerry remarked: 'Thar's no hurry so long ez ther guv'ment don't git excited. Ther post-offis bizness in this 'ere town aint goin' ter slump through, an' I reckon we kin stand et ez long ez ole Uncle Sam kin. Anyhow, thar aint goin' ter be no foolin' with ther post-offis jest yit, eh, boys?'

"And the boys allowed that Jerry was right. As one of his friends expressed it, 'Ef enny feller is more perswadin' ner Jerry Mapes, he mus' be d—d quick on ther trigger!'

"The post-office was now a sentiment—dedicated by our boys to the memory of Major Merriwether. Woe betide him who wounded their feelings by invading that sacred domain!

"Meanwhile, Tom Oaks, the stage driver, was the distributor of the mails, as in the primitive days long before the town had a postmaster.

"Nobody criticised the crude and informal methods of our postmaster *pro tem.* He was another self-opinionated man, with a large bump of self-esteem—and a bigger six-shooter."

"The Major had been missing for over two months, and aside from the rather indefinite tidings to which I have already referred, we had heard nothing of him.

"Winter had fairly set in, and as our little town was pretty well up among the mountains, we had more or less snow, alternating with the rainfall characteristic of the

greater part of California at that season of the year. We did not appreciate the luxury of snow, as it seriously interfered with mining, and for periods more or less prolonged, effectually cut us off from all communication with the valley towns.

"The advantages possessed by the people living at lesser altitudes were not all one-sided, however, as the freshets that our upper country furnished them in the spring, were ample revenge for the slurs which they cast upon our facilities for earning a living and for travel, during the winter.

The stage from Placerville was decidedly intermittent in its visits to E——. It had always come to our town through the courtesy of the owners, rather than on account of their business instinct. During such weather as usually prevailed in the winter months, the stage came beyond Placerville just about as often as old Tom Oaks saw fit—no oftener.

"As might be inferred, therefore, the semi-occasional visits of the stage were gala events in E——.

"I participated in the general hilarity of these celebrations more as an evidence of public spirit than because the arrival of the stage was likely to be of interest to me.

"I was a plodding doctor, caring for the sick in a rough mining town. I had burned my bridges behind me—there was nothing at that time to link me to civilization. My old friends in the lower country had long since forgotten me—the search for gold was a stronger passion than friendship, and memory was a luxury which few in that country cared to enjoy.

"You will consequently understand that the arrival of the stage was not even an incident in my humdrum career.

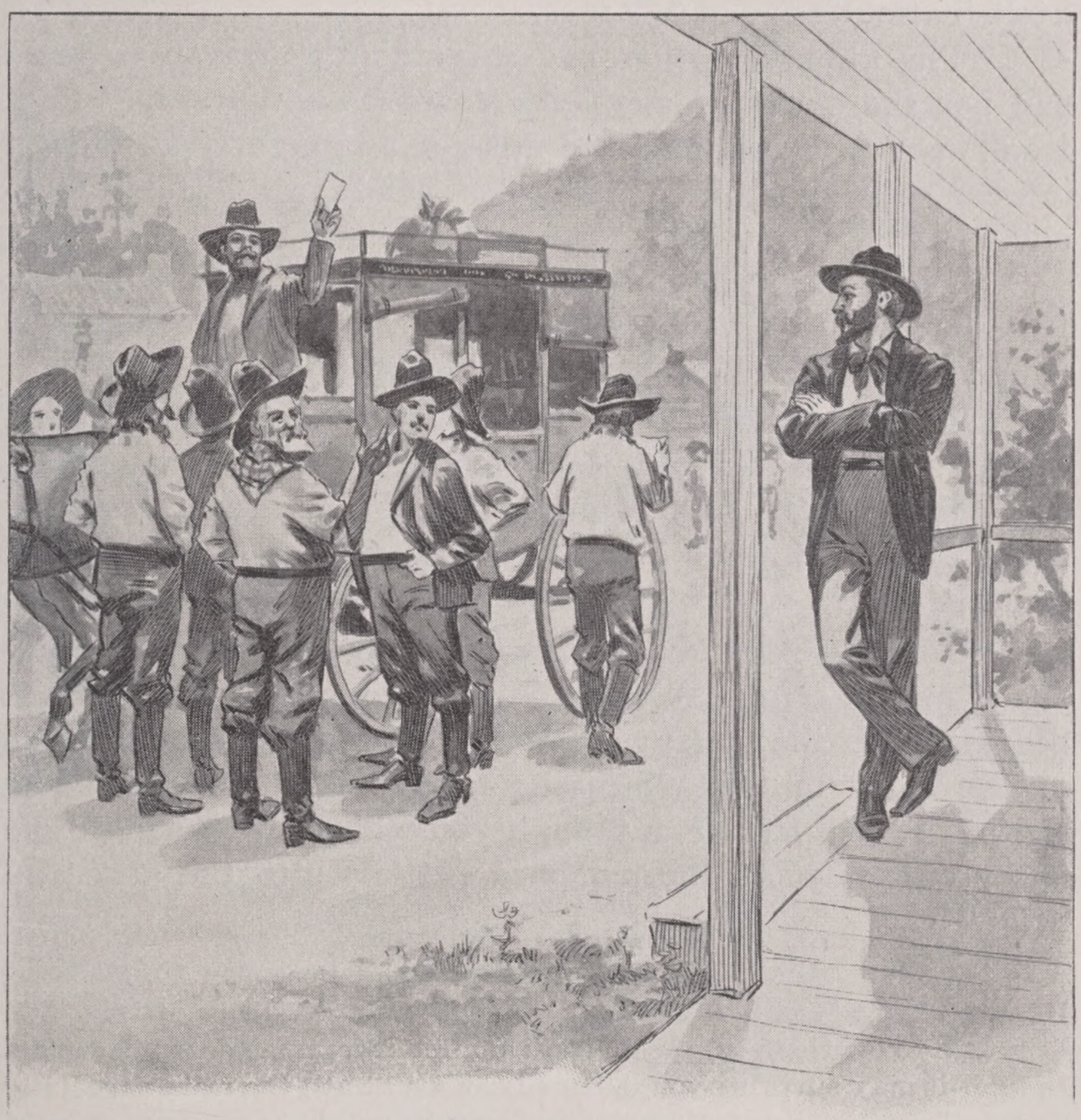
"What was my surprise, therefore, as I stood at the door of the hotel one evening, carelessly watching the boys crowding about the stage and clamoring for letters, to hear my camp *sobriquet* called out by the driver:

"'I say, Doc! hyar's er letter fer y'u. I reckon she's found out whar y'u air!' said Oaks, jocularly.

"'Oh, I guess you must be mistaken, Bill,' I said. 'I am not expecting any mail—indeed, none of my friends know where I am, so far as I know.'

"'Wall, this 'ere letter b'longs ter y'u, jest ther same,' he replied, 'leastwise, ef ther frunt letter uv yore name is Will'yum Wemmuth.'

"The boys eyed me somewhat curiously, as I stepped up and took the letter. I presume they were as much surprised as I was, that I should receive a communication from the out-



"RECKON SHE'S FOUND OUT WHAR Y'U AIR."

side world. The boys were not inquisitive regarding my history, and I never knew whether or not they even suspected me of having one worthy of attention. Their instinctive sense of personal honor and the delicacy that prevails among men who carry quick answers ready for use

in their holsters, would have been a protection from idle curiosity, even had I any history that required it—this I fortunately had not.

"No comments were made upon my letter, therefore, and I interpreted the curious glances that I received, as a manifestation of the friendly and sympathetic interest which I felt that our boys had in me.

"The superscription had a familiar appearance, yet I had not the slightest suspicion as to its authorship. I am free to say that I handled the missive as gingerly as though it were explosive—the sensation of handling a letter was so novel to me.

"I went into the bar-room of the hotel, sat down at a table in an out-of-the-way corner, and awkwardly proceeded to open my letter.

"It would be difficult to describe my sensations as I read the epistle, and realized—long before I reached the signature—that it was from the missing Major. Joy, remorse and amusement were commingled to such a degree that I could hardly have expressed my feelings.

"Possibly you may better appreciate the letter by reading it in the original. I have carefully preserved all data bearing upon the gallant Major Merriwether, as mementoes of the most unique character I have ever known. The writing is still legible, although you will have to handle the letter carefully, as the paper is getting into the sere and yellow leaf:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., December 30, 1863.

DEAR DOCTOR WEYMOUTH:

It may surprise you, sir, to receive a letter from me, dated as above. Indeed, it may surprise you to hear from me at all, the more especially as I believe that you fully appreciate the peculiar circumstances surrounding my departure from E——. I address you, sir, as the only gentleman whom I know in my former place of residence, who is worthy of my consideration.

As you, sir, were upon the field of honor upon that eventful morning on which such disgrace was brought upon the town, you certainly realize the scandalous manner in which my opponent, and, I am sorry to say, my own second, the Hon. Mr. Mapleson, conducted themselves.

You will recollect, sir, that at the most critical moment of the affair

—in short, at the very instant that I was preparing to receive the word to fire, I was compelled to precipitately retire from the field. Had my opponent been a man of honor, sir, he would have understood the situation as soon as he saw by my actions that there was something seriously wrong with my attire.

Just as I had placed myself in position, I discovered to my horror and dismay, that the beautiful decoration presented to me by the Czar of Russia, in commemoration of the interesting occasion upon which I rescued him from the ferocity of a bear, was missing from the front of my coat.

Realizing, sir, that I must have left the decoration at my headquarters, where it would doubtless be perfectly safe until the conclusion of the affair in which I was then engaged, I was about to prepare to continue, and exchange shots with my opponent, when I remembered, sir, that I had promised my friend, the Czar, that I would never enter any affair involving my personal honor, without wearing upon my breast that beautiful emblem of his esteem.

Relying, sir, upon the instinctive sense of honor and courtesy of gentlemen of courage, such as I supposed my opponent to be, I did not consider it necessary to explain the matter before retiring from the field for the purpose of procuring the missing decoration.

I had the impression as I left the field of honor, that my opponent took a cowardly advantage of the situation and fired his pistol at me, sir. In this I may have been mistaken, but I certainly heard a report, and on subsequent inspection of my uniform I found a bullet-hole through my chapeau.

I could even have overlooked this playful indiscretion on his part, sir, had he remained upon the field like a gentleman and given me the opportunity of returning the fire.

You can imagine my disgust, when I returned to the field of honor and found that everybody had left. Even my friend, the Hon. Mr. Mapleson, whom I believed to be the soul of chivalry, had departed. As you, sir, were a non-combatant, I was not surprised to find that you had retired.

My first impulse was to seek out my adversary and shoot him, sir, like a dog. On further reflection, however, I decided that I could not in self-respect remain longer in a community in which personal honor and courage are so lightly regarded as in E——. I therefore returned to my humble abode, changed my clothing, and shook the dust of that miserable town from off my feet forever.

I would ask you, sir, as the only gentleman in my former town, in whose discretion, honor and courage I have the slightest confidence, to forward to me such property as you may find in my headquarters and can identify as mine. I would especially commend to your careful attention my military wardrobe and accouterments. I will state that on leaving E——, I brought my various decorations and orders with me.

Hoping that I may have the opportunity of greeting you in the near future in my new and more congenial surroundings, I have the honor to remain, sir,

Your humble servant and devoted friend,
MAJOR MERRIWETHER.

P. S.—Permit me to state, my dear doctor, that I have at last found a place of residence in which personal honor is most highly regarded. I have already had an affair with Captain Johnstone of the army, in which I seriously wounded that distinguished gentleman.

I also participate to-morrow morning in a little entertainment before daylight, in which I serve as second to my distinguished friend, Don Miguel Cascarilla, who has a slight misunderstanding to adjust between himself and Senor Pasquale Robanza. As I happened to be acquainted with both of these gentlemen during my Mexican campaign, the affair promises to be very agreeable. These little matters are so pleasant, my dear doctor, when you happen to know the standing of the parties concerned.

It is rather a delicate matter, sir, but should you ever happen to have the opportunity of communicating with my lady friend, Madmoiselle Bottini, please explain to her the circumstances under which I left the town of E——, with due consideration for the honorable manner in which I conducted myself.

I desire also, my dear sir, that you should assure her of my distinguished consideration, and inform her that I am in hopes of meeting her again under more favorable circumstances in this magnificent city of San Francisco.

Again assuring you of my devotion, believe me,

Your sincere admirer,
M. M.

"Young man, if the old adage that 'consistency is a jewel' be correct, Major Merriwether is the brightest gem in the world's galaxy of great men! To me, that letter is the most remarkable contribution to epistolary literature that has ever been written, with one exception, and that one was written by—Major Merriwether himself, as you will see later on.

"I knew that Jerry would be delighted to know that his old friend, the Major, was still alive and flourishing—there was nothing in the letter suggestive of anything but prosperity. So, before leaving for my quarters, I looked him up and asked him to accompany me home, saying that I wished to talk to him about a little matter of business. Having arrived at my office, and the usual rites of Western hospi-

tality having been performed, I informed Jerry that I had heard from the Major.

"I thought my worthy friend would jump clear out of his muddy boots at this welcome news.

"'The h—l you have!' he exclaimed, springing to his feet. 'Whar'd ye hear 'bout 'im, an' when?'

"'Well," I answered, 'through the most natural channel in the world. That letter I received this evening was from the Major himself. The old man is in San Francisco, alive and well, and, according to his account, fighting a duel three times a day before meals.'

"'Wall, by ther gre't etarnal! ef thet aint ther bulliest news thet I've heerd sence '49!'—and the kind-hearted miner fairly danced with delight.

"'Tell er feller all erbout it, Doc.'

"'Possibly I could not do the subject better justice than by reading the letter,' I replied.

"I proceeded to read the letter, and Jerry was an enthusiastic, though noisy, listener. He laughed, crowed like a Shanghai rooster, swore and turned handsprings all at once.

"'Gre't snakes! but aint he er Jim dandy?' he exclaimed, when I had finished. 'Ef thet ole Major aint er gre't man, I'm er greaser! W'y, jump my claim, ef th' ole feller haint got brains 'nuff ter be pres'dent! Did y'u ever hear ennythin' like ther way he hez patched thet duel up?'

"'There is no disputing the fact that the Major has great ingenuity,' I replied. 'I do not believe, myself, that there is another man living who equals him in his own peculiar line. His cleverness and zeal are certainly worthy of a better cause.'

"'Thet's all right, Doc; thar's plenty er men whut's sandy 'nuff ter die with the'r boots on, but d—d few whut kin run erway with 'em on, like ole Maje did, an' still keep up conferdence in the'r own fightin' qual'ties.'

"'Perhaps you are right,' I said, 'but, after all, the principal fact established by the letter is that Major Merriwether is still in the land of the living. We shall always miss

his genial and entertaining society, but our consciences will henceforth be relieved of something of a load.'

"'Thet's so, Doc," said Jerry, 'an' whut's better, p'raps we kin git th' ole man ter come home, in ther spring.'

"'I fear not, Jerry,' I replied. 'The old Major can hardly have that degree of confidence in his subterfuge. My own opinion is, that he has not the remotest idea of how long we waited for him to return to the battle-field, and, despite the bravado expressed in his letter, he is probably entertaining a horrible doubt as to the true state of affairs.'

"'I think, Jerry,' I continued, 'that it would not be well to mention the fact that the Major wrote to me direct—simply tell the boys that a friend of mine who lives in San Francisco met the Major, and, without knowing that I ever knew him, casually described the old man in a letter to me, incidentally giving me his name. That story will seem quite natural to our friends, as they know the Major's peculiarities and will not be surprised at the impression he made upon my correspondent.

"You see, Jerry, the boys might not think the old man did just right in communicating with me, instead of writing to some of his friends who have known him longer and more intimately than I. Then, again, should they believe that the old man feels toward them as he expresses himself in his letter, they would be likely to feel more remorseful than ever.'

"Jerry agreed with me as to the wisdom of not making the Major's letter public. After some more 'hospitality,' the delighted fellow bade me good night and departed on his pleasant errand of notifying the boys that their old friend, the Major, was still 'erlive an' kickin', down in 'Frisco.'

"The boys were happy to learn that the Major was still on earth, and subjected me to a cross-fire of questions the first time I showed myself among them. They seemed more than pleased to receive assurances of the old man's safety, from the original source whence Jerry derived his information.

"The idea that the Major should be sought out and invited to return home in the spring, was quite general. I told his many friends that in my opinion an effort in that direction ought to be made, but expressed the fear that his new sur-

roundings might be so congenial that it would be difficult to induce him to return to E——.

"'You know, boys,' I said, jocularly, 'that the gallant old fellow is fond of ladies' society, and I am afraid that 'Frisco holds out inducements with which we cannot compete —unless Bottini can be induced to return. Then, too, you know, even that scheme is a little dubious—he ran away from her once.'

"The humor of my remarks was lost upon the Major's friends. I had touched a spot in their memories that no longer had its original flavor of fun. The absence of the Major was a serious matter to those kind-hearted miners, who felt that the old man had been a very prominent factor in the social fabric of E——."

"The passing of Winter is welcome in every clime, but the early days of Spring in the California mountains are characterized by such a terrific downpour of rain that the change is hardly for the better. No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the magnitude and persistency of the rainstorms that herald the approach of warm weather in that region. Even the dwellers among the mountains, hardly realize the copiousness of the rainfall. The inhabitants of the valleys, however, can impart some very interesting observations upon this point. One who yearly sees brooks swollen into rivers, and rivers into resistless torrents of overwhelming, unreasoning, merciless water, is not likely to forget the debt he owes to the melting snows and abundant rain of the mountains. The man who passes through a spring freshet in the Sacramento Valley, is likely to forget everything but that freshet for a time. Should he ever, by any possibility, forget the details of the affair, he can readily furbish up his memory by referring to the scriptures—Noah's flood makes a very fair understudy for one of those freshets.

"Spring may be said to be fairly under way in that region, by February, and when it does come, even if one is quite fastidious about rain and mud, he is indeed a fault-finder who does not feel well repaid for the disagreeable

weather that has gone before. Spring in those mountains is all 'rare days,' and the mere circumstance of living, should be comfort enough for the average man.

"It has been said that every man ought to be glad to be alive. I don't know as this rule is even general in its application—this I do know, however; the man who is alive and healthy in the months of Spring in the California Sierras and has any complaints to make, isn't fit to stay on this planet. It would be useless to offer him the earth, it isn't good enough for him. He had best go to Mars and—drown himself in one of those big canals we read about.

"As the weather began to improve and the roads became 'navigable,' the town of E—— once more assumed its wonted air of importance. Mining received a fresh impetus, and 'the hum of honest industry' was heard once more. Blithely rattled the ivory chips and merrily flashed the cards, while the clink of the glasses at the various resorts about town, made music sweet to the ear of the thirsty miner!

"Even my own profession received additional encouragement, and fees were as liberal as they were plentiful. It seemed to me that during the winter it was not necessary to do much shooting or human vivisection. There was apparently an unwritten law among the miners, which held it to be unethical to inflict bodily injury unless the 'inflictor' had the price of the surgical treatment or burial of the 'inflictee.' Even my friend Jerry, practically hibernated during the winter, much to the relief of the greasers—the special objects of his antipathy.

"The revival of activity in our town was attended by an influx of strangers—some of whom were desirable additions to our population, but many being a decidedly obnoxious element—one that occasionally required quite radical measures for its regulation.

"Among the new-comers were a few representatives of that uncertain quantity known as the 'tenderfoot.' I never knew exactly what the term meant, but I discovered that in its general application it had about the same significance as the more civilized term, 'dude,' sometimes has—it designated a man who had a greater or less degree of education,

who wore a clean collar and a 'biled' shirt, and was not supposed to know one end of a six-shooter from the other. If his vocabulary of oaths was limited, the verdict of 'tenderfoot' was one from which there was no appeal.

"Next to the greaser, my friend Jerry held the tenderfoot most in contempt. He never saw one who had 'sand,' he claimed, until after he had been well trained by the old-timers. Then, once in a while, the tenderfoot blossomed into a fighter.

"But there was one variety of the genus tenderfoot that Jerry had never experimented with—the 'blue-breasted' breed they raise down in Georgia.

"Such a tenderfoot happened to be among our new arrivals, and as luck would have it, it fell to Jerry's lot to initiate him into the ways of the camp.

"The interesting ceremony of initiation occurred at the Minerva, and after the usual preliminaries, the honorable Mr. J. Mapleson invited the tenderfoot to give him an exhibition of a 'wing dance.' As the victim was from the South, where it was easy to learn that particular style of dancing, and Jerry had him covered with a six-shooter, he demonstrated a surprising degree of talent—which, I presume, was as novel to himself as to his audience.

"But 'wing dancing' is tiresome work, and the stranger soon became weary. Jerry thereupon generously stimulated his flagging zeal, by shooting as near his feet as he could, without hitting him—and sometimes a trifle nearer.

"The tenderfoot was a lithe, handsome fellow, and an athlete—he was no coward, but this was Jerry's game, and so the young fellow danced, waited, and—counted the shots.

"The victim finally stopped, apparently from sheer exhaustion, and staggered against the bar.

"Jerry now approached him with the pacific intention of inviting him to drink, as was customary, meanwhile replacing his empty revolver in his belt.

"Just as the sturdy miner came within arm's length of his apparently guileless victim, the young Georgian whipped out a bowie, sprang at Jerry like a panther, and cut him twice, and that seriously, before he could recover from his surprise.

"Somebody grabbed the young fellow's knife-hand just as Jerry reached for his own bowie! Swinging about as though on a pivot, the young athlete struck the astonished Jerry a blow under the jaw with his left fist that would have done credit to a professional pugilist!

"Jerry was a game man and a tough one, but he was no better than anybody else when his brain was benumbed—cerebral concussion is not conducive to pernicious bodily activity.

"And so the hero of a score of knife-battles and gun-fights, went gently yet firmly to sleep under the soft persuasion of a tenderfoot—who had learned to use a knife 'way down in Georgy,' and had studied the art of boxing under that distinguished statesman—the Hon. John Morrissey, erstwhile of New York, and later of the Congress of the United States!

"Now, the boys all liked Jerry, but they liked the quality of bravery itself, better than men who personified it. Fair play was the creed of E——, and the young Georgian immediately became the hero of the hour. The crowd at once proceeded to fill him up, or at least, to try to do so. But this was another game that they play pretty well 'down in Georgy,' and the result was, that that blessed tenderfoot laid out a number of the hardest drinkers in town before the evening was over, while he himself was not even kept busy!

"The subsequent popularity of the young fellow, was only exceeded by the celerity with which he used to skin our boys at poker. There never was a more accomplished gentleman than he. There wasn't a man in town that could shoot with him, and even Jerry himself, never saw the day that he could whip out a knife and put it where it was most needed, with more adroitness than could young Claiborne. He could swing a pick with the best of them, too!

"I afterward became well acquainted with our new and promising citizen; indeed, we were eventually more than friendly—he was a finely educated fellow and an excellent conversationalist. It was with genuine sorrow that I heard of his death in San Francisco several years later—poor boy!

"How did he die?

"Well, my boy, there never was a fighter so good but that there was another somewhere, who was just a shade better. A shade the quicker is quick enough, where pistols and knives are concerned.

"While the majority of the crowd was endeavoring to smother the victorious young stranger with the red-eyed hospitality of our town, some of the boys carried the unconscious Jerry into an adjoining room and did the best they knew in checking the blood from his wounds. Meanwhile, several messengers were sent in hot haste after me.

"Fortunately for Jerry, I was at my office—he couldn't have lost much more blood without a fatal result.

"He had recovered his senses when I arrived, but was still dazed, and so weak from the hemorrhage from the deep wounds in his chest and shoulder that he regarded passing events with very little interest.

"I carefully dressed his wounds, and with the assistance of several of his friends and an improvised stretcher, succeeded in getting my unfortunate patient home."

"I would not allow Jerry to talk for some time, and absolutely interdicted visitors. At the end of about ten days, however, he was practically out of danger, and I said to him one morning: 'Jerry, we can now talk a little. You have had a hard pull of it, but, thanks to your magnificent constitution and our mountain air, you are all right now.'

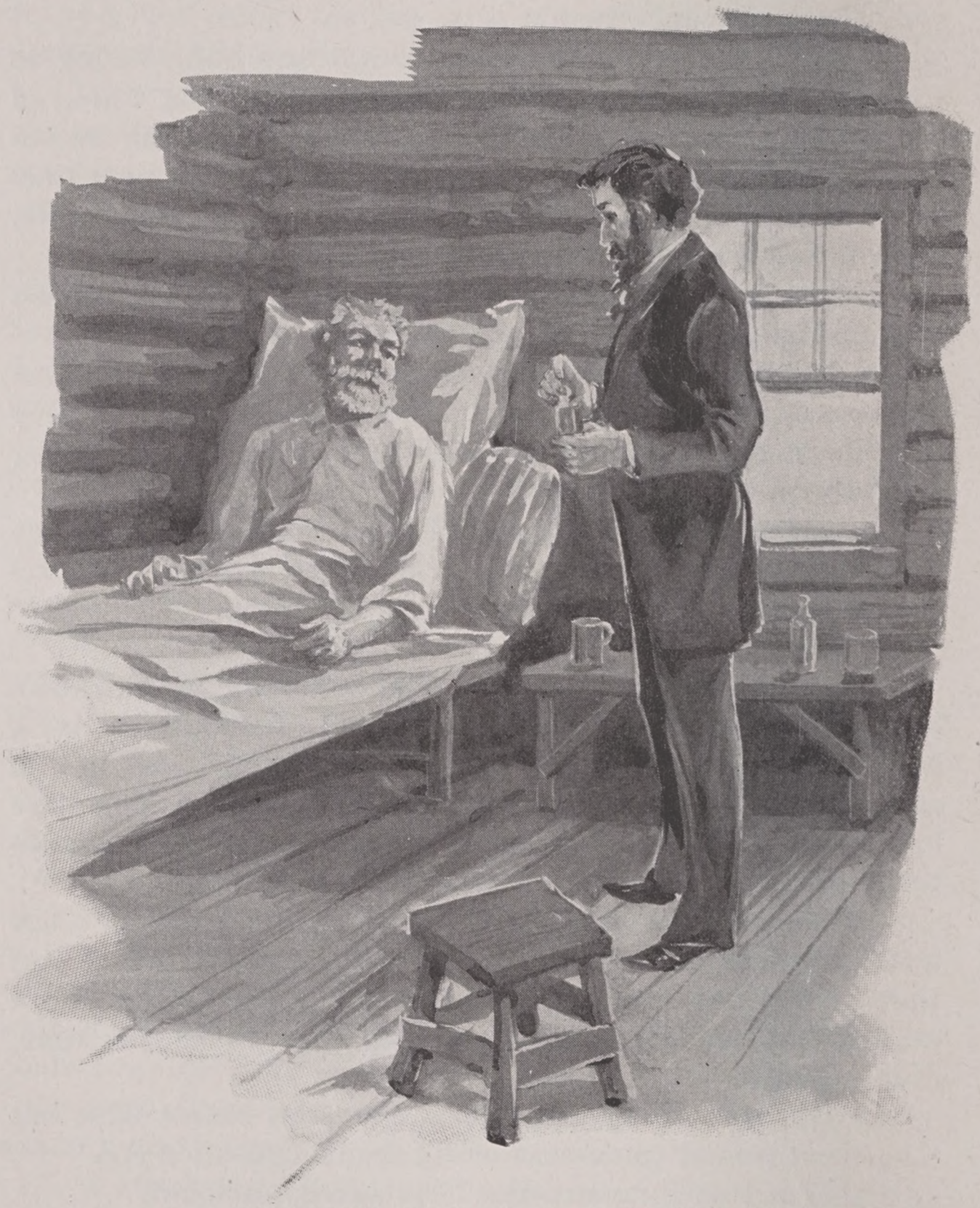
"'Yes,' he replied, dryly, 'an' I s'pose y'u didn't hev nuthin' ter do with pullin' me through, nuther—only I aint thet kind uv er pashunt, savvy? Purty close call, wuzn't et, Doc? Come d—d near goin' up ther flume thet time, didn't I?

"'Oh, well, Jerry,' I replied, 'I've seen closer calls, but that chest wound came near doing the business for you.'

"'Wuz ther lung cut, Doc?' he asked, anxiously.

"'No, the lung was not cut, fortunately—or, at least, if it was, the injury was very slight—but what we term the pleural cavity was opened. A little artery just beneath one of your ribs was cut, and that side of your chest was full of blood by the time I reached you. The clots crowded your

lung up pretty well, but the blood is now about all absorbed, and you're worth four dead men. As for your cut shoulder, that has healed as sound as a dollar.'



"SAY, DOC, AINT HE ER CORKER?"

"Jerry looked at the ceiling thoughtfully for a moment, and then broke out in a hearty laugh, ending by saying—

"'Say, Doc, aint he er corker?'

"'Whom do you mean, Jerry?'

"'W'y, thet d—d tenderfoot!'

"'Oh, I see,' I replied, 'you are commenting on the young man who interfered with your respiration. Yes, Jerry, so far as I am able to understand the term, he *is* a "corker!"'

"'Wall, I'll tell ye whut,' replied Jerry, 'thet feller is er mount'in cat, er Texas steer an' er thrashin' machine, all rolled inter one! He's er rustler frum 'way up ther stream! He's er bad man frum Bitter Creek, he is, an' I'm er bloomin' goslin'! "Tenderfoot!" Holy smoke! If thet feller's er tenderfoot, I don't never wanter meet enny tuff men frum his diggin's. Ha! ha! ha! Whut ther h—l did he hit me with, ennyhow, ther spittoon?'

"'No, Jerry,' I replied, facetiously, 'he just tapped you with his delicate little left hand—digits clenched—that's all.'

"'All?' he exclaimed, 'All? Holy catamounts! whut d' ye want? W'y, thet feller don't hev ter carry no weppins, no more'n er rattlesnake! All? Wall, by G—d, ye mout jest ez wall be hit with er pick handle!'

"'Yes, Jerry,' I replied, 'there is a little knack about it —you see the young man knows the game.'

"'Wall, et's er d—d good game,' replied my patient, 'an' I reckon I'd better trade my bowie an' gun fer er few less'ns.'

"Young Claiborne was one of the first callers on my distinguished patient. He was received with as much enthusiasm as Jerry had left in him, and a compact of friendship was formed, then and there, that was as sincere as it was enduring.

"Poor old Jerry! Lead and steel were not destined to end his interesting career. He received more wounds during his eventful life than any man I ever knew. How peculiar are the operations of destiny! He finally made his pile, and, several years later, started back to his home somewhere in the States; exactly where he came from, no one ever knew —nor will anyone ever know. The steamer in which he took passage, was wrecked in a collision off the Mexican coast and sunk with all on board."—

"A few days after Jerry had recovered sufficiently to be able to get about a little, he came into my office one morning in a state of great excitement.

"'Say, Doc,' he exclaimed, 'I've got some more news uv th' ole Major!'

"'Ah, is he coming home?' I asked.

"'No,' replied Jerry, disconsolately, 'an' I don't reckon he ever will. Er fren' uv Charley Mason's, whut lives in Placerville, wuz down ter Frisco er while ergo, an' he run ercross ole Maje down thar, in er horspital, an' ther head mogul Doc down thar, said ez how ther pore ole man wuz on his las' legs. Now, us boys hez bin talkin' ther thing over, an' we thort some uv us orter go down thar an' do whut we kin fer th' ole feller. D'ye think I kin sit er hoss er ride in thet d—d ole stage yit?'

"'Why, Jerry!' I said, 'are you crazy? Of course you can't. It will be some weeks yet before you can do any traveling.'

"Jerry's face fell. 'Say, Doc,' he said, slowly, after a moment's deliberation, 'y'u know I'm on ther squar', don't ye?'

"'Yes, Jerry, I do,' I replied.

"'Wall, then, I want y'u ter do the squar' thing by er squar' man, will ye do et?'

"'Why, Jerry, you know I'll do almost anything for you —what is it?'

"Wall, Doc, I want y'u ter take er perfeshnal trip down ter 'Frisco, an' look arter ther Major. I haint got much use fer them horspitals nohow, an' I haint got no use er tall fer enny Docs but y'u. Thet's 'bout ther way all uv us boys feel, an' we'll see yer through, an' thar aint no splittin' ha'rs on ye'r price, nuther. I kin speak fer the rest uv ther boys, coz we hev talked et all over. Now, don't say no, Doc, ef yore my fren'!'

"'Well, Jerry,' I replied, 'this is rather short notice, but I feel under obligations both to the boys and the poor old Major, and I will gladly go. There is a new doctor down at Placerville, who will doubtless be glad to come up if anything serious happens, and as I have no bad cases on hand, now that you are all right, I'll start this afternoon.'

"Bully fer y'u, Doc!' cried Jerry. 'Thar's only one uv yore kind, ennyhow, an' ther boys won't fergit et, y'u jes' bet! I'll hev er good fat bag er dust fer ye, 'fore ye can say Jack Roberson!'

"'Ah,' I thought, as Jerry sped away as fast as his still scanty breathing space and weakened heart would allow him, 'I had to come to a mining camp to learn what true friendship is. Brave hearts, true hearts, under shaggy breasts! The tenderness of woman, the desperate, savage courage of the lion, and the souls of heroes, within mud-bespattered miners' jackets!

"'A man's a man for a' that,' sang dear old Bobby Burns. —Where were there ever rougher or more precious diamonds than in that rude mining camp?'

"It was not long before Jerry returned with dust enough for several journeys. The boys, he said, were highly delighted with my prospective errand of mercy. Charley Mason had volunteered to go with me as far as Placerville and bring my horse back. There was a stage bound for the lower country from that place early in the morning, and the boys had rightly concluded that I would prefer to take it, rather than travel the entire distance on horseback, through a very dangerous region infested by banditti of all grades of villainy.

"Charley and I started away immediately after dinner, a large number of the boys being on hand to see us off. Every man among them, had some kind greeting to be given the Major when I found him. I was admonished to spare no pains or expense in making him comfortable, and was assured that they should expect me to bring the old man back with me if I succeeded in getting him well again.

"Jerry called me aside as I was about to mount my mustang and said—

"'I want y'u ter tell th' ole Major thet I'm still his bes' fren'. I don't much expect he'll ever git up agin, frum whut Charley's fren' said, but, ef he does, don't leave ther pore ole feller down thar in 'Frisco. Bring 'im home with ye, ef ye hev ter tie 'im in er cart an' lug 'im all ther way. Ef he should pass in his chips, see thet he's done hansum by—y'u

know, Doc,' he said, choking up, 'whut I mean. Thar aint nuthin' too good fer ther Major, dead er 'live.'"

"Arriving at Placerville, we put up for the night at a hotel that had but one redeeming feature—it was a trifle better than our own Miner's Rest. As I was to begin a tiresome journey early in the morning—for stage riding at best, is not very comfortable, and in those days it was something to inspire one with dread—I retired, leaving my friend Mason to do the honors and exchange greetings with the citizens of the town, who were always more than hospitable to their neighbors of E——.

"I cautioned Charley, as I bade him good-night, not to drink too much or get into any arguments during the evening, as I desired to have him on hand with a whole skin and a clear head to bid me good-bye in the morning. He laughed, and said, 'All right, Doc, d'ye want me ter leave my six-shooter with y'u?'

"'No,' I replied, 'my own is plenty for me, and you wouldn't feel natural nor look dressed up without it, so I think you had better wear it.'

"'Fer ets moral effeck, and coz et ergrees with my complexshun, eh, Doc?' and the tough little chap left me, grinning so widely that his ears were in imminent danger of engulfment.

"When I arose the next morning, I found that my companion was all ready to start for home immediately after the departure of the stage. My own little mustang was saddled and haltered, ready for the homeward journey. It was evident that Charley had withstood the effects of Placerville whisky quite successfully. Beyond a suspicious redness about the eyes—that may have been due to loss of sleep—he was as fresh as a mountain breeze.

"With many kind wishes for the success of my journey, my friend bade me good-bye, and I was soon fairly on my way to 'Frisco."

"My journey was without incident, save for the tiresome changes of stages and the discomforts of the various places

at which I was obliged to stop on the way. I failed to make stage connections on several occasions, and as a consequence, it was five days before I arrived at my destination—tired, dusty and ill-tempered.

"But the comforts of civilization, although so new to me that I felt ill at ease among them, were none the less beneficial, and I soon found myself an improvement upon the original traveler who had left E—— a few days before.

"San Francisco had, even at that time, several excellent hotels and many fairly good ones. I put up at the old International—a really comfortable house run on the European plan. Even this establishment, although in existence less than ten years, was already designated as 'old'—San Francisco was moving very rapidly in those days. The wealth of the mines found its way in a steady stream to the California metropolis, and there was no lack of hotel enterprise to offer attractions for the miners' golden ounces.

"I did not undertake to see the city, attractive as was the prospect to one who had not known what civilization really was for several years. The object of my visit was both philanthropic and professional, and I lost no time in endeavoring to fulfill it.

"Delaying just long enough for a bath and a change of linen, I set out on my search for the Major.

"As there was but one public hospital in the city—aside from the government marine—I had no difficulty in localizing my field of investigation.

"The hospital was an unpretentious affair, which suggested that while San Francisco enterprise was active enough in other directions, philanthropy in the care of the sick was at that time a secondary consideration—a criticism that could not justly be passed at the present time, for San Francisco hospitals will to-day compare most favorably with those of other cities of its size, and its physicians are certainly equal to those of any other city in the Union.

"Much to my gratification, I found that the house physician, to whom I introduced myself, was a very intelligent and agreeable man. He was a graduate of Edinburgh, and as bright and energetic a young Scotchman as one could wish to

meet. He had been attracted to California some years before, by the wonderful tales he had heard of our El Dorado, and, like many other men, had found himself decidedly out of his element. Mining was not his *forte*, and he could not adapt himself to his environment in the mining town where he had endeavored to practice. Finally becoming discouraged, he had returned to the point from which he started into the mines—San Francisco.

"He was better appreciated in the city, and had succeeded in getting the hospital position several years before I met him. He had also built up a most lucrative private practice—so lucrative and exacting, he said, that were it not for the sentiment involved, he would long since have given up his hospital work.

"Doctor MacRae was most courteous to me, but much to my disappointment, said that no patient by the name of Merriwether had ever been under his care.

"I was taken somewhat aback at first—San Francisco was, even at that time, a large place, and the prospect of ransacking it in search of a sick man was neither enticing nor in the least encouraging.

"'But,' said the doctor, with his decidedly Scotch accent, 'these California people are verra like to gie some ither name than their ain; I should nae be surprised if yir Major hae been here under some ither name. Or, mayhap, the one he hae gie'n us is the richt an' the name ye ken is fauss.'

"'Well, I declare!' I exclaimed, 'how stupid of me not to have thought of that!'

"'Oh, weel,' said the doctor, 'a mon dinna always remember sic little points when he's in the mines. Everybody is sae busy there, they dinna have the time to bother aboot fouk's names. Describe yir friend, an' let us see if we hae had him here.'

"I proceeded to give a circumstantial description of the Major—a very easy matter, as you might suppose from your knowledge of his peculiar and striking characteristics.

"Doctor MacRae listened attentively, and as I went on with my description his face grew grave.—

"'Ah! my dear doctor,' he said, 'I'm afraid I ken yir mon. Yir too late, sir! Yir puir friend deed last night, an', as I waur thinkin', he wass here under anither name.'

"As he spoke, the doctor rang the bell at his elbow. An attendant entered and the doctor said to him, 'Henry, ask Mrs. Johnson the name of the mon who deed last night.'

"The attendant departed, and soon returned with a slip of paper.—

"'Mrs. Johnson wrote his name on this paper, sir.'

"The doctor took the paper and read, 'Obadiah C. Tompkins.'

"'I thocht the name wass Tompkins,' said the doctor, 'but I waur nae sure. This maun be yir Major, I think, doctor.'

"'Please, sir,' said the attendant, who stood patiently waiting, 'Mrs. Johnson handed me this letter, which the patient gave her to keep for him just before he died.'

"Doctor MacRae took the letter, and turning to me, said, 'Ah! there's nae doot noo; this letter is for yirsel!'

"And so it proved—the missive was plainly addressed to me. It was with considerable emotion that I took it, and after glancing at the superscription put it into my pocket.

"'With your permission, Doctor MacRae, I will read this letter to you later—unless it contains something that requires secrecy, which I doubt. Major Merriwether was one of the most extraordinary characters that our American civilization has ever produced, and he may interest you as a psychological study.'

"'Weel,' said my *confrère*, 'I'm richt sorry that he wudna talk to me aboot himsel'. Th'auld mon waur as dumb as an oyster an' we could get verra leetle out o' him.'

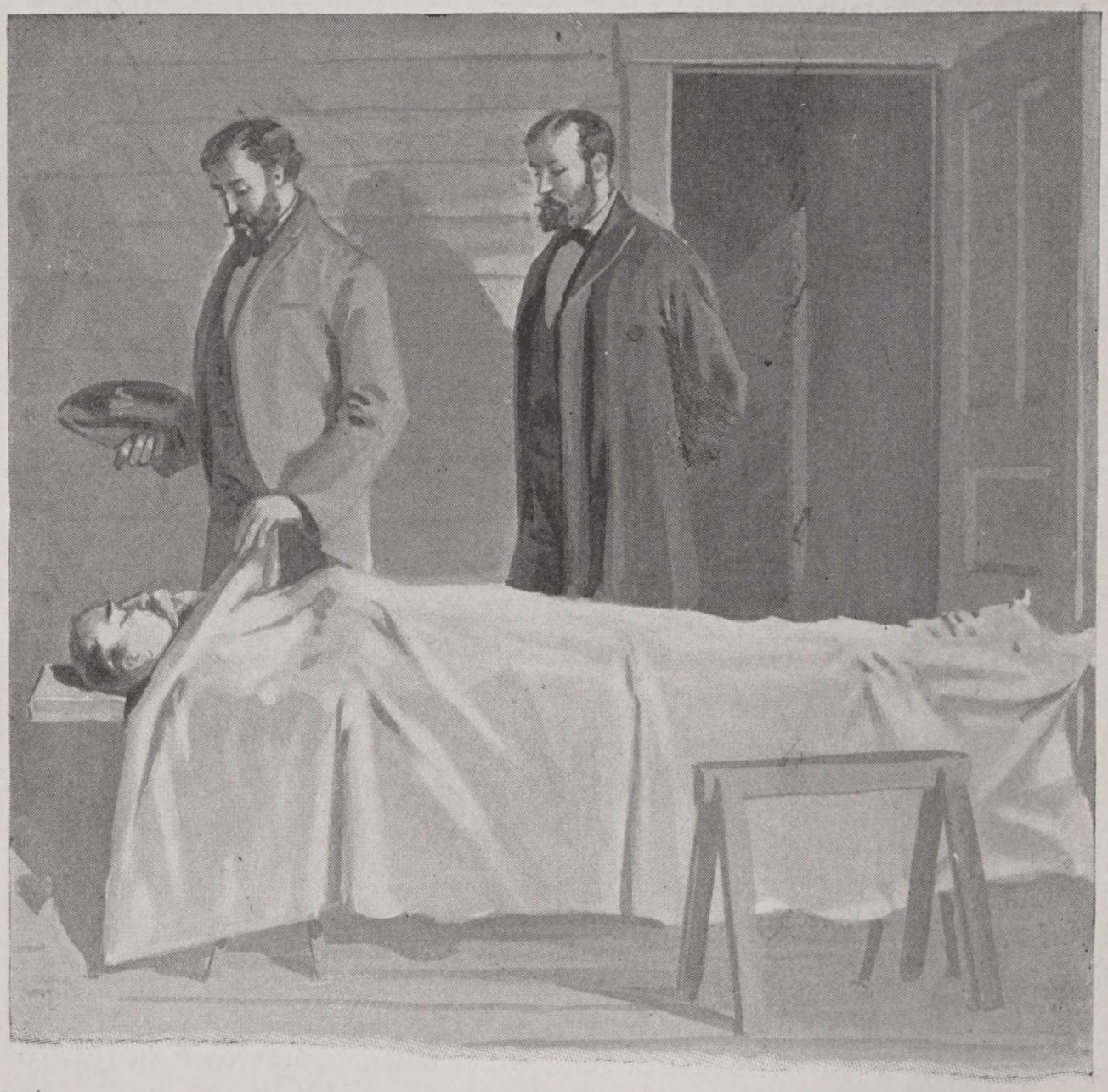
"'It would have been well worth your while to study him,' I replied.—

"'Of what did he die?' I asked.

"'Oh, weel, doctor,' replied MacRae, 'it wass th' auld story. Th' auld mon ate too leetle an' drank too much. His liver an' kidneys waur worn oot lang since, but they did verra weel by him till aboot a month ago, when they struck work altogither. He wass that changed ye wad scarcely

ha' known him when he deed. Wad ye like to see him, doctor?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I was quite fond of the old man, and I desire to make suitable arrangements for his burial. I really represent a number of his fellow townsmen, who were



"HE WOULD NEVER FIGHT AGAIN."

desirous of having all possible attention shown the Major—living or dead.'

"Doctor MacRae himself led the way to a little out-building, which, he informed me, had been utilized as a dead-house in lieu of a special structure for the purpose.

"There, upon a rude pine table, lay the Major. His face was bloated, as is often the case in persons dead of renal

disease, but there was no mistaking that gigantic though attenuated frame.

"The poor old Major had fought and run away, but he had reversed the old adage—he would never fight again.

"I looked upon the swollen features of the poor old man for a brief moment, then, gently replacing the sheet that the kind-hearted nurse had thrown over him—hospitals, you know, are not usually characterized by such delicate attention to the dead—I followed Doctor MacRae back to his office, where he invited me to sit a while and tell him something of the dead man.

"I gave the doctor a brief synopsis of the Major's history, dwelling particularly upon the circumstances that impelled him to leave E—— so suddenly.

"Doctor MacRae was evidently a close student of human nature—he listened with apparently the liveliest interest, and agreed with me that the Major was a character as unique as he was interesting.

"Having finished my recital of the Major's history, I recalled the letter that had been given me by the hospital attendant.

"'I had almost forgotten the old man's letter,' I remarked.—'With your permission, doctor, I will now read it, and unless there is some special reason for not doing so, I will read it to you. I suspect that it will prove quite interesting.'

"Taking the letter from my pocket, I opened it—with some emotion, you may be sure—and as soon as I had determined the nature of its contents, read it to the doctor.

"Here is an exact copy of the letter—the original has become so time-worn that it will not bear handling. I will read it to you, just as I read it to MacRae:

MY DEAR DOCTOR WEYMOUTH:

You have probably, ere this, forgotten that such an individual as myself ever existed. It is, therefore, not because of any conceited notion that you are interested in the fate of your humble servant, that I am impelled to write you at this time.

This denial of conceit upon my part, may appear somewhat inconsistent with the rôle in which you have had the opportunity of studying me, but I assure you, sir, that the fictitious vanity and

superlative bumptiousness under which I have for so many years masqueraded, are now things of the past. Such impressions as these apparent qualities in my make-up may have made upon you, will, I hope, be evanescent.

I trust that you will remember, not my foibles, but such little praiseworthy traits of character, as may have appeared to you to remain, after making due allowance for those peculiarities with which I was so long and so closely identified.

You are a man of education and refinement, and these qualities, in connection with your deep and philosophical knowledge of weak human nature, will, I am sure, enable you to understand the grotesque, and to you, no doubt, laughable peculiarities of the gentleman whom I will designate for the sake of perspicuity, the late Major Merriwether. I am also convinced that you detected an underlying stratum of gentility and at least a modest degree of educational refinement, in that worthy gentleman. I do not believe, however, that even your keen power of observation and your remarkable insight into human character, ever enabled you to penetrate the true inwardness of that remarkable individual.

It would be presumptuous in me, sir, to say that I always appreciated you as a kindred spirit, and yet, taking into consideration my normal organization—which was by no means grotesque after the shell in which I had lived so long had been pierced—it may not be too much for me to say that our similarity of tastes, and what I believe to have been our equal educational advantages, should have made us at least congenial spirits. You did not possess, nor, were you other than a scientific physician, could you possibly realize,that peculiar psychological constitution, which constituted the difference between us and which impelled me to assume the absurd intellectual disguise in which I have for so many years masqueraded. With this letter as a key, you can very readily understand the situation and appreciate my reasons for writing to you what is, to all intents and purposes, everything that is important in my history. I write it as an act of justice, not only to myself but to you, for I have always felt that you were at least kindly disposed toward me, even though your friendliness was inspired to a certain extent by scientific curiosity, but more, by that offensive entity born of the milk of human kindness, which fools term "sympathy."

The serio-comic play, known as life, in which I have enacted such a farcical rôle, is fast drawing to a close. You, my dear sir, of all men, should appreciate my reasons, both organic and psychic, for that excessive indulgence in spirituous liquors which has characterized my career. Keenly realizing the humiliating features of my mental make-up, I have endeavored to blunt with liquor, the keen edge that was originally ground upon my feelings by an innate sense of dignity and the grind-stone of education. Through the medium of liquor alone, have I been able to even approximate consistency in the ridiculous rôle that

I assumed, many years before I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance. You appreciate, sir, the readiness with which the finer sensibilities may be blunted, and the very refinements of braggadocio brought to the surface by indulgence in liquor. Fortunately for me, I have been for the most part, situated in an environment in which indulgence in rhodomontade and bluster was productive of no other results than kindly toleration of what was really the result of a physical infirmity—though perhaps not recognized as such by those around me:

The late Major Merriwether—of whom I am the only legal representative—was born in the State of New Jersey. In justice to his birthplace, I will state that in my opinion he was by no means a product characteristic of the soil. He was *sui generis*. Quite early in life he discovered that there was a lack of harmony between his physical and mental organizations, a giant in stature, and a woman in spirit, he was exposed from his early youth, to circumstances that were by no means conducive to his comfort.

With the strength of an athlete and the soul of a mouse, the Major early realized that he was handicapped in the struggle of existence. There seemed but one way to counterbalance his unfortunate infirmity —cowardice—and that was to take advantage of his overgrown stature by associating with it an air of bravado and an assumption of courage, which would quite likely convert his life into a more or less successful game of bluff.

A close student of the classics, an ardent reader of modern fiction, he was not long in hitting upon a plan which he believed to be not only justifiable, but thoroughly compatible with the highest principles of self-defense in the battle of life. The result was the Major Merriwether of your acquaintance—a fire-eating Southerner, who was never nearer Mason and Dixon's line than his native State. The nearest approach that he ever made to the South was crossing Southern waters during his ocean voyage to California via the Isthmus.

Exactly why the Major assumed the rôle of a Southerner, would be difficult to explain, for, to his mind—although cowardly he was by no means unappreciative of comedy—the Southern fire-eater was as amusing as he was hard to understand.

The Major, in reality, did have some military experience, which consisted, as was rumored in the town of E——, of a short service as drum-major in a regiment of militia. His entrance upon a military life was due to certain peculiar views that he had formulated, regarding the quality of bravery which is at least supposed to exist in the average man. He had very carefully studied historical accounts of celebrated warriors and great battles, and had concluded that there were two elements which impelled the soldier to acts of bravery upon the battle-field. One of these was what may be termed "mass courage," which pervades large bodies of men serving a common cause, and the other—which appeared to be more important—was the garb of the soldier.

The Major reasoned that the soldier, like the clergyman, often had more regard for his cloth than for his occupation, as regards impulse to duty. He also believed that martial music was one of the essential factors in inspiring bravery in men's hearts. Reasoning from his own standpoint, he believed that all normally constituted men were cowards. Those who were unlike himself, were either brave because of some peculiarity of organization or some extraneous circumstance or other, over which they might, or might not, have volitional control. He did not believe, and in this, I, his humble representative, agree, that the average man is a hero. Major Merriwether had discovered many elements of cowardice in himself, but the all-pervading, all-controlling feature of his own cowardice was his dread of being considered a coward. This fear of being thought afraid, was, he thought, characteristic of the average man.

After these views became crystallized in the Major's mind, he not only put his theories into practice by enlisting in the service of his native state and assuming the most pretentious position that military service afforded, but he adopted a systematic course of self-training, based upon his peculiar views and his theoretical knowledge of the fire-eater. The product was that extraordinary individual, the Major Merriwether whom you knew, and probably pitied—how justly, you are now beginning to understand.

I will do the Major the justice of stating that he made a most strenuous endeavor to superadd to his artificial qualities of bravery, a practical application of the principles of heroism demonstrated by other men, whose acts were more consistent with what the world calls courage, although associated with less of bumptious pretension. He enlisted in the United States Army during the war with Mexico, for the purpose of putting himself to the crucial test of exposure to shot and shell in the defense of his country; but alas! that ambition which impelled him to assume so prominent a position as that of drum-major, was the source of his downfall.

Although theoretically a non-combatant, the first impression that the Major derived from the more or less distant crash of the enemy's guns, was the conspicuousness of his stature, his prominent position on parade, and his uniform. A casual facetious remark made by one of his comrades, relative to the superb target that he made, effectually extinguished the already dimly-glowing fire of his military ambition and made him shed his uniform. In the vernacular of the kind-hearted people among whom he afterwards sojourned, he then "struck out for tall timber!"

The Major finally drifted into the mining region where you had the misfortune of making his acquaintance. Here he alternated between the sublime and the ridiculous, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, he enacted the double and simultaneous rôle of court fool and town drunkard—an individual great in pretense and weak in spirit, who was

busily engaged in drowning his finer sensibilities by traveling as fast a pace as possible toward that bourne from which no drunkard ere returns—besotted and benighted stupidity.

The Major was dimly conscious at times, that he was not only tolerated by his fellow townsmen chiefly because the antics of the clown are always acceptable to the common herd, but on several of the occasions on which he made a monumental ass of himself, he was more than suspicious that he had been the victim of a practical joke. To be frank with you, he was under that impression throughout the trying ordeal of that little transaction, the attempt at a duel which resulted in his hasty departure from E——. He suspected it so strongly that he carried out his own part of the program, albeit in terror and trepidation, until he saw the actual loading of the pistols. The result you are quite as familiar with as I am myself.

I have not attempted, my dear doctor, to go into minute details in the foregoing biography of the late Major Merriwether. I have myself been in happier days something of a *dilettante* in psychology. I have at least a smattering of medical lore, and I am sure that what I have already written is sufficient to enable a man of your keen perception, to thoroughly appreciate the true character of the unfortunate Major.

Doctor Weymouth—I, the representative of your friend, the Major, am lying upon my death-bed in a public hospital in the City of San Francisco. My attempts to benumb my keener nervous sensibilities and anæsthetize my psychic pain, have resulted in total annihilation of the structural integrity of my liver and kidneys. Nature endowed me with a magnificent constitution, a frame of iron, and I may say in all modesty, a superior intellect, but the good dame was by no means generous to me—she omitted those qualities of mind and heart, which would have made me capable of fighting the battle of life upon an even footing with other men. I have taken a sad revenge; I have ruined two of the perfect structures with which she endowed me—my kidneys and liver.

Now, my dear doctor; there may be that in what I have said, which will cause you something of a pang of remorse for the part which you yourself have played in my little comedy of life. Do not, however, allow yourself one moment's recrimination or mental distress on my account. I have not been altogether unhappy, for the indulgence of my frailties and foibles by my fellowmen, has been at times a source of unalloyed pleasure. Why, my dear sir, there have been times when I actually believed I *was* the hero I pretended to be, and, after all, as Epictetus said, it is our opinion of ourselves from which we must derive comfort or sorrow, and when that opinion is apparently supported by the conduct and opinions of those by whom we are surrounded, then indeed is our happiness complete.

The rhodomontade of Don Quixote has been immortalized by Cervantes—perchance you, my dear friend, with your undoubted ability, may utilize a more remarkable fool than was that erratic knight, and

embalm the history of the late Major Merriwether in fiction, or in a scientific disquisition upon the peculiar phase of psychic aberration which he represented, and in which, I believe, he stood alone.

The prompter has rung, and the curtain must soon fall. It only remains for me, my dear friend, to extend to you the affectionate farewell greeting of that blood-thirsty, fire-eating, blustering, bragging, carousing, suffering coward—Major Merriwether.

Very sincerely and admiringly yours,

OBADIAH C. TOMPKINS.

P. S.—This letter will probably be forwarded to you after my death. Pray do not give yourself any concern about the possible existence of friends or relatives who might be interested in my fate. Of the former, there are only the few of my old associates in E—— who may remember me kindly—of the latter, I have none.

O. C. T.

"'What do you think of the Major's analysis of himself, doctor?' I asked, when I had finished reading the letter.

"'It is the most remarkable character study I hae iver heard,' replied Doctor MacRae, with a decided display of emotion. 'I hae missed th' opportunity o' mae life. It's an ower great pity he didna talk aboot himsel'.'

"After making all the necessary arrangements for the burial of my dead friend, I bade my *confrère* good-day and returned to my hotel.

"As I was parting with the doctor, he gave me a most cordial invitation to spend a few days as his guest before leaving San Francisco, an invitation that I gladly accepted. I have never enjoyed anything more thoroughly than I did my visit with Doctor MacRae, and the pleasant days that I spent with him were the beginning of a life-long friendship. He retired, some years ago, and returned to his native land, where he is now living the ideal life of a wealthy country gentleman."

"There was but little more that friendship could do for the Major, but that little was done in a style that even Jerry himself would have pronounced 'hansum.'

"'Obadiah C. Tompkins' was an unknown quantity to the boys of E——. I had come to San Francisco to find their

friend, Major Merriwether, and it was for him that I performed the last rites.

"As he had said in his pathetic autobiography, the old man had no friends or relatives who would ever know or care, where or under what name he was buried, with the exception of those honest miners who had known and loved him during his comedy of rhodomontade at E——. Their sentiments alone, therefore, were my guide in the disposal of all that was earthly of the gallant Major.

"The rapid growth of the city of San Francisco has long since obliterated all traces of the spot where I laid the Major to rest, but for many years, one of the most interesting of the numerous mementoes that marked the last resting places of the sleepers in Yerba Buena cemetery, was a pretentious slab on which was inscribed:—

'ERECTED

——

To the Memory of

MAJOR MERRIWETHER,

Soldier of Fortune and Slave of Destiny,

——

By His Fellow Townsmen of

E——.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise—
Act well your part; there all the honor lies.'"

——

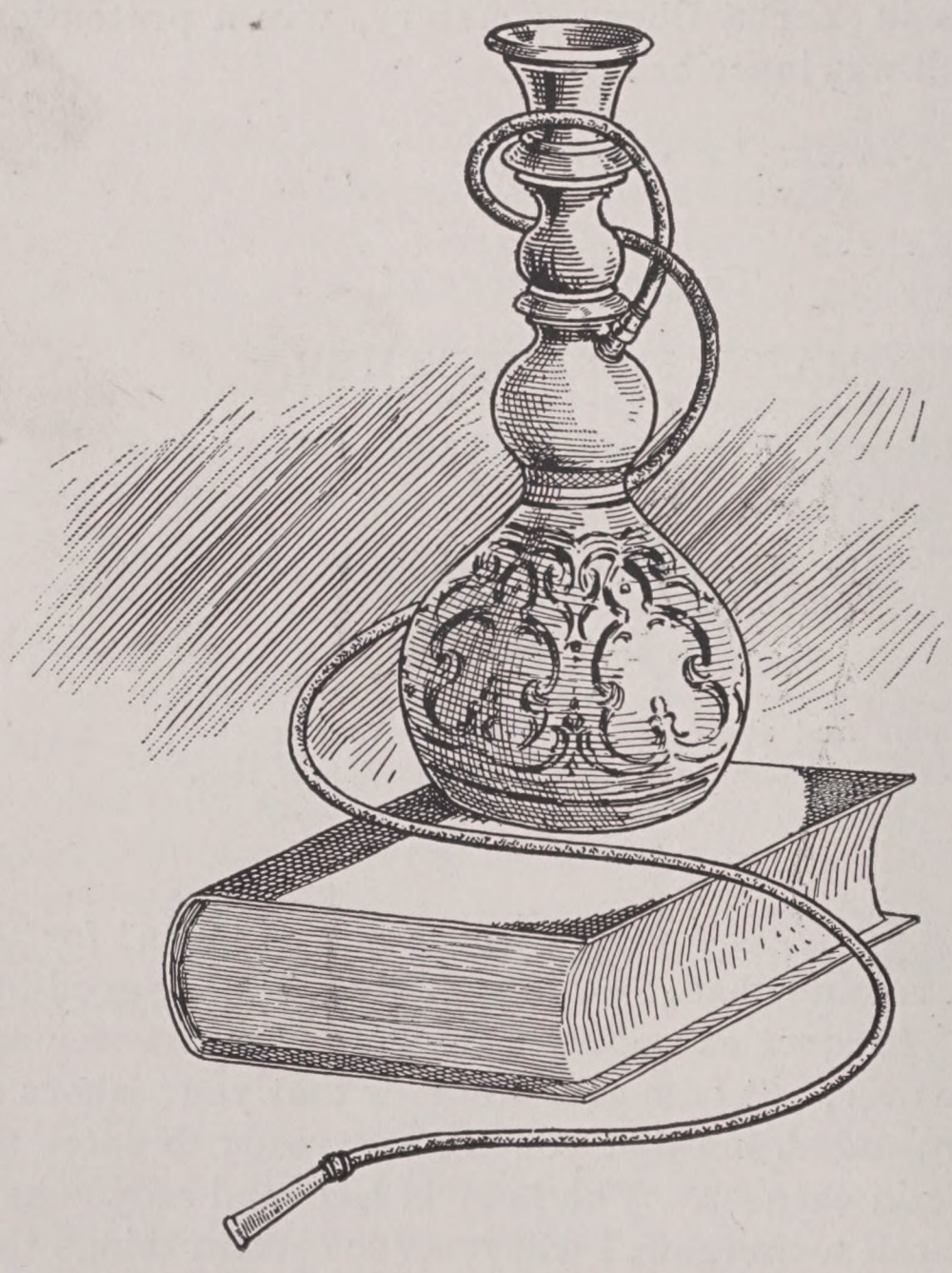
"Well, my boy, now that we have played 'taps' for the Major, I am reminded that we must bid each other good-bye to-morrow. I regret exceedingly that our pleasant evenings together are over, but I am glad to know that your labors as a student are ended, and that you are now ready to enter the battle of life in earnest. The hour is late, and as you have promised to call to-morrow, I will reserve certain things that I wish to say to you until then. I suppose I ought to say

'Good night, doctor,' but I haven't got used to your title yet, so I will say as of old—

"Good night, my boy."

And now, farewell—farewell, O pipe, farewell, O bowl—
Farewell, old friend, and thy warm good cheer,
Thy feast of reason and thy kindly flow of soul—
It well may be for many a year.
True hast thou been—I love thee passing well—
'Tis hard enow to break thy all too pleasant spell,
And yet I must—and so, farewell and fare thee well!

THE END.



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